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THE
W O R K S
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

==
VOL. IV.
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Alexander Pope, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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Strahan and Preston,
New-Street Square, London.

THE
WORKS
OF
Alexander Pope, Esq.
IN VERSE AND PROSE.

CONTAINING
THE PRINCIPAL NOTES OF
DRS. WARBURTON AND WARTON:
ILLUSTRATIONS, AND CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY REMARKS,
By JOHNSON, WAKEFIELD, A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.
AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,
SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS,
WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS, AND MEMOIRS OF THE
LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, A. M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND
CHAPLAIN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN TEN VOLUMES.
VOL. IV.

O.R. SCHROEDER.

LONDON:

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and J. Asperne.

1806.

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and J. Almon.

1806.

CONTENTS

OF THE

FOURTH VOLUME.

[The Articles marked thus † were not inserted in Dr. Warburton's Edition.]

	Page
PROLOGUE to the SATIRES, in an Epistle to Dr. ARBUTHNOT - - -	I
SATIRES and EPISTLES of HORACE imitated.	
SATIRES of Horace, Book II. Sat. I. - - -	71
Sat. II. - - -	99
EPISTLES of Horace, Book I. Ep. I. - - -	119
Ep. VI. - - -	141
Book II. Ep. I. - - -	157
Ep. II. - - -	223
The SATIRES of Dr. JOHN DONNE, Dean of St. Paul's, Verified.	
Satire II. - - -	263
Satire IV. - - -	279
EPILOGUE to the SATIRES.	
Dialogue I. - - -	309
Dialogue II. - - -	355
On receiving from the Right Honourable the Lady FRANCES SHIRLEY, a Standish and two Pens -	365
† A Frag-	

	Page
† A Fragment of an unpublished Satire of Pope, intituled, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty - - - - -	369
† The Plan of an Epic Poem, to have been written in Blank Verse, and intituled BRUTUS - -	379
Preface to Homer's Iliad - - -	395
Postscript to the Odyfsey - - -	445

APPENDIX.

ANECDOTES relative to Mr. JOHN KIRLE, the Man of Rofs - - - - -	475
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EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Motto to the first edition, published in folio, 1734 :

“ Neque sermonibus vulgi dederis te, nec in præmiis humanis
spem posueris rerum tuarum ; suis te oportet illecebris ipsa virtus
trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi videant,
sed loquentur tamen.”

CICERO.

EPISTLE

TO
DR. ARBUTHNOT

Altho' to the best of my knowledge, published in 1744.
The first edition of this work, which is now in the
possession of the British Museum, was printed by
John Baskin, at the sign of the Gun, in St. Dun-
stons Church-yard, London. It is now in the
possession of the British Museum.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a sort of bill of complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several occasions offered. I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleased some Persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Person, Morals, and Family*, whereof, to those who know me not, a truer information may be requisite. Being divided between the necessity to say something of *myself*, and my own laziness to undertake so awkward a task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle. If it have any thing pleasing, it will be that by which I am most desirous to please, the *Truth*, and the *Sentiment*; and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, *the vicious, or the ungenerous.*

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumstance but what is true; but I have for the most part spared their *Names*, and they may escape being laughed at, if they please.

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs, as they have done of mine. However, I shall have this advantage, and honour, on my side, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuse may be directed at any man, no injury can possibly be done by mine, since a nameless Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeness*. POPE.

Lady Wortley Montagu begins her Address to Mr. Pope, on his Imitation of the 1st Satire of the Second Book of Horace, in these words:

“ In two large columns, on thy motley page,
 Where Roman wit is strip'd with English rage;
 Where ribaldry to satire makes pretence,
 And modern scandal rolls with ancient sense:
 Whilst on one side we see how Horace thought,
 And on the other how he never wrote:
 Who can believe, who view the bad and good,
 That the dull copyist better understood
 That spirit he pretends to imitate,
 Than heretofore the Greek he did translate?
 Thine is just such an image of his pen
 As thou thyself art of the sons of men;
 Where our own species in burlesque we trace,
 A sign-post likeness of the noble race,
 That is at once resemblance and disgrace.

}
 Horace

Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear ;
 You only coarsely rail, or darkly sneer :
 His style is elegant, his diction pure,
 Whilst none thy crabbed numbers can endure,
 Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obscure.
 If he has thorns, they all on roses grow ;
 Thine like rude thistles and mean brambles show,
 With this exception, that though rank the foil,
 Weeds, as they are, they seem produc'd by toil.
 Satire should, like a polish'd razor keen,
 Wound with a touch that's scarcely felt or seen.
 Thine is an oyster-knife, that hacks and hews,
 The rage, but not the talent of abuse ;
 And is in hate what love is in the stews ;
 'Tis the gross lust of hate, that still annoys
 Without distinction, as gross love enjoys :
 Neither to folly, nor to vice confin'd ;
 The object of thy spleen is human-kind :
 It preys on all, who yield or who resist ;
 To thee 'tis provocation to exist.
 But if thou see'st a great and gen'rous heart,
 Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
 Nor only justice vainly we demand,
 But even benefits can't rein thy hand :
 To this or that alike in vain we trust,
 Nor find thee less ungrateful than unjust."

WARTON.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

An Apology for Himself and his Writings.

Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.] AT the time of publishing this Epistle, the Poet's patience was exhausted by the endless impertinence of Poetafters of all ranks and conditions; as well those who courted his favour, as those who envied his reputation. So that now he had resolved to quit his hands of both together, by the publication of a DUNCIAD. This design he communicated to his excellent friend DR. ARBUTHNOT; who, although as a man of Wit and Learning he might not have been displeased to see their common injuries revenged on this pernicious Tribe; yet, as our Author's friend and phyfician, he was folicitous of his ease and health; and therefore unwilling he should provoke fo large and powerful a party.

Their difference of opinion, in this matter, gives occasion to the following *Dialogue*. Where, in a natural and familiar detail of all his Provocations, both from flatterers and slanderers, our Author has artfully interwoven an Apology for his *moral* and *poetic* Character.

For after having told his case, and humorously applied to his Phyfician in the manner one would ask for a receipt to kill Vermin, he ftraight goes on, in the common character of askers of advice, to tell his Doctor, that he had already taken his party, and determined of his remedy. But using a preamble, and introducing it (in the way of Poets), with a fimile, in which the names of *Kings, Queens, and Ministers of State* happen to be mentioned, his Friend takes the alarm, and begs him to forbear; advifes him to ftick to his fubject, and to be eafy under fo common a calamity.

To make fo light of his difafter provokes the Poet: he breaks the thread of his difcourfe, which was to lead his Friend gently, and by degrees, into his project; and abruptly tells him the application of his fimile at once,

“ Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the fecret pafs,” &c.

But recollecting the humanity and tenderness of his Friend, which, he apprehends, might be a little fhocked at the apparent
severity

severity of such a proceeding, he assures him, that his good-nature is alarmed without cause; for that nothing has less feeling than this sort of offenders; which he illustrates in the Examples of a *damn'd Poet*, a *detected Slanderer*, a *Table-Parasite*, a *Church-Buffoon*, and a *Party-Writer* (from ver. 1. to 101.)

But, in this enumeration, coming again to *Names*, his Friend once more stops him; and bids him consider what hostilities this general attack would set on foot. So much the better, replies the Poet; for, considering *the strong antipathy of bad to good*, enemies they will always be, either open or secret: and it admits of no question, but a Slanderer is less hurtful than a Flatterer. For, says he, (in a pleasant Simile addressed to his Friend's profession)

“ Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.”

And how abject and excessive the flattery of these creatures was, he shews, by observing, that they praised him even for his infirmities; his bad health, and his inconvenient shape (ver. 100 to 125.)

But still it might be said, that if he could bear this evil annexed to Authorship no better, he should not have written at all. To this he answers, by lamenting the natural bent of his disposition; which, from his very birth, had drawn him towards *Poetry* so strongly, as if it were in execution of some secret decree of Heaven for crimes unknown. But though he offended in becoming an Author, he offended in nothing else. For his early verses were perfectly innocent and harmless,

“ Like gentle Fanny's was my flowing theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.”

Yet even then, he tells us, two enraged and hungry Critics fell upon him without any provocation. But this might have been borne, as the common lot of distinction. But it was his peculiar ill-fortune to create a jealousy in One; whom, not only many good offices done by our Author to him and his friends, but a similitude of genius and studies might have inclined to a reciprocal affection and support: On the contrary, that otherwise amiable person, being, by nature, timorous and suspicious; by education, a party-man; and, by circumstances of fortune, beset with flatterers and pick-thanks; regarded our Author as his Rival, set up by a contrary Faction, with views destructive of public liberty, and

that Person's reputation. And all this, with as little provocation from Mr. Pope's conduct in his poetic, as in his civil character.

For though he had got a Name (the reputation of which he agreeably rallies, in the description he gives of it) yet he never, even when most in fashion, set up for a Patron, or a Dictator amongst the Wits; but still kept retired in his usual privacy; leaving *the whole Castalian state*, as he calls it, to a Mock Mecnas, whom he next describes (ver. 124. to 261.)

And, struck with the sense of that *dignity and ease* which support the character of a true Poet, he breaks out into a passionate vow for a continuance of the full Liberty inseparable from it. And to shew how well he deserves it, and how safely he might be trusted with it, he concludes his wish with a description of his temper and disposition (ver. 260 to 271.)

This naturally leads him to complain of his Friends, when they consider him in no other view than that of an *Author*; as if he had neither the same right to the enjoyments of life, the same concern for his highest interests, or the same dispositions of benevolence, with other people.

Besides, he now admonishes them, in his turn, that they do not consider to what they expose him, when they urge him to write on; namely, to the *suspensions* and the *displeasure* of a Court; who are made to believe, he is always writing; or at least to the foolish *criticisms* of court-sycophants, who pretend to find him, by his style, in the immoral libels of every idle scribler: though he, in the mean time, be so far from countenancing such worthless trash in others, that he would be ready to execrate even his own best vein of poetry, if made at the expence of Truth and Innocence:

“Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe:
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear.”

Sentiments, which no effort of genius, without the concurrence of the heart, could have expressed in strains so exquisitely sublime. That the sole object of his resentment was *vice* and *baseness*: In the detection of which, he artfully takes occasion to speak of *that* by which he himself had been injured and offended: and concludes with the character of One who had wantonly outraged him, and in the most sensible manner (ver. 270 to 334.)

And here, moved again with fresh indignation at his slanderers, he takes the advice of Horace, *sume superbiam quæsitam meritis*, and
draws

draws a fine picture of his moral and poetic conduct through life. In which he shews that not *fame*, but VIRTUE, was the constant object of his ambition: that for this he opposed himself to all the violence of Cabals, and the treacheries of Courts: the various iniquities of which having distinctly specified, he sums them up in that most atrocious and sensible of all (ver. 333 to 360.).

“ The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's ear.
Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past:
For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the last.”

But here again his Friend interrupts the strains of his divine enthusiasm; and desires him to clear up one objection made to his Conduct at Court. “ That it was inhumane to insult the Poor, “ and ill breeding to affront the Great.” To which he replies, That indeed in his pursuit of *Vice*, he rarely considered how Knavery was circumstanced; but followed it, with his vengeance, indifferently, whether it led to the Pillory, or the Drawing-Room (ver. 359 to 363.).

But lest this should give his Reader the idea of a savage intractable virtue, which could bear with nothing, and would pardon nothing, he takes to himself the shame of owning that he was of so easy a nature, as to be duped by the slenderest appearances; *a pretence to virtue in a witty woman*: so forgiving, that he had sought out the object of his beneficence in a *personal enemy*: so humble, that he had submitted to the conversation of *bad poets*: and so forbearing, that he had curbed in his resentment, under the most shocking of all provocations, *abuses on his Father and Mother* (ver. 367 to 388.).

This naturally leads him to give a short account of their births, fortunes, and dispositions; which ends with the tenderest wishes for the happiness of his Friend; intermixed with the most pathetic description of that filial Piety, in the exercise of which he makes his own happiness to consist:

“ Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the Cradle of reposing Age;
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one Parent from the sky!”

And

And now this incomparable Poem, which holds so much of the **DRAMA**, and opens with all the disorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and slander could occasion, concludes with the utmost calmness and serenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of **FRIENDSHIP** and **PIETY** (ver. 387 to the End).

WARBURTON.

In this kind of writing, Pope is unrivalled ; the Imitation has all the air of an original, and is at once lively, pointed, and happy.

One Imitation from Horace has been, for obvious reasons, rejected. I must ever feel regret, that my late respected master was so inconsiderate as to admit it in his Edition. Pope certainly never owned it. How indeed could he own a production written in his earlier day, which “ called virtue, hypocrite ; ” and was doubly odious, as coming from a man who professed, with such parade,

“ In virtue’s cause to draw the Pen ! ”

It were also to be wished, that charity had induced him a moment to pause, before he published some lines, which no *provocation* from *woman* to *man* could justify : I need not point them out. Let us also remember, that Satire in verse must be deliberate, and therefore is less excusable. I am not attempting to plead the cause of affected candour ; but of those feelings, which distinguish the man, and the gentleman.

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I said,
 Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
 The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand, 5
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Shut, shut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful servant; whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will: of whose fidelity Doddsley, from his own observation, used to mention many pleasing instances. His wife was living at Eccleshall, 1783, ninety years old, and knew many anecdotes of Pope. WARTON.

VER. 1. *Shut, shut the door,*] This abrupt exordium is animated and dramatic. Our Poet, wearied with the impertinence and slander of a multitude of mean scriblers that attacked him, suddenly breaks out with this spirited complaint of the ill-usage he had sustained. This piece was published in the year 1734, in the form of an Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot: It is now given as a Dialogue, in which a very small share indeed is allotted to his friend. Arbuthnot was a man of consummate probity, integrity, and sweetness of temper: he had infinitely more learning than Pope or Swift, and as much wit and humour as either of them. He was an excellent mathematician and physician, of which his letter on the Usefulness

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my Thickets, through my Grot they
 glide,

By land, by water, they renew the charge,
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge. 10
 No place is sacred, not the Church is free,
 Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
 Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
 Happy! to catch me, just at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parson much be-mus'd in beer, 15
 A maudlin Poetess, a rhyming Peer,

A Clerk,

NOTES.

ness of Mathematical Learning, and his Treatise on Air and Aliment, are sufficient proofs. His tables of ancient coins, weights, and measures, are the work of a man intimately acquainted with ancient history and literature, and are enlivened with many curious and interesting particulars of the manners and ways of living of the ancients. The History of John Bull, the best parts of the Memoirs of Scriblerus, the Art of Political Lying, the Freeholder's Catechism, It cannot rain but it pours, &c. abound in strokes of the most exquisite humour. It is known that he gave numberless hints to Swift, and Pope, and Gay, of some of the most striking parts of their works. He was so neglectful of his writings that his children tore his manuscripts and made paper-kites of them. Few letters in the English language are so interesting, and contain such marks of Christian resignation and calmness of mind, as one that he wrote to Swift a little before his death, and is inserted in the third volume of Letters, p. 157. He frequently, and ably, and warmly, in many conversations, defended the cause of revelation against the attacks of Bolingbroke and Chesterfield.

WARTON.

VER. 13. *Mint*] A place to which insolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there suffered to afford to one another, from the persecution of their creditors.

WARBURTON.

A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's foul to cross,
 Who pens a Stanza, when he should *engross*?
 Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
 With desp'rate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
 All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble strain 21
 Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain,
 Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the Laws,
 Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
 Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope, 25
 And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted many an idle song)

What

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 20 in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
 With all their brandish'd reams they run to me:
 Is there a 'Prentice, having seen two plays,
 Who would do something in his Sempstrefs' praise—

VER. 29. in the first Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curse?
 Say, is their anger, or their friendship worse?

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Is there a Parson*] Some lines in this Epistle to Arbuthnot had been used in a letter to Thomson when he was in Italy, and transferred from him to Arbuthnot, which naturally displeased the former, though they lived always on terms of civility and friendship: and Pope earnestly exerted himself, and used all his interest to promote the success of Thomson's *Agamemnon*, and attended the first night of its being performed. WARTON.

VER. 20. *desp'rate charcoal*] The idea is from Boileau's art of Poetry—"Charbonner les murailles."

VER. 23. *Arthur,*] Arthur Moore, Esq.

WARTON.

What *Drop* or *Nostrum* can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a Fool's wrath or love? 30
 A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped,
 If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
 To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace, 35
 And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
 I sit with sad civility, I read
 With honest anguish, and an aching head;
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, "Keep your piece nine years."
 Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane, 41
 Lull'd by soft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends: 44
 "The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
 "I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it."
 Three

NOTES.

VER. 33. *Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge,*] Alluding to the scene in the *Plain-Dealer*, where *Oldfox* gags, and ties down the Widow, to hear his *well-penn'd stanzas*. Warburton.—Rather from Horace; vide his *Druso*. WARTON.

VER. 38. *an aching head;*] Alluding to the disorder he was then so constantly afflicted with. WARBURTON.

VER. 40. "*Keep your piece nine years.*"] Boileau employed eleven years in his short satire of *L'Equivoque*. Patru was four years altering and correcting the first paragraph of his translation of the oration for *Archias*. WARTON.

VER. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes,*]

——"Dictates to me slumb'ring, or inspires
 Easy my unpremeditated Verse."

MILTON.

Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; ask him for a Place." 50

Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

"Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,

"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."

Bless me! a packet.—"'Tis a stranger fues, 55

"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse."

If I dislike it, "Furies, death and rage!"

If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."

There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends. 60

Fir'd

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuse, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

VER. 60. in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a foolish Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. i. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæsar also. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. POPE.

VER. 54. *He'll write a Journal*,] Meaning the London Journal; a paper in favour of Sir R. Walpole's ministry. Bishop Hoadley wrote in it, as did Dr. Bland. WARTON.

VER. 55. *A packet*.] Alludes to a tragedy called the Virgin Queen, by Mr. R. Barford, published 1729, who displeased Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his Sylphs in an heroic-comical poem called the Assembly. 1726. WARTON.

Fir'd that the house reject him, " 'Sdeath, I'll print it,
 " And shame the Fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
 " Lintot."

Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

" Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch."

All

NOTES.

VER. 60. *The Play'rs and I, &c.*] On this passage, Cibber, in his curious letter, printed in 1742, addressed to Pope, has the following observation:

" I am glad to find in your smaller Edition, that your conscience has since given this line some correction; for there you have taken off a little of its edge: it there runs only thus:

The Players and I are luckily no friends.

This is so uncommon an instance of your checking your temper, and taking a little shame to yourself, that I cannot in justice omit my notice of it."

The cause of Pope's continued invective against Cibber, is thus given in the letter before mentioned:

" The play of the Rehearsal, which had laid some few years dormant, being by his present Majesty (George II.), then Prince of Wales commanded to be revived, the part of Bays fell to my share. To this character there had always been allowed such ludicrous liberties of observation upon any thing new, or remarkable in the state of the stage, as Mr. Bays might think proper to make."

He then describes a successful sally in ridiculing the introduction of the Mummy and Crocodile, in an entertainment acted about that time without success, called " Three Hours after Marriage," and supposed to have been written by Pope

" This was the offence," he says: " In this play (Three Hours after Marriage), two Coxcombs, being in love with a learned virtuoso's wife, to get unsuspected access to her, ingeniously send themselves, as two presented rarities, to the husband; the one curiously swathed up like an *Egyptian Mummy*, and the other sily covered in the paste board skin of a Crocodile; upon which poetical expedient I, Mr. Bays, when the two Kings of Brentford came from the clouds again into the throne, instead of what the part directed me to say, made me use these words, viz.

" Now

All my demurs but double his attacks; 65

At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,

Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a King,) 70

His

NOTES.

"Now, Sir, this revolution, I had some thoughts of introducing
"by a quite different contrivance; but my design taking air, some
"of your sharp wits, I found, had made use of it before me;
"otherwise I intended to have stolen one of them in the shape of
"a MUMMY, and the other, in that of a Crocodile."

This fally of Cibber, it appears, was received with great applause; and Pope, very much irritated, came to Cibber after the play, to call him to account for the insult. This is the sum of Cibber's statement, respecting the first cause of Pope's anger, in his letter, the publication of which, it is well known, gave Pope great uneasiness; and on account of which, he afterwards dethroned Theobald from his eminence as King of the Dunces, and placed Cibber, who cared very little about the matter, in his place.

VER. 69 *'Tis sung, when Midas'*] The abruptness with which this story from Persius is introduced, occasions an obscurity in the passage; for there is no connection with the foregoing paragraph. Boileau says, Sat. ix. v. 221. I have nothing to do with Chaplain's honour, or candour, or civility, or complaisance; but, if you hold him up as a model of good writing, and as the king of authors,

"Ma bile alors s'échauffe, et je brûle d'écrire;
Et s'il ne m'est permis de le dire au papier;
J'irai creuser la terre, et comme ce barbier,
Faire dire aux roseaux par un nouvel organe,
Midas, le Roi Midas, a des oreilles d'Asne."

There is much humour in making the prying and watchful eyes of the minister, instead of the barber, first discover the ass's ears; and the word *perks* has particular force and emphasis. Sir Robert Walpole and Queen Caroline were here pointed at. WARTON.

His very Minister who spy'd them first,
 (Some say his Queen,) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,
 When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?

A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous
 things. 75

I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings;
 Keep close to Ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
 Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass: 80
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
 The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool. 84
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
 Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack:
 Pit,

NOTES.

VER. 72. *Queen,*] The story is told, by some, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer*, of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden's Fables*. POPE.

VER. 80. *That secret to each fool, that he's an Ass:*] i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible. WARBURTON.

VER. 86. *the mighty crack:*] A parody on Addison's translation of Horace, Ode iii. b. 3.

“Should the whole frame of Nature round him break
 In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
 She unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
 And stand secure amidst a falling world.”

On which lines he observes, in the Bathos, “Sometimes a single word (as *crack*) will vulgarize a poetical idea.” WARTON.

Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
 Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
 He spins the flight, self-pleasing thread anew : 90
 Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain,
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 Thron'd in the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimzy lines!
 Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer, 95
 Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?

And

NOTES.

VER. 88. "Si fractus illabatur orbis,
 Impavidum ferient ruinæ." Hor. POPE.

VER. 90. *He spins the flight,*] The metaphor in our Author is most happily carried on through a variety of corresponding particulars, that exactly hit the nature of the two insects in question. It is not pursued too far, nor jaded out, so as to become quaint and affected; as is the case in many of Congreve's too witty comedies, particularly in the *Way of the World*, and in Young's *Satires*. For instance:

"Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs, wait,
 Proclaim the glory, and augment the state;
 Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
 Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die!

The epithets *envious* and *proud*, have nothing to do with *squibs*. The last line is brilliant and ingenious, but perhaps too much so.

WARTON.

VER. 95. —has *Poet yet, or Peer,*
Lost the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnassian sneer?]

He has given the "*Parnassian sneer*," in the first editions of the *Dunciad*, to Theobald:

"The proud Parnassian sneer,
 "The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
 "Mix on his look." *Dunciad*, book 2d.

And has not Colley still his lord, and whore?
 His butchers Henley, his free-masons Moore?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit?
 Still to one Bishop Philips seem a wit? 100
 Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God-fake—you'll offend.
 No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
 I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
 But foes like these—P. One Flatt'rer's worse than
 all.

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right, 105
 It is the flaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool

NOTES.

VER. 97. *And has not Colley still, &c.*] I forbear to say any thing of "Colley's" answer to this line.

VER. 98. *free-masons Moore?*] He was of this society, and frequently headed their processions. WARBURTON.

VER. 98. *His butchers Henley,*] This alludes to Henley, commonly called Orator Henley, who declaimed on Sundays on religious subjects, and on Wednesdays on the sciences;—one shilling was the price of admittance. His Oratory was among the *Butchers* in Newport Market and Butcher Row; hence the expression, "His butchers, Henley." There is no great satire or wit in the allusion, nor is there any thing ludicrous in the idea, that Moore, "*still continues a Free-mason,*" in spite of Pope's Satire.

VER. 99. *Does not one table Bavius still admit?*] I cannot find out the circumstance to which this alludes.

VER. 100. *Still to one Bishop*] This is Bishop Boulter, who was Ambrose Philips' great friend and patron. Boulter wrote, in conjunction with Philips, a paper called the *Free-thinker*. He was then only minister of a parish in Southwark; but being considered of consequence to Government, he was first made Dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards Primate of Ireland; where, adds Johnson, his piety and charity will be long remembered.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent :
 Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they *repent*.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
 And ridicules beyond a hundred foes : 110
 One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,
 And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
 This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."

There are, who to my person pay their court :
 I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am short ; 116
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
 Such *Ovid*'s nose, and "Sir! you have an Eye."—
 Go

VARIATIONS.

VER. 111. in the MS.

For song, for silence some expect a bribe ;
 And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe"
 Time, praise, or money, is the least they crave ;
 Yet each declares the other, fool or knave.

NOTES.

VER. 115. *There are, who to my person*] What Addison says in jest, and with his usual humour, is true in fact : "I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor." What passages in Horace are more agreeable than when he tells us he was fat and sleek, "*præcanum, solibus aptum*," prone to anger, but soon appeased. And again, how pleasing the detail he gives of his way of life, the descriptions of his mule, his dinner, his supper, his furniture, his amusements, his walks, his time of bathing and sleeping, from the 105th line to the end of the sixth satire of the first book. And Boileau, in his tenth epistle, has done the same in giving many amusing particulars of his father, family, and fortunes.

WARTON.

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see,
 All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me. 120
 Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
 "Just so immortal *Maro* held his head:"
 And when I die, be sure you let me know
 Great *Homer* dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown 125
 Dipt me in ink, my parents', or my own?
 As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
 I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 124. in the MS.

But, Friend, this shape, which You and Curl * admire,
 Came not from Ammon's son, but from my Sire †;
 And for my head, if you'll the truth excuse,
 I had it from my Mother ‡, not the Muse.
 Happy, if he, in whom these frailties join'd,
 Had heir'd as well the virtues of the mind.

* Curl set up his head for a sign.

† His Father was crooked.

‡ His mother was much afflicted with head-achs.

NOTES.

VER. 118. "*Sir! you have an Eye.*" It is remarkable that, amongst the compliments on his infirmities and deformities, he mentions his *eye*, which was fine, sharp, and piercing. It was done to intimate, that flattery was as odious to him when there was some ground for commendation, as when there was none.

WARBURTON.

VER. 127. *As yet a child, &c.*] He used to say, that he began to write verses further back than he could remember. When he was eight years old, Ogilby's *Homer* fell in his way, and delighted him extremely; it was followed by Sandys' *Ovid*; and the raptures these then gave him were so strong, that he spoke of them with pleasure ever after. About ten, being at school at Hyde-park-corner, where he was much neglected, and suffered to go to the

I left no calling for this idle trade,
 No duty broke, no father disobey'd, 130
 The

NOTES.

the comedy with the greater boys, he turned the transactions of the Iliad into a play, made up of a number of speeches from Ogilby's translation, tacked together with verses of his own. He had the address to persuade the upper boys to act it; he even prevailed on the Master's Gardener to represent Ajax, and contrived to have all the Actors dressed after the pictures in his favourite Ogilby. At twelve he went with his father into the Forest: and then got first acquainted with the Writings of Waller, Spenser, and Dryden; in the order I have named them. On the first sight of Dryden, he found he had what he wanted. His Poems were never out of his hands; they became his model; and from them alone he learnt the whole magic of his versification. This year he began an epic poem; the same which Bp. Atterbury, long afterwards, persuaded him to burn. Besides this, he wrote, in those early days, a Comedy and Tragedy, the latter taken from a story in the legend of *St. Genevieve*. They both deservedly underwent the same fate. As he began his Pastorals soon after, he used to say pleasantly, that he had literally followed the example of Virgil, who tells us, *Cum canerem reges et prælia, &c.* WARBURTON.

All the circumstances of our Author's early life, mentioned in this Note, were communicated by Mr. Spence to Dr. Warburton. The account of this matter, as it was delivered to me by Mr. Spence, was as follows: As they returned in the same carriage together from Twickenham, soon after the death of our Author, and joined in lamenting his death and celebrating his praises, Dr. Warburton said he intended to write his life; on which Mr. Spence, with his usual modesty and condescension, said, that he also had the same intentions; and had, from time to time, collected from Pope's own mouth, various particulars of his life, pursuits, and studies; but would readily give up to Dr. Warburton all his collections on this subject, and accordingly communicated them to him immediately. WARTON.

VER. 128. *I lisp'd in numbers,*]

From Ovid,

“ Sponte sua carmen numeros veniebat ad aptos,
 Et quod conabar scribere, versus erat.” WARTON.

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not Wife,
 To help me through this long disease, my Life,
 To second, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
 And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear. 134

A. But why then publish? P. *Granville* the polite,
 And knowing *Walsh*, would tell me I could write;
 Well.

NOTES.

VER. 129. *I left no calling*] Pope was originally intended by his father, for a Portrait-painter. "This idle trade," as he calls it, was probably more lucrative, than any other pursuit he could have followed.

VER. 130. *no father disobey'd.*] When Mr. Pope was yet a child, his father, though no Poet, would set him to make English verses. He was pretty difficult to please, and would often send the boy back to new-turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleasure in them, and would say, *These are good rhymes.* WARBURTON.

VER. 131. *not Wife,*] These two words seem added merely for the verse, and are what the French call a *cheville*. WARTON.

VER. 135. *But why then publish?*] To the three first names that encouraged his earliest writings, he has added other friends, whose acquaintance with him did not commence till he was a Poet of established reputation. From the many commendations which Walsh, and Garth, and Granville bestowed on his Pastorals, it may fairly be concluded how much the public taste has been improved, and with how many good compositions our language has been enriched, since that time. When Gray published his exquisite Ode on Eton College, his first publication, little notice was taken of it: but I suppose no critic can be found that will not place it far above Pope's Pastorals. On reading which Ode a certain person exclaimed,

" Sweet Bard, who shunn'st the noise of Folly,
 Most musical, most melancholy!
 Thee oft the lonely woods among
 I woo to hear thy evening song;
 And think thy thrilling strains have power
 To raise Musæus from his bower;

Or

Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praise,
 And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
 The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
 Ev'n mitred *Rochester* would nod the head, 140
 And *St. John's* self (great *Dryden's* friends before)
 With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.

Happy

NOTES.

Or bid the tender *Spenfer* come
 From his lov'd haunt, fair *Faney's* tomb."

See particularly that fine stanza,
 " These shall the fury passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind ;"

and also,

" Yet ah ! why should they know their fate ?" WARTON.

The person whom Dr. Warton means, was his brother, the late Thomas Warton, whose exquisite taste is well-known.

VER. 139. *Talbot, &c.*] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden ; though a scandalous libel against him, entitled *Dryden's Satire to his Muse*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces : persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age ; an early period for such acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Pastorals* and *Windsor Forest*, on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following :

" While pure Description held the place of Sense," &c. POPE.

Every word and epithet here used is exactly characteristical and peculiarly appropriated, with much art, to the temper and manner of each of the persons here mentioned ; the elegance of *Lansdown*, the open free benevolence and candour of *Garth*, the warmth of *Congreve*, the difficulty of pleasing *Swift*, the very gesture (as I am informed) that *Atterbury* used when he was pleased, and the animated air and spirit of *Bolingbroke*.

WARTON.

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
 Happier their Author, when by these belov'd!
 From these the World will judge of men and books,
 Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*. 146

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
 While pure Description held the place of Sense?
 Like gentle *Fanny's* was my flow'ry theme,
 A painted mistress, or a purling stream. 150
 Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
 I wish'd the man a Dinner, and fate still,

Yet

NOTES.

VER. 146. *Burnets, &c.*] Authors of secret and scandalous History. POPE.

Ibid. *Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks*] By no means Authors of the same class; though the violence of party might hurry them into the same mistakes. But if the first offended this way, it was only through an honest warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent understanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts still worse. WARBURTON.

VER. 146. *Burnets,*] Was such a character as Burnet's, to be placed among the insignificant and contemptible scriblers, that assailed Pope?

VER. 148. *While pure Description held the place of Sense?*] He uses *pure* equivocally, to signify either *chaste* or *empty*; and has given in this line what he esteemed the true Character of *descriptive poetry*, as it is called. A composition, in his opinion, as absurd as a feast made up of sauces. The office of a picturesque imagination is to brighten and adorn good sense; so that to employ it only in *description*, is like children's delighting in a prism for the sake of its gaudy colours; which, when frugally managed and artfully disposed, might be made to unfold and illustrate the noblest objects in nature. WARBURTON.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling stream,*] is a verse of Mr. Addison. POPE.

Ibid. *A painted mistress, or a purling stream.*] Meaning the *Rape of the Lock*, and *Windfor-Forest*. WARBURTON.

Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret ;
 I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
 If want provok'd, or madness made them print, 155
 I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.

Did some more sober Critic come abroad ;
 If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kiss'd the Rod.

Pains,

NOTES.

VER. 151. *Yet then did Gildon*] It is with difficulty we can forgive our Author for upbraiding these wretched scriblers for their poverty and distresses, if we do not keep in our minds the grossly abusive pamphlets they published ; and, even allowing this circumstance, we ought to separate rancour from reproof :

“ Cur tam crudeles optavit sumere pœnas ? WARTON.

Gildon was born at the village of Gillingham, near Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire. Pope's “ wishing him a dinner,” is not exactly understood. The expressions are thought unfeeling, as meant to upbraid him with his poverty ; but the truth is, Gildon in his essays says, his sole motive for writing was “ necessity.” It cannot be said, that it is cruel to “ wish a man a dinner,” who professes he writes to get one.

A few more words concerning this obscure writer, may not be unacceptable. He was sent to Doway, to the English College of Secular Priests there, to be made a Priest ; but his inclinations led him another way. He came to London, spent his property, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by writing abusive pamphlets.

VER. 153. *Yet then did Dennis*] I cannot help thinking that poor Dennis was hardly used. He was a scholar, had a liberal education, and had been in his early youth, a companion of those who were distinguished for rank and literature. Being at first countenanced, and having a considerable share of learning and ingenuity, he was no doubt mortified and galled, to find the stream of popular applause turned almost exclusively towards one Poet. On this account, his strictures, though often just, are marked with asperity and coarseness, as he was evidently chagrined at the success which he could not gain himself. Hence his coarse and contemptu-
ous

Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 160
 Commas and points they set exactly right,
 And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
 Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
 From flashing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds* :
 Each

NOTES.

ous treatment of Addison's *Cato*, and Pope's *Essay on Man*; but we must admit, that many of his observations were well-founded, and that they evince considerable classical knowledge, as well as shrewdness. Let us also remember what is due to *disappointment*. Dennis came into the world with ardent hopes as a man of literature, and with respectable connections. He found all his expectations crossed, though he was conscious of his acquirements; and after long and ineffectual struggles towards attaining what he considered his deserved rank of literary eminence, he sunk at last, poor and unfriended, into old age. Pope's satire in this place, respecting his being in debt, is certainly unfeeling. Pope was in possession of affluence and honour, and it was not till his old antagonist was laid helpless at his feet, that his resentment abated; it was then that he wrote the Prologue for his benefit. How noble does the character of Addison appear, who, though equally attacked by Dennis as a Critic, yet never mentioned his name with asperity, and refused to give the least countenance to the pamphlet which Pope had written upon the occasion of Dennis's strictures on *Cato*?

VER. 163. *Yet ne'er one sprig*] Swift imbibed from Sir W. Temple, and Pope from Swift, an inveterate and unreasonable aversion and contempt for Bentley, whose admirable Boyle's Lectures, Remarks on Collins's Emendations of Menander and Callimachus, and Tully's Tusculan Disputations, whose edition of Horace, and, above all, Dissertations on the Epistles of Phalaris, (in which he gained the most complete victory over a whole army of wits,) all of them exhibit the most striking marks of accurate and extensive erudition, and a vigorous and acute understanding. He degraded himself much by his strange and absurd hypothesis of the faults which Milton's amanuensis introduced into that poem. But I have been informed that there was still an additional cause for
 Pope's

Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
 Each Word-catcher that lives on syllables, 166
 Ev'n

NOTES.

Pope's resentment: That Atterbury, being in company with Bentley and Pope, insisted upon knowing the Doctor's opinion of the English Homer; and that, being earnestly pressed to declare his sentiments freely, he said, "The verses are good verses, but the work is not Homer, it is Spondanus." It may, however, be observed, in favour of Pope, that Dr. Clarke, whose critical exactness is well known, has not been able to point out above three or four mistakes in the sense throughout the whole Iliad. The real faults of that translation are of another kind: They are such as remind us of Nero's gilding a brazen statue of Alexander the Great, cast by Lysippus. Pope, in a letter which Dr. Rutherford shewed me at Cambridge in the year 1771, written to a Mr. Bridges at Fulham, mentions his consulting Chapman and Hobbes, and talks of "their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectness in the language, over-ruled me." These are the very words which I transcribed at the time. WARTON.

VER. 163. *these ribalds,*] How deservedly this title is given to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be seen by a short account of the manners of the modern *Scholiasts*.

When in these latter ages, human learning raised its head in the West; and its tail, *verbal criticism*, was, of course, to rise with it; the madness of Critics soon became so offensive, that the grave stupidity of the Monks might appear the more tolerable evil. *J. Argyropylus*, a mercenary Greek, who came to teach school in Italy, after the sacking of Constantinople by the Turks, used to maintain that *Cicero* understood neither Philosophy nor Greek: while another of his countrymen, *J. Lascares* by name, threatened to demonstrate that *Virgil* was no Poet. Countenanced by such great examples, a French Critic afterwards undertook to prove that *Aristotle* did not understand Greek, nor *Titus Livius*, Latin. It has been since discovered that *Josephus* was ignorant of Hebrew; and *Erasmus* so pitiful a linguist, that, *Burman* assures us, were he now alive, he would not deserve to be put at the head of a country-school: And even since it has been found out that *Pope* had *no invention*, and is only a Poet by courtesy. For though time has
 3 stripp'd

Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in *Milton's* or in *Shakespear's* name.

Pretty!

NOTES.

stripp'd the present race of Pedants of all the real accomplishments of their predecessors, it has conveyed down this spirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much easier to ape their manners, than to imitate their science. However, those earlier RIBALDS raised an appetite for the Greek language in the West; insomuch, that *Hermolaus Barbarus*, a passionate admirer of it, and a noted Critic, used to boast, that he had invoked and raised the Devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Aristotelian ENTEΛΕΧΕΙΑ. Another, whom *Balzac* speaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations; and was wont to say, that the meaning of such or such a verse in *Persius*, no one knew but God and himself. While the celebrated *Pomponius Lætus*, in excess of veneration for Antiquity, became a real Pagan; raised altars to Romulus, and sacrificed to the Gods of Latium; in which he was followed by our countryman *Baxter*, in every thing, but in the costliness of his sacrifices.

But if the Greeks cried down *Cicero*, the Italian Critics knew how to support his credit. Every one has heard of the childish excesses into which the ambition of being thought Ciceronians carried the most celebrated Italians of this time. They abstained from reading the Scriptures for fear of spoiling their style: Cardinal *Bembo* used to call the Epistles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of *Epistolaccias*, great overgrown Epistles. But *ERASMUS* cured their frenzy by that master-piece of good sense, his *Ciceronianus*. For which (in the way that Lunatics treat their Physicians) the elder *Scaliger* insulted him with all the brutal fury peculiar to his family and profession.

His sons *Joseph* and *Salmasius* had indeed such endowments of nature and art, as might have raised modern learning to a rivalry with the ancient. Yet how did they and their adversaries tear and worry one another? The choicest of *Joseph's* flowers of speech were *Stercus Diaboli*, and *Lutum Stercore maceratum*. It is true, these were lavished upon his enemies: for his friends he had other things in store. In a letter to *Thuanus*, speaking of two of them, *Clavius* and *Lipsius*, he calls the first a monster of ignorance; and

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms 169
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

The

NOTES.

and the other, a *slave to the Jesuits, and an Idiot*. But so great was his love of sacred *amity* at the same time, that he says, *I still keep up my correspondence with him, notwithstanding his Idiotry, for it is my principle to be constant in my friendships—Je ne cesse de luy écrire, nonobstant son Idioterie, d'autant que je suis constant en amitié*. The character he gives of his own *Chronology*, in the same letter, is no less extraordinary: *Vous vous pouvez assurer que nôtre Eusebe sera un trésor des merveilles de la doctrine Chronologique*. But this modest account of his own work, is nothing in comparison of the idea the Father gives his bookseller of his own person. This bookseller was preparing something of *Julius Scaliger's* for the Press; and desired the Author would give him directions concerning his picture, which was to be set before the book. *Julius's* answer (as it stands in his collection of letters) is, that if the engraver could collect together the several graces of *Masinissa*, *Xenophon*, and *Plato*, he might then be enabled to give the public some faint and imperfect resemblance of his Person. Nor was *Salmasius's* judgment of his own parts less favourable to himself; as *Mr. Colomies* tells the story. This Critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, *Messrs. Gaulman* and *Maussac*, in the Royal Library at Paris, *Gaulman*, in a virtuous consciousness of their importance, told the other two, that he believed they three could make head against all the Learned in Europe. To which the great *Salmasius* fiercely replied, "Do you and M. *Maussac* join yourselves to all that are learned in the world, and you shall find that I alone am a match for you all."

Vossius tells us, that when *Laur. Valla* had snarled at every name of the first order in antiquity, such as *Aristotle*, *Cicero*, and one whom I should have thought this Critic the likeliest to reverence, the redoubtable *PRISCIAN*, he impiously boasted that he had arms even against *Christ* himself. But *Codrus Urceus* went further, and actually used those arms which the other only threatened with. This man, while he was preparing some trifling piece of Criticism for the press, had the misfortune to hear his papers were destroyed by fire: On which he is reported to have broke out—"Quodnam ego tantum scelus concepi, O Christe! quem
ego

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were

NOTES.

ego tuorum unquam læsi, ut ita inexpiabili in me odio debaccheris? Audi ea quæ tibi mentis compos, et ex animo dicam. Si forte, cum ad ultimum vitæ finem pervenero, supplex accedam ad te oratum, neve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro; cum Infernis Diis in æternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, says my author, he quited the converse of men, threw himself into the thickest of a forest, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of despair. WARBURTON.

VER. 164. *flasking Bentley*] This great man, with all his faults, deserved however to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero describe him not amiss: "Habuit à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis versutum et solers: sed sæpe stomachosum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum." WARBURTON.

I shall add to this note "part of an unpublished letter from my learned and excellent friend Mr. James Harris of Salisbury, addressed to Mr. John Upton, the editor of Spenser, and author of Observations on Shakespear.

"When I think of Bentley, I can't help comparing him to Virgil's Fame;

"Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit:"

An immense monster, possessed of a thousand eyes and a thousand ears, to see, and hear, and know every thing; but, at the same time,

"Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuncia veri."

The consciousness of his own great parts and accomplishments furnished him with a pride, that, as it made him condemn the sentiments of most others, so it made him deify his own errors."

WARTON.

VER. 164. *flasking Bentley*] The following Epigram by Pope, on Bentley's edition of Milton, to which the epithet "flashing" alludes, I have found in his hand-writing:

"Did Milton's prose, O Charles! thy death defend?

A furious Foe unconscious proves a Friend,

On

Were others angry : I excus'd them too ;
 Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
 A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ; 175
 But each man's secret standard in his mind,
 That Casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
 This, who can gratify ? for who can *guess* ?
 The Bard whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,
 Who turns a Persian tale for half a Crown, 180
 Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
 And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a
 year ;
 He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
 Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left : 184
 And

NOTES.

On Milton's verse, did Milton comment ?—Know,
 A weak officious Friend becomes a Foe,
 While he but fought his Author's fame to further,
 The murd'rous Critic has aveng'd thy murder."

VER. 180. *a Persian tale*] Amb. Philips translated a Book
 called the *Persian Tales*, a book full of fancy and imagination.

POPE.

Philips, certainly not a very animated or first-rate writer, yet
 appears not to deserve quite so much contempt, if we look at his
 first and fifth pastoral, his epistle from Copenhagen, his ode on
 the Death of Earl Cowper, his translations of the two first Olym-
 pic odes of Pindar, the two odes of Sappho, and, above all, his
 pleasing tragedy of the Distress'd Mother. The secret grounds of
 Philip's malignity to Pope, are said to be the ridicule and laugh-
 ter he met with from all the Hanover Club, of which he was se-
 cretary, for mistaking the incomparable ironical paper in the
 Guardian, No. 40. which was written by Pope, for a serious cri-
 ticism on pastoral poetry.

WARTON.

Philips, it is said in Cibber's letter, hung up a rod at But-
 ton's, which he said was for Pope, who on that account left
 the society.

And He, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
 Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
 And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not Poetry, but prose run mad :
 All these, my modest Satire bade *translate*,
 And own'd that nine such Poets made a *Tate*. 190
 How

NOTES.

VER. 189 *All these, my modest Satire bade translate,*] See their works, in the Translations of classical books by *several hands*.

POPE.

VER. 190. *And own'd that nine such Poets*] Before this piece was published, Dr. Young had addressed two Epistles to our Author, in the year 1730, concerning the Authors of the age; in which are many passages that bear a great resemblance to many of Pope's; though Pope has heightened, improved, and condensed the hints, images, and sentiments of Young.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
 Whether with ale irriguous or Champaign ?
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb
 And whet their appetite on cliffs of rhyme ;
 The college sloven, or embroider'd spark,
 The purple prelate, or the parish clerk,
 The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig,
 The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig ;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad,
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad ;
 Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite,
 Men that read well, or men that only write ;
 Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune their reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds ?
 For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut ;
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
 And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits ;
 Thus his material, paper, takes its birth,
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth. WARTON.

VER. 190. *a Tate*] There is great humour in this idea. Tate was poet laureat, and translated or rather paraphrased the Psalms in conjunction with Brady.

How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.

Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires;
Blest

NOTES.

VER. 192. *And swear, not ADDISON himself was safe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following transition; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourable of the severity of the satire, by those who were strangers to the provocation.

WARBURTON.

VER. 192. *ADDISON was safe.*] This character of Addison has been considered as Pope's master piece, in "hoc dicendi genere." It is certainly most successfully laboured; but how far it was a likeness, is with me very doubtful.

VER. 193 *but were there One whose fires, &c.*] Our Poet's friendship with Mr. Addison began in the year 1713. It was cultivated, on both sides, with all the marks of mutual esteem and affection, and a constant intercourse of good offices. Mr. Addison was always commending moderation; warned his friend against a blind attachment to party; and blamed Steele for his indiscreet zeal. The translation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in pushing the subscription; but at the same time advised Mr. Pope not to be content with the applause of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's interest his own, (see note on Ver. 215. 1 Ep. B. ii. of Hor.) and, when *Dennis* so brutally attacked the Tragedy of *Cato*, he wrote the piece called *A narrative of his madness*.

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and superior genius * in Poetry, gave umbrage to his friend's false delicacy: and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (see his
Let-

* This statement of Warburton's is neither candid nor true: it is very easy to say, "Pope's growing reputation gave umbrage to Addison; that Addison encouraged Philips, &c. in their clamours; that his *jealousy* at last broke out." But all this is directly contrary to the general tenor of Addison's life and character, and if I should make it appear, as I trust I shall, that part is untrue, we ought surely to give little credit to the rest.

Blest with each talent and each art to please, 195
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

View

NOTES.

Letters) in their clamours against him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had assisted in writing the *Examiners*; and, under an affected care for the Government, would have hid, even from himself, the true grounds of his disgust. But his jealousy soon broke out, and discovered itself, first to Mr. Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very hasty manner, and printed in a collection of Miscellanies. The success it met with encouraged the Author to revise and enlarge it, and give it a more important air; which was done by advancing it into a mock-epic poem. In order to this it was to have its Machinery; which, by the happiest invention, he took from the *Rosicrucian System*. Full of this noble conception, he communicated his scheme to Mr. Addison; who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to see his friend receive it coldly; and even to advise him against any alteration; for that the poem, in its original state, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expressed it, *merum sal*. Mr. Pope was shocked for his friend; and then first began to open his eyes to his Character.

Soon after this, a translation of the first book of the *Iliad* appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midst of his engagements on the same subject, and by a creature of Mr. Addison's, made him suspect this to be another shaft from the same quiver: And after a diligent enquiry, and laying many odd circumstances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only published with Mr. Addison's participation, but was indeed his own performance. And Sir R. Steele, in the ninth Edition of the *Drummer* (which Tickell had omitted to insert amongst Addison's Works) in a long epistle to Congreve, affirms very intelligibly, that Addison, and not Tickell, was the translator of the *first book* of the *Iliad*, to which the latter had set his name. Mr. Pope, in his first resentment of this usage, was resolved to expose this

new

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise; 200
 Damn

NOTES.

new Version in a severe critique upon it. I have now by me the Copy he had marked for this purpose; in which he has classed the several faults in translation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing splendor of his own works so eclipsed the faint efforts of this opposition, that he trusted to its own weakness and malignity for the justice due unto it. About this time, Mr. Addison's son-in-law, the E. of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his Father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr. Pope's talents in poetry had hurt him; and to such a degree, that he had underhand encouraged *Gildon* to write a thing about Wycherley; in which he had scurrilously abused Mr. Pope and his family; and for this service he had given *Gildon* ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope, in great heat, wrote Mr. Addison a Letter, wherein he told him, he was no stranger to his behaviour; which, however, he should not imitate: But that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face; and what deserved praise he would not deny him to the world: and, as a proof of this disposition towards him, he had sent him the inclosed; which was the *CHARACTER*, first published separately, and afterwards inserted in this place of the Epist. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addison treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with justice, from this time to his death; which happened about three years after.

It appears, from a collection of Swift's Letters lately published, that Mr. Addison, when party was at its height, used Swift* much better than he had used Pope, on that account, though

* It is said that "*Addison used Swift much better than he used Pope.*" Addison's conduct to Swift was generous and noble: They were of different parties: Addison was required to give up his acquaintance, but he constantly refused; he treated him with respect and kindness, though, by so doing, he disoblige'd Lord Sunderland.

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 205
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend;
 Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;

Like

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes contest,
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Translation of the first Book of the Iliad.

NOTES.

though he had been more roughly treated by Swift than Pope's nature would suffer him to treat any one. But the reason is plain. Swift was Addison's rival only in politics: Pope was his rival in poetry; an opposition less tolerable, as more personal. However Addison's social talents, in the entertainment and enjoyment of his intimate friends, charmed both Pope and Swift alike; as a quality far superior to any thing that was to be found in any other man.

WARBURTON.

VER. 193. *But were there One whose fires, &c.*] The strokes in this Character are highly finished. Atterbury so well understood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope he says, "Since you now know where your Strength lies, I hope you will not suffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not; and, by that means, brought satiric poetry to its perfection.

WARBURTON.

He declared that he would not give up Swift, to be made chief governor of the kingdom; and indeed so high was his character, that Swift himself says of him: "Mr. Addison's election has passed easy and undisputed, and I believe, if he had a mind to be chosen King, he would hardly be refused." Why should he be jealous and splenetic, only, when Pope was concerned?

Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ; 210
 While Wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—

Who

NOTES.

VER. 193. *Bear, like the Turk,*] This is from Bacon de Aug. Scient. lib 3. p. 180. And the thought was also used by Ld. Orrery, and by Denham. WARTON.

VER. 209. *Like Cato, give*] In the second volume of the Biographia Britannica is a vindication of Addison, by a writer who, to a consummate knowledge of the laws and history of his country, added a most exquisite taste in literature, I mean Sir William Blackstone; who thus concludes this vindication: "Nothing surely could justify so deep a resentment, unless the story be true of the commerce between Addison and Gildon; which will require to be very fully proved, before it can be believed of a gentleman who was so amiable in his moral character, and who (in his own case) had two years before expressly disapproved of a personal abuse of Mr. Dennis. The person, indeed, from whom Mr. Pope seems to have received this anecdote, about the time of his writing the character, (viz. about July 1715,) was no other than the Earl of Warwick, son-in-law to Mr. Addison himself: and the something about Wycherley (in which the story supposes that Addison hired Gildon to abuse Pope and his family) is explained by a note on the Dunciad, to mean a pamphlet containing Mr. Wycherley's Life. Now it happens, that in July 1715, the Earl of Warwick (who died at the age of twenty-three, in August 1721) was only a boy of seventeen, and not likely to be entrusted with such a secret, by a statesman between forty and fifty, with whom it does not appear he was any way connected or acquainted; for Mr. Addison was not married to his mother, the Countess of Warwick, till the following year 1716: nor would Gildon have been employed in July 1715 to write Mr. Wycherley's Life, who lived till the December following. As therefore so many inconsistencies are evident in the story itself, which never found its way into print till near sixty years after it is said to have happened, it will be no breach of charity to suppose that the whole of it was

Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?

Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

What

NOTES.

founded on some misapprehension in either Mr. Pope or the Earl; and unless better proof can be given, we shall readily acquit Mr. Addison of this most odious part of the charge."

I beg leave to add, that as to the other accusation, Dr. Young, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Harte, and Lord Lyttelton, each of them assured me that Addison himself certainly translated the first Book of Homer.

An able vindication of Addison was written by Mr. Jeremiah Markland, then a young man, and afterwards the celebrated Critic. Both were printed together, by Curll, so early as 1717. And perhaps this circumstance may furnish a clue to what has been so ably discussed by Judge Blackstone, in the "Biographia Britannica," under the article Addison. The epistle to Arbuthnot was not published till January 1735; that to Augustus, with some others, appeared in 1738.—"I have seen Mr. Pope's best performances, and find that he pleases the town most when he is most out of humour with the court. He has made very free with his gracious majesty, in the Epistle to Augustus. But he had lost his favourite bill; even my Lord Harvey had carried a point against him; and while he is angry, he will never be idle. In this last Epistle he seems to have recanted all he had before said of Addison," viz.

——" (Excuse some courtly stains)

"No whiter page than Addison remains," &c.

From a manuscript letter of Mr. Clarke, who wrote on Ancient Coins, to his learned printer and friend Mr. Bowyer; July 6, 1738.

WARTON.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whose more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or esteem, then friendship, in spite of ridicule, will make a separation; our old impressions will get the better of our new; or, at least, suffer themselves to be no further impaired than by the admission of a mixture of pity and concern.

WARBURTON.

VER. 214. *if ATTICUS were he?*] I have suffered Warburton's note to remain entire, that it may not be said any thing has been

What tho' my Name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaister'd posts, with claps, in capitals? 216
Or

NOTES.

been suppressed that could be stated in Pope's favour. A few observations I have made on it, as I went along. What I have further to offer, I trust will not be imputed to any desire of lessening Pope's character; but merely to do that justice to Mr. Addison which truth seems to require.

Mr. Addison is accused of "mean jealousy towards Pope; that he encouraged Pope's abusers; that he objected to the finest part of the Rape of the Lock, from envy and jealousy; that he produced, in opposition, a translation of the first Book of Homer, which was given to the world ostensibly as Tickell's, but which was in reality the work of Addison, who was actuated in the attempt by the desire of "*injuring Pope's reputation*;" that finally, Lord Warwick, Addison's son-in-law, had himself confessed that it was in vain for Pope to endeavour to be well with Addison, and that he had *hired* Gildon to abuse him."

These are severe charges, and they ought to be supported by certain proof, or the strongest probabilities.

With respect to the first charge, it is not impossible but that Pope, and this I have no doubt was the case, really thought, when he became, in the eye of the public and in his own of course, so *great a man*, that every one who had a high literary character must certainly be *jealous* of him. Once possessed with this idea, which was the natural consequence of his own self-importance, he saw the *cloven foot* of envy and jealousy in every thing connected with the name of Addison. If Philips, the rival Arcadian, hung up *a rod at Button's Coffee-house* to chastise Pope, the rival *Pastorals-wain*, Addison was the instigator. If Gildon, soured by poverty, attacked the more successful bard with scurrility and anger, Addison *bribed* him! If a translation of Homer comes out at the same time with Pope's, certainly there can be but one cause—Addison's jealousy: Addison suggested it, Addison mended it, Addison wrote it!

Pope has said himself, that "all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye." Was his eye quite clear in his view of things respecting Addison? We have his own ideas and assertions. Are these

Or smoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?

I fought

NOTES.

these to be trusted, unsupported by other evidence? We have the "*ipse dixit*" of one party against the other? The world is appealed to; it naturally asks, is such a charge admitted by Pope's cotemporaries? I exclude his own particular friends. Does Craggs, the friend of both, seem to believe it? Pope wrote to him on *the subject*;—he received no answer. What are Addison's and Pope's respective characters? has the first ever been charged with duplicity, even by his enemies? Has the other *escaped* the charge? Have there been no unequivocal proofs against him in that respect? Look at Addison's warm, manly, disinterested, and honest conduct to Swift? remember his liberal and humane mode of disavowing Pope's personal attack on Dennis, on account of his Criticisms on Cato? recollect the uniform testimony, not only of his friends, but of *all* with whom he associated; consider the proofs of his candor and kindness, in almost every situation; and reflect, that nothing was urged with the least appearance of weight against him, even from those who were hostile to him in politics, till *after his death*? and from whom do they come, from *one man*, that *man angry and interested*, and that *man*, whose character, compared to Addison's, was, as perhaps Johnson might say, like Tortuosity opposed to Rectitude.

These things are so;—Pope possibly may have been right in his *judgment*, but Addison ought not to be condemned by candid and *impartial* judges, unless there was collateral and much stronger evidence, than the *ex parte* evidence of Pope. Neither candour, nor equity, nor justice allow it.

Let us now go a step further, and consider the more specific and severe charges brought with apparently direct proof. Lord Warwick's testimony is adduced against Addison, solemnly and decisively. This has been clearly proved to be impossible, at least so utterly improbable, that no one can believe it (see War-
ton's note on ver. 209.). The strongest proof falls at once to the ground; it was invented, and is *proved* to be false. What then are we to think of the deliberate inventor, and what credit is due to his bare *suspensions*, without any attempt at proof at all, and which are contradicted by Addison's general character, and by his acknowledged honour and worth?

I will

I fought no homage from the race that write ;
 I kept, like *Asian* Monarchs, from their fight : 220

Poems

NOTES.

I will also ask, whether any assertion be entitled to credit, which is brought forward so long after the death of the accused, as was the case in this instance?

One word respecting the supposed translation. It has been said that Pope, when he taxed Addison with being the author, was chiefly hurt by Addison's lofty manner and affected indifference. Is this to be attributed to innocence, or consciousness? An innocent man *would*, and must have behaved so—a guilty man *might*; but this has been weakly brought against Addison, as if such a mode of behaviour *must* have been *affected*. This, however, is hardly worth taking notice of. It has also been said, that Tickell was incapable of such a translation, without Addison's assistance, to which I have no hesitation in saying, that Tickell wrote *verses better* than Addison. Compare Tickell's "Prospect of the Peace," his verses on Addison's death: they are so nervous and correct, that Addison's own verses appear (hazardous as may be my opinion) very inferior to them. Addison might have given his opinion respecting the merit of either translation, as he gave his opinion of the Sylphs in the Rape of the Lock; but it does not follow that it was directed by spleen and envy.—But Dr. Warton would put the matter out of doubt; for he says, that Dr. Young, Lord Bathurst, Mr. Harte, and Lord Lyttelton, assured him of the fact!—Very well; and who *assured* Lord Bathurst, Young, &c.? I very much fear, Pope himself. These were all Pope's friends, they no doubt believed what Pope told them. But as there is no other evidence, I do not think it entitled to any other credit than what is due to Pope's own assertions; if it can be traced to Pope alone, with me it weighs nothing.—In the last edition of Johnson's *Lives* there is a note, which, though not so designed, contributes to elucidate this point.

It relates to another story, Addison's arresting Steel: the words are by the Editor of Johnson's works, viz. "*The late Dr. Stinton confirmed this story to me, by saying he had it from Mr. Hooke, author of the Roman History; and he, FROM POPE.*"

On

Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd so long)
 No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day song.
 I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
 To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
 Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town, 225
 To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
 Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
 With handkerchief and orange at my side;
 But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
 To *Bufo* left the whole *Castalian* state. 230

Proud

NOTES.

On the same foundation probably rests a circumstance which Warton has admitted in a note; who says, "He was informed by *Mr. Spence*, that Addison in his last illness sent to speak with Gay, and told him he *had injured him*, probably with respect to his getting preferment at Court; but, if he lived, he would make him amends!" Where did Spence get this anecdote? how came it ever mentioned openly before? As it happens, the cause which prevented Gay's preferment has been clearly ascertained by that accurate and sensible Historian Mr. Coxe. I shall speak of this under the article of Gay. In the mean time, perhaps, I ought to beg pardon of the reader for this long note; but I had no object but truth, and of such a character as Addison I could not bear

Opprobria tanta,

Et dici potuisse et non potuisse revelli

VER. 214. ATTICUS] It was a great falsehood, which some of the libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which see refuted in the Testimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occasion of writing it was such as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. POPE.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Psalm. POPE.

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
 Sate full-blown *Bufo* puff'd by ev'ry quill;
 Fed with soft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
 His Library (where busts of Poets dead 235
 And a true *Pindar* stood without a head)
 Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
 Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
 Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,
 And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat: 240
 Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
 He paid some bards with port, and some with praise,
 To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
 And others (harder still) he paid in kind.

Dryden

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchsaf'd a nod,
 And snuff'd their incense like a gracious god.

NOTES.

VER. 232. *Bufo*] If Pope did not write the severe character of Addison after he was dead, this, which is intended for Lord Halifax, was written after the death of that nobleman, from whom Pope once expected preferment.

VER. 232. *Puff'd by ev'ry quill* ;] By Addison, in his Account of Poets ; by Steele, in a dedication to the Spectator ; by Tickell, to his Homer. The ridicule on the Hind and Panther was the best of Halifax's compositions. WARTON.

VER. 236. *a true Pindar stood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless Trunks and Terms of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Ursin. &c.* POPE.

Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh, 245

Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :

But still the *Great* have kindness in reserve,

He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron blefs each grey goose quill!

May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* still! 250

So when a Statesman wants a day's defence,

Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Sense,

Or

NOTES.

VER. 245. *Dryden alone*] Our Poet, with true gratitude, has seiz'd every opportunity of shewing his reverence for his great master, *Dryden*; whom Swift as constantly depreciated and maligned. "I do affirm," says he severely, but with exquisite irony indeed, in the dedication of the *Tale of a Tub* to Prince Posterity, "upon the word of a sincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*, whose translation of *Virgil* was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent search were made, for aught I know, is yet to be seen." And he attacks him again in the *Battle of Books*. I remember to have heard my father say, that Mr. *Elijah Fenton*, who was his intimate friend, and had been his master, informed him, that *Dryden*, upon seeing some of Swift's earliest verses, said to him, "Young man, you will never be a poet:" And that this was the cause of Swift's rooted aversion to *Dryden*, mentioned above. *Baucis and Philemon* was so much and so often altered, at the instigation of *Addison*, who mentioned this circumstance to my father at *Magdalen College*, that not above eight lines remain as they originally stood.

WARTON.

VER. 248. *help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bestowed upon him by the contribution of several persons of Quality.

POPE.

VER. 248 *help'd to starve*] Alluding to the subscription that was made for his funeral. Garth spoke an oration over him. His necessities obliged him to produce (besides many other poetical pieces) twenty-seven plays in twenty five years. He got 25l. for the

Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
 May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands!
 Bless'd be the *Great*, for those they take away, 255
 And those they left me; for they left me GAY;
 Left

NOTES.

the copy, and 7cl. for his benefits generally. Dramatic poetry was certainly not his talent. His plays, a very few passages excepted, are insufferably unnatural. It is remarkable that he did not scruple to confess, that he could not relish the pathos and simplicity of Euripides. When he published his Fables, Tonson agreed to give him two hundred and sixty-eight pounds for ten thousand verses. And, to complete the full number of lines stipulated for, he gave the bookseller the epistle to his cousin, and the celebrated Music Ode. "Old Jacob Tonson used to say, that Dryden was a little jealous of rivals. He would compliment Crown when a play of his failed, but was very cold to him if he met with success. He sometimes used to say that Crown had some genius: but then he added always, that his father and Crown's mother were very well acquainted." Mr. Pope to Mr. Spence. WARTON.

VER. 256. *left me GAY*;] The sweetness and simplicity of Gay's temper and manners much endeared him to all his acquaintance, and made them always speak of him with particular fondness and attachment. Trivia appears to be the best of his poems, in which are many strokes of genuine humour and pictures of London-life, which are now become curious, because our manners, as well as our dresses, have been so much altered and changed within a few years. His Fables, the most popular of all his works, have the fault of many modern fable-writers, the ascribing, to the different animals and objects introduced, speeches and actions inconsistent with their several natures. Let every man of letters, who wishes for patronage, read D'Alembert's Essay on living with the Great, before he enters the house of a patron: And let him always remember the fate of Racine, who having drawn up, at Madame Maintenon's secret request, a memorial that strongly painted the distresses of the French nation, the weight of their taxes, and the expences of the court, she could not resist the importunity of Lewis XIV. but shewed him her friend's paper, against

Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,
 Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
 Of all thy blameless life the sole return
 My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh

NOTES.

against whom the king immediately conceived a violent indignation, because a poet should dare to busy himself with politics. Racine had the weakness to take this anger so much to heart, that it brought on a low fever which hastened his death. The Duchess of Queensberry would not so have betrayed her poetical friend Gay.

WARTON.

VER. 256. GAY;] Warton says, Spence informed him that Addison accused himself on his death-bed to Gay, of having injured him. This, no doubt, came from Pope; but the real cause of Gay's being neglected at Court, appears in Coxe's Walpole. He expected preferment through the interest of Mrs. Howard, mistress to George II., afterwards countess of Suffolk. As this point is so curious, and so clearly ascertained, I beg to quote the words of that interesting and able Historian:

“ Swift was convinced that the minister had prevented the bounty of Queen Caroline from being shewn to the author of the *Hare and many Friends*; and he observes, alluding to it in a copy of verses addressed to Gay;

“ Fain would I think *our female friend* sincere,
 Till *Bob, the poet's foe*, possess her ear,” &c.

In another place, Swift asserts, that it was principally owing to the dedication prefixed to the Pastorals, in honour of Bolingbroke, and to some expressions in his fables, which displeased the court. He repeats this accusation in his letters and works, and had even the rudeness to hint it to Sir Robert Walpole himself, when he dined with him at Chelsea. Gay was of the same opinion; and in the second part of his fables, which were not printed till after his death, is full of sarcastic and splenetic allusions to the minister. But as Walpole was neither of a jealous or vindictive disposition, there is no reason to give credit to the aspersions of his enemies, and to suppose that he used his influence
 over

Oh let me live my own, and die so too! 261
 (To live and die is all I have to do :)
 Maintain a Poet's dignity and ease,
 And see what friends, and read what books I please ;
 Above a Patron, tho' I condescend 265
 Sometimes to call a Minister my friend.
 I was not born for Courts or great affairs ;
 I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;
 Can

NOTES.

over queen Caroline, for the purpose of injuring Gay, particularly when another, and a more natural, motive of her conduct may be suggested.

In fact, Gay was the innocent cause of his own disgrace; for he thought that Mrs. Howard was all-powerful at court, and that he, whom Swift humorously calls one of her *led captains*, should rise by her recommendation. Pope also, in a letter to Swift, alluding to Mrs. Howard, says, *Gay puts his whole trust in that Lady whom I described to you*, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. And Gay thus expresses himself to Swift, "Mrs. Howard has declared herself very strongly, both to the king and queen, as my protector." But in these words, they unconsciously declare the cause of his disfavour. The queen's jealousy of the interference and credit of the mistress obstructed his promotion; and his own indiscretion afterwards, destroyed every hope. Soon after this disappointment, he produced the *Beggars' Opera*; and both his conversation and writings were so full of invectives against the court, that all expectations of further notice from the queen were obviously relinquished." *Coxe's Memoirs*.

VER. 261. *Oh let me live*] In the first edition;

Give me on Thames's banks, in honest ease,

To see what friends, or read what books I please.

VER. 264. *And see what friends, &c.*] This probably alludes to the circumstance of his windows having been broken by the mob, when Atterbury, &c. was with him. It is impossible to read the passage respecting "*his great condescension in calling a minister his friend*," without thinking of his own *Memoirs of P. P.* "or the Importance of a Man to himself,"

Can sleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead. 270

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save? 274
" I found him close with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
" (Cries prating *Balbus*) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
" No, such a Genius never can lie still;"
And then for mine obligingly mistakes
The first Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes. 280
Poor

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 270. in the MS.

Friendships from youth I fought, and seek them still:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The World I knew, but made it not my School*,
And in a course of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

* By *not making the World his School*, he means, he did not form his system of morality on the principles or practice of men in business.

NOTES.

VER. 270. *if Dennis be alive, &c.*] This is the strongest proof of the contrary: Dennis would not have been mentioned, if Pope was so indifferent.

VER. 271. *Why am I ask'd, &c.*] This is intended as a re-proof of those impertinent complaints, which were continually made to him by those who called themselves his friends, for not entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amusement. — A French Writer says well on this occasion — *Dès qu'on est auteur, il semble qu'on soit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuser leur oisiveté.* WARBURTON.

VER. 280. *Sir Will.*] Sir William Young.

VER. 280. *or Bubo makes.*] By Bubo, it is universally considered, Pope meant Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.

Poor guileless I! and can I chuse but smile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style*?

Curst

VARIATIONS.

After Ver 282. in the MS.

P What if I sing Augustus, great and good?

A. You did so lately, was it understood?

P. Be nice no more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumb'ling D——s or a Norfolk hound;

With

NOTES.

combe. By the kindness of Mr. Wyndham, member for Wiltshire, I have been able to examine all Lord Melcombe's correspondence with many of the first characters in point of rank and literature: and it is singular, though there are letters from so many literary men, and upon literary subjects, particularly from Voltaire, Young, Thomson, &c. Pope's name is never once mentioned. Dodington, although it appears his governing principle was to side with that party by which he could get most, had in other respects many good qualities. He was a liberal patron, and kind friend. His magnificent house at Easbury was the resort of men of genius. Thomson was enabled, by his liberal bounty, to travel into France and Italy; and his letters to Dodington from thence are very interesting, and expressive of the utmost respect and gratitude.

He was handsome, and of a striking figure, and was certainly possessed of wit and talents, if not of great parts. Some of his verses are written with great elegance and beauty, and are particularly animated. Lady M. W. Montagu in her letter calls him, "*the all accomplished Mr. Dodington.*"

The mansion, which he built at Easbury, near Blandford, did not long survive him. It came into the possession of the Marquis of Buckingham, and was taken down a few years since. Part of the offices were left standing, and have been turned into a very convenient and handsome house, now in the possession of J. Wedgewood, Esq. who purchased the estate of the Marquis of Buckingham.

VER. 282. *When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my Style?*] The discovery of a concealed author by his Style, not only requires a

Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give

VARIATIONS.

With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verse,
Then smooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearse.

A. No — the high task to lift up Kings to Gods,
Leave to Court-fermons, and to Birth-day Odes.
On themes like these, superior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal shine.

P. Why write at all? — A. Yes, silence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

NOTES.

perfect intimacy with his writings, but great skill in the nature of composition. But, in the practice of these Critics, knowing an Author by his style, is like judging of a man's whole person from the view of one of his moles.

When Mr. Pope wrote the *Advertisement* to the first edition of the *New Dunciad*, intimating, that "it was by a different hand from the other, and found in detached pieces, incorrect and unfinished," I objected to him the affectation of using so unpromising an attempt to mislead his Reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taste; that, most commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in fashion; who took the lead, and who sometimes have intruded on the Town the dullest performances, for works of wit: while, at the same time, some true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath passed by the public eye unobserved or neglected: That he once before made the trial, I now objected to, with success, in the *Essay on Man*: which was at first given (as he told me) to Dr. Young, to Dr. Desaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Paget, and, in short, to every body but to him who was capable of writing it. However, to make him amends, this same Public, when let into the secret, would, for some time after, suffer no poem with a moral title, to pass for any man's but his. So the *Essay on Human Life*, the *Essay on Reason*, and many others of a worse tendency, were very liberally bestowed upon him. WARBURTON.

Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear, 285
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear !
 But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
 Insults fall'n worth, or Beauty in distress,
 Who loves a Lie, lame Slander helps about,
 Who writes a Libel, or who copies out : 290
 That Fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
 Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame :
 Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
 And show the *sense* of it without the *love* ;
 Who has the vanity to call you friend, 295
 Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend ;
 Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
 And, if he lie not, must at least betray :
 Who to the *Dean*, and *silver bell* can swear,
 And sees at *Cannons* what was never there ; 300
 Who

NOTES.

VER. 285. *Give Virtue scandal, &c.*] The whole of this passage is beautifully worked up ; were Satire only so employed, we should hail it as the aid of virtue, if not the corrector of vice. If there be a tone of asperity here, it appears the natural warmth of genuine and honest feelings, and it is rendered more pleasing on account of the sentiments, which Pope did not always, I fear, remember :

Curst be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
 That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
 Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,
 Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear !

The musical flow of the passage, and the force of the words, need not be pointed out ; who can read it, and not say,

O si, sic omnia ?

Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
 Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.
 A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
 But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of filk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Afs's milk? 306

Satire

NOTES.

VER. 299. *Who to the Dean, and silver bell, &c.*] Meaning the man who would have persuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. Pope meant him in those circumstances ridiculed in the Epistle on *Taste*. See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter. POPE.

VER. 305. *Let Sporus tremble*] Language cannot afford more glowing or more forcible terms to express the utmost bitterness of contempt. We think we are here reading Milton against Salmasius. The raillery is carried to the very verge of *railing*, some will say *ribaldry*. He has armed his muse with a scalping-knife. The portrait is certainly over-charged: for Lord H. for whom it was design'd, whatever his morals might be, had yet considerable abilities, though marred by affectation. Some of his speeches in parliament were much beyond florid impotence. They were, it is true, in favour of Sir R. Walpole; and this was sufficiently offensive to Pope. The fact that particularly excited his indignation, was Lord H.'s Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity (Dr. Sherwin) from a Nobleman at Hampton Court, 1733; as well as his having been concerned with Lady M. W. M. in Verses to the Imitator of Horace, 1732. This Lady's beauty, wit, genius, and travels, of which she gave an account in a series of elegant and entertaining letters, very characteristical of the manners of the Turks, and of which many are addressed to Pope; are well known, and justly celebrated. With both noble personages had Pope lived in a state of intimacy. And justice obligeth us to confess that he was the aggressor in the quarrel with them; as he first assaulted and affronted Lord H. by these two lines in his Imitation of the first Satire of Horace's second Book:

The

Satire or Sense, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet

NOTES.

The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say,
 Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

And Lady M. W. M. by the eighty-third line of the same piece,
 too gross to be here repeated.

But can this be the nobleman (we are apt to ask) whom Middleton, in his Dedication to the History of the Life of Tully, has so seriously and so earnestly praised, for his strong good sense, his consummate politeness, his real patriotism, his rigid temperance, his thorough knowledge and defence of the laws of his country, his accurate skill in history, his unexampled and unremitted diligence in literary pursuits, who added credit to this very history, as Scipio and Lælius did to that of Polybius, by revising and correcting it; and brightening it, as he expresses it, by the strokes of his pencil? The man that had written this splendid encomium on Lord H. could not, we may imagine, be very well affected to the bard who had painted Lord Fanny in so ridiculous a light. We find him writing thus to Dr. Warburton, January 7, 1740: "You have evinced the orthodoxy of Mr. Pope's principles; but, like the old commentators on his Homer, will be thought perhaps, in some places, to have found a meaning for him, that he himself never dreamt of. However, if you did not *find* him a *philosopher*, you will *make* him one; for he will be wise enough to take the benefit of your reading, and make his future Essays more clear and consistent."

WARTON.

VER. 306. *white curd*] Lord Hervey, to prevent the attacks of an epilepsy, persisted in a strict regimen of daily food, which was a small quantity of asses milk and a flour biscuit, with an apple once a week; and he used a little paint to soften his ghastly appearance.

WARTON.

I must refer the reader to Mr. Coxe's humane and manly sentiments upon this occasion, Coxe's Walpole, oct. edit. vol. ii. p. 164.

VER. 307. *can Sporus feel?*] In the first edition, Pope had the name "Paris," instead of Sporus; it seems a more suitable name. There is, I believe, no account why it was altered.

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings; 310
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys;
 So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray, 315
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad, 320
 In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
 Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
 His wit all sea-saw, between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss, }
 And he himself one vile Antithesis. 325 }
 Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
 The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
 Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, 330
 A Cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not

NOTES.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv.

POPE.

VER. 322. *or blasphemies.*] In former editions these two lines followed immediately:

Did ever Smock-face act so vile a part,
 A trifling head, and a corrupted heart.

Not Fortune's worshipper, nor Fashion's fool,
 Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool, 335
 Not proud, nor servile ; Be one Poet's praise,
 That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways :
 That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,
 And thought a Lie in verse or prose the same.
 That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long, 340
 But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song :
 That

NOTES.

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we consider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the most poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris : " I intend to send you two or three poems of Mr. Pope, the best Poet of England, and at present of all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the English tongue, to be sensible of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look upon his poem called the *Essay on Criticism* as superior to the *Art of Poetry* of Horace ; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Despreaux. I never saw so amiable an imagination, so gentle graces, so great variety, so much wit, and so refined knowledge of the world, as in this little performance." MS. Lett. Oct. 15, 1726.

WARRURTON.

VER. 341. *But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song :*] This may be said no less in commendation of his *literary*, than of his *moral* character. And his superior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He soon discovered in what his force lay ; and he made the best of that advantage, by a sedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintilian early, this precept did not escape him, *Sunt hæc duo vitanda prorsus : unum ne tentes quod effici non possit ; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus est idoneus, transferas.* It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great master, *Dryden* ; who, by his *Mac-Flecno*, his *Abfolom* and *Achitophel*, but chiefly by his *Prologues* and *Epilogues*, appears to have had great talents for this species of moral poetry ; but, unluckily, he seemed neither to understand nor attend to it.

WARRURTON.

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
 He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
 The damning critic, half-approving wit,
 The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ; 345
 Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
 The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
 The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
 The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
 The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown, 350
 Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
 The

NOTES.

VER. 341. *But stoop'd to Truth,*] The term is from falconry; and the allusion to one of those untam'd birds of spirit, which sometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *stoops to*, its prey. WARBURTON.

VER. 343. *He stood the furious foe,*] Stood, used for withstood.

VER. 345. *The coxcomb hit, &c.*] Pope here enumerates the provocations he suffered from his enemies, and points to particular accusations, and persons—By the furious foe, perhaps, he means Phillips. The daring Critic, and half-approving Wit, I have no doubt were meant for Dennis and Addison, &c. “The distant threats of vengeance,” that he was threatened with a whip; “the blow unfelt,” that he had been beat; “the tear he never shed,” that he cried, &c.: these were stories at the time published against him.

VER. 350. *The tale reviv'd,*] Probably the story of his having been whipped in Ham walks. A paper was published with the following title: “A true and faithful account of the horrid whipping committed on the body of Sawney Pope, a Poet; as he was walking in Ham walks, near the river Thames, meditating verses for the good of the publick.”

VER. 350. *the lie so oft o'erthrown,*] As, that he received subscriptions for Shakespear, that he set his name to Mr. Broome's verses, &c. which, though publicly disproved, were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epistle*. POPE.

The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
 The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape;
 Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,
 A friend in exile, or a father, dead;
 The whisper, that to Greatness still too near,
 Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S Ear—

355

Welcome

NOTES.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed trash,*] Such as profane *Psalms*, *Court Poems*, and other scandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others.

WARBURTON.

VER. 353. *The libell'd person,*] Caricatures published of him.

VER. 353. *the pictur'd shape;*] Hay, in his essay on Deformity, has remarked, that Pope was so hurt by the caricatura of his figure, as to rank it among the most atrocious injuries he received from his enemies.

WARTON.

VER. 354. *Abuse, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,*] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr Swift, Dr. Arbuthot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspersed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Duckett, L. Welsted, Tho. Bentley, and other obscure persons.

POPE.

VER. 355. *A friend in exile,*] The Bishop of Rochester.

VER. 356. *The whisper, that to Greatness still too near,*] By the *whisper* is meant calumniating honest characters. Shakespear has finely expressed this office of the sycophant of *Greatness* in the following line:

“ Rain *sacrificial whisp'rings* in his ear.”

By which is meant the immolating men's reputations to the vice or vanity of his Patron.

WARBURTON.

Warton naturally asks, “ Did Shakespear mean this ? ”

VER. 357. *Perhaps, yet vibrates, &c.*] To crown the whole of these provocations, he mentions the circumstance which he appears to have felt most, of Lord Hervey having insinuated something against him to George II. Pope was never a favourite at court; how could he have been, when he continually directed

ed

Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue*! all the past :
 For thee, fair *Virtue*! welcome ev'n the *last*!

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great?

P. A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry state : 361

Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,

Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,

A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,

Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire ; 365

If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,

He gain his Prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,

Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :

This

VARIATIONS.

VER. 363. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedless Youth was bit,

And like that dang'rous thing, a Female Wit :

Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid ;

He writ no Libels, but my Lady did :

Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,

Where Woman's is the sin, and Man's the shame.

NOTES.

ed his sarcasms against the reigning family? He says, "That flattery even to kings he held a shame;" and therefore with the most contemptuous irony he directs his satire against George II., libelled queen Caroline, and in one of his letters calls Windsor the "sink of meanness."

VER. 358. *for thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!*] Warburton with simplicity, not always usual to him, observes, "That this line is remarkable for presenting us with the most amiable image of steady Virtue, mixed with a modest concern for his being forced to undergo the severest proofs of his love for it; which was the being *thought hardly of by his Sovereign*."

VER. 363. *Sporus at court,*] In former editions, *Glencus* at court.

This dreaded Sat'rist *Dennis* will confess 370
 Foe to his pride, but Friend to his distress:
 So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald's* door,
 Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
 Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?
 Three thousand funs went down on *Welsted's* lie. 375
 To please his Mistress, one aspers'd his life;
 He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife:

Let

NOTES.

VER. 370. *This dreaded Sat'rist*] He wrote the Prologue for his benefit, in Dennis's old age.

VER. 372. *So humble, &c.*] By all this, Pope would seem to us a perfect pattern of meekness and patience; at the same time, one cannot avoid a moment considering what should have been the cause of his having so many angry enemies. Could he place his hand on his heart, and say he had not been often the aggressor? How different is the language of real and dignified superiority?

Hear *Milton*, who had as many enemies and more sorrows:

"More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchang'd
 To hoarse and mute, tho' fall'n on evil days,
 On evil days tho' fall'n, and evil tongues,
 In darkness, and with dangers compass'd round,
 And solitude."

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was so long after many libels, before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him. POPE.

VER. 375. *Welsted's lie.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr P. had occasioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of *five hundred pounds*: the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for *Homer*, from him, or from *any great Man* whatsoever. POPE.

Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubstreet* on his quill,
 And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
 Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuse 380
 His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
 Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
 It was a sin to call our neighbour fool:

That

NOTES.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, bestowed much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the *Last Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubstreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the least hand, direction, or supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its Author.

POPE.

VER. 379. *except his Will*;) Alluding to *Tindal's Will*: by which, and other indirect practices, *Budgel*, to the exclusion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himself almost the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him.

POPE.

Respecting the circumstance hinted at, of *Eustace Budgel* having forged Dr. *Tindal's* will, the reader might perhaps wish to have some further account. Dr. *Tindal*, of All Souls College, Oxford, of notorious character, the author of *Christianity as old as the Creation*, left the following will:

"I *Mathew Tindal*, &c. (after a legacy to his maid-servant) give and bequeath to *Eustace Budgel*, the sum of two thousand one hundred pounds, that his *great talents may serve his country*, &c. my strong box, my diamond ring, MS. Books, &c.

(Signed) MAT. TINDAL."

The reverend *Nicholas Tindal*, his nephew, author of the *Continuation of Rapin*, declared his suspicion that this will was forged. This was generally credited, and *Budgel*, in 1737, threw himself out of a boat and was drowned. He wrote several of the *Spectators*; the *History of the Boyles*, *Earls of Shannon*, &c. and a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*. The cause of his death was supposed to have been in relation to this will.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In some of *Curl's* and other pamphlets, Mr. *Pope's* Father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter,

That harmless Mother thought no wife a whore :
 Hear this, and spare his family, *James Moore!* 385
 Unspotted names, and memorable long!
 If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in *Britain* Honour had applause)

Each

NOTES.

a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is stranger, a *Nobleman* (if such a reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an allusion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity*: and the following line,

“ Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obscure,”

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verses to the Imitator of Horace*. Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of Lindsay.—His Mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq. of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the service of King Charles; the eldest following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what estate remained after the sequestrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; she in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this Poem was finished. The following inscription was placed by their son on their Monument in the parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex:

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.

QUI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.

ET. EDITHÆ. CONIVGI. INCVLPA BILI.

PIENTISSIMÆ. QUÆ. VIXIT. ANNOS.

XCIH. OB. MDCCXXXIII.

PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.

ET. SIBI.

POPE.

VER. 388. *Of gentle blood*] When Mr. Pope published the notes on the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, giving an account of his family, Mr. Pottinger, a relation of his, observed, that his cousin
 Pope

Each parent sprung—A. What fortune, pray?—

P. Their own, 390

And better got, than *Bestia*'s from the throne.

Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,

Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,

Stranger to civil and religious rage,

The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.

No Courts he saw, no suits would ever try, 396

Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.

Unlearn'd

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 405. in the MS.

And of myself, too, something must I say?

Take then this verse, the trifle of a day,

And if it live, it lives but to commend

The man whose heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,

Or head, an Author; Critic, yet polite,

And friend to Learning, yet too wise to write.

NOTES.

Pope had made himself out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it; that he had never heard any thing himself of their being descended from the Earls of Downe; and, what is more, he had an old maiden aunt, equally related, a great genealogist, who was always talking of her family, but never mentioned this circumstance; on which she certainly would not have been silent, had she known any thing of it. Mr. Pope's grandfather was a clergyman of the church of England in Hampshire. He placed his son, Mr. Pope's father, with a merchant at Lisbon, where he became a convert to Popery. (Thus far Dr. Bolton, late Dean of Carlisle, a friend of Pope; from Mr. Pottinger.) The burying-place and monuments of the family of the Popes, Earls of Downe, is at Wroxton, Oxfordshire. The Earl of Guildford says, that he has seen and examined the pedigrees and descents of that family, and is sure that there were then none of the name of Pope left, who could be descended from that family.—(From John Loveday, of Caversham, Esquire.)

WARTON.

This account is also confirmed to me by my friend Mr. Dallaway, of the Heralds' College.

Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.

By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400

Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise;

His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,

His death was instant, and without a groan.

O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die! 404

Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I.

O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine!

Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine:

Me, let the tender office long engage,

To rock the cradle of reposing Age,

With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath, 410

Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death,

Explore

NOTES.

VER. 397. *Nor dar'd an Oath,*] He was a non-juror, and would not take the oath of allegiance or supremacy, or the oath against the Pope.

VER. 408. *Me, let the tender office*] These exquisite lines give us a very interesting picture of the exemplary filial piety of our Author! There is a pensive and pathetic sweetness in the very flow of them. The eye that has been wearied and oppressed by the harsh and austere colouring of some of the preceding passages, turns away with pleasure from these asperities, and reposes with complacency on the soft tints of domestic tenderness. We are naturally gratified to see men descending from their heights, into the familiar offices of common life; and the sensation is the more pleasing to us, because admiration is turned into affection. In the very entertaining *Memoirs of the Life of Racine* (published by his son) we find no passage more amusing and interesting, than where that great Poet sends an excuse to Monsieur, the Duke, who had earnestly invited him to dine at the Hotel de Conde, because he had promised to partake of a great fish that his children had got for him, and he could not think of disappointing them.

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky!
 On cares like these, if length of days attend,
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
 Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene, 416
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.
 A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
 Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES.

Melancthon appeared in an amiable light, when he was seen holding a book in one hand, and attentively reading, and with the other, rocking the cradle of his infant child. And we read with more satisfaction,

——— ἔ' παιδος ορεζατο Φαιδιμος Εκτωρ.

ΑΨ δ' ὁ παῖς προς κολπον εὐζωνοιο τιθηνης

Εκλινθη ιαχων———

than we do,

Τρις μεν ορεζατ ιων' το δε τετρατον ικετο τεκμων

Αιγας———

WARTON.

VER. 409. *To rock the cradle*] This tender image is from the Essays of Montaign. Mr. Gray was equally remarkable for affectionate attention to his aged mother; so was Ariosto. Pope's mother was a sister of Cooper's wife, the very celebrated miniature painter. Lord Carleton had a portrait of Cooper, in crayons, which Mrs. Pope said was not very like; and which, descending to Lord Burlington, was given by his Lordship to Kent. "I have a drawing," says Mr. Walpole, "of Pope's father, as he lay dead in his bed, by his brother-in-law, Cooper." It was Mr. Pope's. Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iii. p. 115. WARTON.

VER. 417. *And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN.*] An honest compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected disinterestedness, when he was the favourite Physician of Queen Anne.

WARBURTON.

VER. 417. *And just as rich, &c.*] After the death of Queen Anne, Arbuthnot removed from St. James's Street to Dover Street, probably not in so good circumstances, or such extensive practice, as before. In a letter to Pope, he says, "Martin's office is now the second door, on the left hand, in Dover street, where he will be glad to see Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old Friends, to whom he can still afford a half pint of claret."

SATIRES AND EPISTLES

OF

H O R A C E

IMITATED.

Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur.

HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Occasion of publishing these *Imitations* was the Clamour raised on some of my *Epistles*. An Answer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own Person; and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, seemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high a Station. Both these Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Ministers* under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. *Donne* I versified, at the desire of the Earl of *Oxford*, while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewsbury*, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they served in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to encourage, the mistaking a *Satirist* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satirist* nothing is so odious as a *Libeller*, for the same reason as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is so hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis.

POPE.

THE FIRST SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE
IMITATED.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphrase* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in these IMITATIONS, will be much disappointed. Our Author uses the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old design or colouring chance to suit his purpose, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without scruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is so frequently serious when Horace is in jest; and at ease where Horace is disturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was necessary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpose merely to paraphrase an ancient Satirist, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, besides a comprehensive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expression, which consists in using the simplest language with dignity, and the most ornamented with ease. For the rest, his harmony and strength of numbers, his force and splendor of colouring, his gravity and sublime of sentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper less unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only smile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave severity of Persius: And what Mr. Pope would strike with the caustic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himself with turning into ridicule.

If it be asked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Advertisement*. To which we may add, that this sort of Imitation, which is of the nature of *Parody*, throws reflected grace and splendor on original wit. Besides, he deemed it more modest to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Despreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations.

WARBURTON.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

^aSUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; ^b sine nervis altera, quid-
quid

Composui, pars esse putat, similesque meorum
Mille die versus deduci posse. ^c Trebatî,
Quid faciam? præscribe.

T. Quies-

NOTES.

VER. 1. *There are,*] “When I had a fever one winter in town,” said Pope to Mr. Spence, “that confined me to my room for five or six days, Lord Bolingbroke came to see me, happened to take up a Horace that lay on the table, and, in turning it over, dipt on the first satire of the second book. He observed how well that would suit my case, if I were to imitate it in English. After he was gone, I read it over, translated it in a morning or two, and sent it to press in a week or a fortnight after. And this was the occasion of my imitating some other of the Satires and Epistles.” “To how casual a beginning,” adds Spence, “we are obliged for the most delightful things in our language! When I was saying to him, that he had already imitated near a third part of Horace’s satires and epistles, and how much it was to be wished that he would go on with them, he could not believe that he had gone so far; but, upon computing it, it appeared to be above a third. He seemed on this not disinclined to carry it farther; but his last illness was then growing upon him, and robbed us of him, and of all hopes of that kind, in a few months.”

Transcribed from Spence’s Anecdotes, 1754.

No parts of our Author’s Works have been more admired than those Imitations. The aptness of the allusions, and the happiness of many of the parallels, give a pleasure that is always no
small

SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are, (I scarce can think it, but am told,)

^aThere are, to whom my Satire seems too
bold :

Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,

And something said of Chartres much too rough.

^bThe lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5

Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.

Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,

^cI come to Council learned in the Law :

You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,

Advice ; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10

F. I'd

NOTES.

small one to the mind of a reader—the pleasure of comparison. He that has the least acquaintance with these pieces of Horace, which resemble the Old Comedy, immediately perceives, indeed, that our Author has assumed a higher tone, and frequently has deserted the free colloquial air, the insinuating Socratic manner of his original : and that he clearly resembles in his style, as he did in his natural temper, the severe and serious Juvenal, more than the smiling and sportive Horace. Let us select some passages in which he may be thought to have equalled, excelled, or fallen short of the original ; the latter of which cannot be deemed a disgrace to our Poet, or to any other writer, if we consider the extreme difficulty of transfusing into another language the subtle beauties of Horace's dignified familiarity, and the uncommon union of so much facility and force. WARTON.

VER. 10. *Advice ; and (as you use)*] Horace, with much seeming seriousness, applies for advice to the celebrated Roman lawyer, C. Trebatius Testa, an intimate friend of Julius Cæsar, and of Tully,

T. ^d Quiescas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,
Omnino verus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream, male, si non
Optimum erat: ^e verum nequeo dormire.

T. ^f Ter uncti

Transnanto Tiberim, somnò quibus est opus alto;
Irriguumve mero sub noctem corpus habento.

Aut,

NOTES.

Tully, as appears from many of his epistles to Atticus; the gravity and self-importance of whose character is admirably supported throughout this little drama. His answers are short, authoritative, and decisive. “Quiescas, aio.” And, as he was known to be a great drinker and swimmer, his two absurd pieces of advice have infinite pleasantry. All these circumstances of humour are dropt in the copy. The lettuce and cowslip-wine are insipid and unmeaning prescriptions, and have nothing to do with Mr. Fortescue’s character. The third, fourth, and ninth lines of this Imitation are flat and languid. We must also observe, from the old commentators, that the verbs *transnanto* and *habento* are in the very style of the Roman law: “Vide ut directis jurisconsultorum verbis utitur ad Trebatium jurisconsultum.”

There are many excellent remarks in Acro and Porphyrio: from whom, as well as from Cruquius, Dacier has borrowed much, without owning it. Dacier’s translation of Horace is not equal to his Aristotle’s Poetics. In the former, he is perpetually striving to discover new meanings in his author, which Boileau called, *the Revelations of Dacier*.

Cicero, as appears from many of his letters, had a great regard for this Trebatius, to whom he says, speaking of his accompanying Cæsar in his expedition to Britain, “I hear there is neither silver nor gold in that island.” On which Middleton finely observes, “From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and misery of our island, one cannot help reflecting on the surprising fate and revolutions of kingdoms: how Rome, once the mistress

F. 'I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think,
 * And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink.
 I nod in company, I wake at night,
 Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

14

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
 Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a Wife:
 ' Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
 Lettuce and cowslip-wine; *Probatum est*.
 But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.

19

Or,

NOTES.

of the world, the seat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies sunk in sloth, ignorance, and poverty; enslaved to the most cruel, as well as to the most contemptible of tyrants, superstition and religious imposture: while this remote country, antiently the jest and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy seat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flourishing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the same course which Rome itself had run before it; from virtuous industry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of discipline and corruption of morals; till, by a total degeneracy and loss of virtue, being grown ripe for destruction, it falls a prey at last to some hardy oppressor, and, with the loss of liberty losing every thing else that is valuable, sinks gradually again into its original barbarism."

WARTON.

VER. II. *Not write? &c.*] He has omitted the most humorous part of the answer,

Peream male, si non

Optimum erat:

and has lost the grace, by not imitating the conciseness, of

verum nequeo dormire.

For conciseness, when it is clear, (as in this place,) gives the highest grace to elegance of expression.—But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls short of it.

WARBURTON.

^g Aut, si tantus amor scribendi te rapit, aude
CÆSARIS invec̃ti res dicere, ^h multa laborum
Præmia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: ⁱ neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta pereuntes cuspide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* describat vulnera *Parthi*.

T. ^k Attamen et justum poteras, et scribere fortem;
Scipiadam ut sapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,

Cum

NOTES.

VER. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c.*] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philosopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our English poets, except Milton, (says he, in a Letter to Mr. Locke,) have been mere ballad-makers in comparison of him.* And Mr. Locke, in answer to this observation, replies, *I find, with pleasure, a strange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.* Just so, a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Historian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But these being judgments made by men out of their own profession, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully pass for Poetaſters to the world's end. **WARBURTON.**

Pope has turned the compliment to Augustus into a severe sarcasm. All the wits seem to have leagued against Sir Richard Blackmore. In a letter now lying before me from Elijah Fenton to my father, dated Jan. 24, 1707, he says, "I am glad to hear Mr. Phillips will publish his *Pomona*: Who prints it? I shall be mightily obliged to you if you could get me a copy of his verses against Blackmore." As the letter contains one or two literary particulars, I will transcribe the rest. As "to what you write about making a collection, I can only advise you to buy what poems you can, that Tonson has printed, except the Ode to the Sun; unless you will take it in, because I writ it; which I am freer to own, that Mat. Prior may not suffer in his reputation by having it ascribed to him. My humble service to Mr. Sacheverell,
and

^s Or, if you needs must write, write CÆSAR's Praise,
^h You'll gain at least a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir ⁱ Richard, rumbling, rough,
 and fierce,
 With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd
 the verse,
 Rend with tremendous found your ears afunder, 25
 With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and
 Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budget's fire and force,
 Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

F. ^k Then all your Muse's softer art display,
 Let CAROLINA smoothe the tuneful lay, 30
 Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
 And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line.

P. Alas!

NOTES.

and tell him, I will never imitate Milton more, till the author of Blenheim is forgotten." In vain was Blackmore extolled by Molyneux and Locke: but Locke, to his other superior talents, did not add good taste. He affected to despise poetry, and he depreciated the antients: which circumstance, as I was informed by the late Mr. James Harris, his relation, was the source of perpetual discontent and dispute betwixt him and his pupil Lord Shaftesbury; who, in many parts of his *Characteristics*, and *Letters to a Clergyman*, has ridiculed Locke's selfish philosophy, and has represented him as a disciple of Hobbes; from which writer it must in truth be confessed that Locke borrowed frequently and largely. Locke had not the fine taste of a greater philosopher, I mean Galileo, who wrote a comment on Ariosto full of just criticism, and whose letter to Fr. Rinuccini on this subject may be seen in Martinelli's *Letters*, p. 255. London, 1758. WARTON.

VER. 28. *falling Horse?*] The horse on which his Majesty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him. WARBURTON.

Cum res ipsa feret : ¹ nisi *dextro tempore*, Flacci
 Verba per attentam non ibunt *Cæsaris* aurem :
 Cui male si palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. ^m Quanto rectius hoc, quam tristi lædere versu
 Pantolabum scurram, Nomentanumve nepotem ?

ⁿ Cum sibi quisque timet, quanquam est *intactus*, et
 odit.

H. ^o Quid faciam ? saltat Milonius, ut semel icto
 Accessit fervor capiti, numerusque lucernis.

^p Castor gaudet equis ; *ovo prognatus eodem*,
 Pugnis. quot capitem vivunt, totidem studiorum

Millia.

NOTES.

VER. 39. *Abuse the City's best good men in metre,*] The *best good Man*, a City phrase for the *richest*. *Metre* —not used here purely to help the verse, but to shew what it is a Citizen esteems the greatest aggravation of the offence. WARBURTON.

VER. 42. *What should ail 'em ?*] Horace hints at *one* reason, that each fears his own turn may be next ; his imitator gives another, and with more art, a reason which insinuates, that his very levity, in using feigned names, increases the number of his Enemies, who suspect they may be included under that cover. WARBURTON.

VER. 45. *Each mortal*] These words, indeed, open the sense of Horace ; but the *quid faciam* is better, as it leaves it to the reader to discover, what is one of Horace's greatest beauties, his secret and delicate transitions and connections, to which those who do not carefully attend, lose half the pleasure of reading him. WARTON.

VER. 46. *Darty his Ham-pye ;*] This lover of Ham-pye owned the fidelity of the Poet's pencil ; and said, he had done justice to his taste ; but that if, instead of *Ham-pye*, he had given him *Sweet-pye*, he never could have pardoned him. WARBURTON.

Lyttelton, in his Dialogues of the Dead, has introduced Darteneuf, in a pleasant discourse betwixt him and Apicius, bitterly lamenting his ill-fortune in having lived before turtle-feasts were known in England. The story of the Ham-pye was confirmed by Mr. Doddsley, who knew Darteneuf, and, as he candidly owned, had waited on him at dinner. WARTON.

P. ¹ Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
 They scarce can bear their *Laureat* twice a year;
 And justly CÆSAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35
 It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. ^m Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
 Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
 Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
 And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter. 40
ⁿ Ev'n those you touch not hate you.

P. What should ail 'em?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
 The fewer still you name, you wound the more;
 Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. ^o Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny 45
 Scarfdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
 Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
 The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she;
^p F--- loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
 Like in all else, as one Egg to another. 50

I love

NOTES.

VER. 50. *Like in all else,*] This parallel is not happy and exact: To shew the variety of human passions and pursuits, Castor and Pollux were unlike, even though they came from one and the same egg. This is far more extraordinary and marvellous than that two common brothers should have different inclinations. And afterwards, Ver. 51.

“ I love to pour out all myself, as plain
 As downright SHIPPEN, or as old MONTAGNE.”

“ My chief pleasure is to write Satires like Lucilius,” says Horace. “ My chief pleasure,” says Pope, “ is—what? to speak my mind freely and openly.” There should have been an instance of some employment, and not a virtuous habit. WARBURTON.

Millia. ⁹ me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
 Lucilî ritu, nostrûm melioris utroque.
 Ille velut fidis arcana fodalibus olim
 Credebat libris; neque, si male gesserat, usquam
 Decurrens alio, neque si bene: quo fit, ut omnis
 Votiva pateat veluti descripta tabella

Vita

NOTES.

A poet, like Lucilius, ought to have been named, not a politician. In the original, Horace calls Lucilius, *senis*; not because he was an old man, but because he was of an ancient equestrian family, and was great uncle of Pompey the Great. Lucilius, among other inaccuracies of style, sometimes strangely disjoined words, as in *cere comminuit brum*, for *cerebrum*.

VER. 52. *As downright SHIPPEN,*] The noblest testimony to the character of Shippen, was given by Sir Robert Walpole, when he declared, which he repeatedly did, "that he would not say *who was corrupted*, but he would say who WAS NOT CORRUPTIBLE; that man was Shippen." Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole.

He was consistent in conduct, open and frank in his opposition to the existing government, and of inflexible honesty and integrity; but he was known to be disaffected to the Protestant succession, and indeed never hesitated to avow his sentiments. This may account for Pope's panegyric, but it makes Sir Robert Walpole's testimony to his character more manly.

A more particular account of him from Coxe's Memoirs may not be unacceptable:

"He was born 1672, and was educated at Stockport school. He was first elected Member of Parliament in 1707 for Bramber in Sussex; and in 1714 he was elected for Newton in Lancashire, which place he represented till his death. His paternal estate was not more than 400*l.* *per annum*; but he obtained a large fortune, 70,000 pounds, by his wife, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Richard Stote, Knight, of Northumberland, by whom he left no children: his mode of living was simple and frugal. He kept up
 a constant

I love to pour out all myself, as plain
 As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne :
 In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
 The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within ;
 In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
 Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
 In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
 Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
 Publish the present age ; but where my text
 Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next : 60
 My

NOTES.

a constant correspondence with Atterbury, during his exile; and William Morrice mentions him in one of his letters, as a person who continued fixed to his principles, or, as he expresses himself, *as honest as ever*. He seems to have had no country residence, except a hired house on Richmond-Hill, but made excursions in summer to his wife's relations in Northumberland. His usual place of abode was London, in the latter period of his life, in Norfolk Street, and his house was the rendezvous for persons of rank, learning, and abilities; his manner was pleasing and dignified, and his conversation was replete with vivacity and wit.

“ Shippen and Sir Robert Walpole had always a personal regard for each other. He was frequently heard to say, Robin and I are two honest men. He is for King George, and I for King James : but those men with long cravats (meaning Sandys, Sir John Rushout, Gibbon, and others) only desire places, either under King George or King James.

“ By the accounts of those who had heard him in the House of Commons, his manner was highly energetic and spirited, as to sentiment and expression ; but he generally spoke in a low tone of voice, with too great rapidity, and held his glove before his mouth. His speeches usually contained some pointed period, which peculiarly applied to the subject in debate, and which he uttered with great animation.”

Coxe's Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole, vol. iii. p. 206.

Vita senis. sequor hunc, ' Lucanus an Appulus, an-
ceps :

[Nam Venusinus arat finem sub utrumque colonus,
Missus ad hoc, pulsus (vetus est ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hostis ;
Sive quod Appula gens, seu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta.] ' sed hic stylus haud petit ultro
Quemquam animantem, ut me veluti custodiet ensis
Vagina tectus, quem cur destringere coner,
'Tutus ab infestis latronibus? " O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat positum rubigine telum,

Nec

NOTES.

VER. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,*] In-
ferior to the Original :

" Ille velut fidis arcana fodalibus olim
Credebat libris," &c.

Persius alluded to this idea, when he said,

" Vidi, vidi ipse, Libelle !" &c.

WARBURTON.

VER. 64. *Verse-man or Prose-man,*] The original, Ver. 35.
Nam Venusinus arat, down to Ver. 39. and to the words, incute-
ret violenta, which are improperly printed in a parenthesis, have
been thought an awkward and a monkish interpolation, but were
undoubtedly intended by Horace to represent the loose, inco-
herent, and verbose manner of Lucilius, who composed hastily and
carelessly, ducentos ante cibum versus; and who loaded his Sa-
tires with many useless and impertinent thoughts, very offensive
to the chaste and correct taste of Horace.

WARTON.

VER. 66. *Like good Erasmus*] The violence and haughtiness of
Luther disgusted the mild and moderate Erasmus, and alienated
him from pursuing the plan of reformation which at first he seem-
ed to encourage and engage in. Luther represented him as an
Arian and a time-server. " I thought," said Erasmus, " Lu-
ther's marriage would have softened him a little. It is hard for a
man of my moderation and of my years to be obliged to write
against a savage beast and a furious wild boar." But great revo-
lutions and great reformatations are not effected by calm and sober
reason,

My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
 And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
 My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
 ' Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
 Papist or Protestant, or both between, 65
 Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,
 In moderation placing all my glory,
 While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

' Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
 To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet; 70
 ' I only wear it in a land of Hector's,
 Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
 " Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!

Peace

NOTES.

reason, nor without such violence and enthusiasm as Luther possessed. When Voltaire was lamenting that Locke and Newton had few disciples in comparison of the numerous followers of Luther and Calvin, it was replied to him, "that, without a Luther and Calvin, we should never have had a Locke or Newton."

WARTON.

VER. 70. *To run a muck,*] The expression is from Dryden:

" Frontless and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
 And runs an Indian *muck* at all he meets."

And it alludes to a practice among the Malaysians, who are great gamblers; which is, that when a man has lost all his property, he intoxicates himself with opium, works himself up to a fit of phrenzy, rushes into the streets, and attacks and murders all he meets.

WARTON.

VER. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hector's, &c.*] Superior to

" tutus ab infestis latronibus,"

which only carries on the metaphor in

" ———ensis

Vagina tectus;"

Nec quisquam noceat ^w cupido mihi pacis ! at ille,
 Qui me commôrit (melius non tangere, clamo,) ^x
 Flebit, et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

^y Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam ;
 Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum ;
 Grande malum Turius, si quid se judice certes,
^z Ut, quo quisque valet, suspectos terreat, utque
 Imperet hoc Natura potens, sic collige mecum.
 Dente lupo, cornu taurus petit ; unde, nisi intus
 Monstratum ? ^a Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
 Matrem ;

NOTES.

whereas the imitation does more ; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the subject, by presenting the reader with the several objects of satire. WARBURTON.

VER. 73. *Save but our Army ! &c.*] “ Une maladie nouvelle,” says the admirable Author *de L’esprit de Loix*, “ s’est répandue en Europe ; elle a saisi nos Princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre defordonné de Troupes. Elle a ses redoublemens, et elle devient nécessairement contagieuse. Car si tot qu’un Etat augmente ce qu’il appelle ses Troupes, les autres soudain augmentent les leurs, de façon qu’on ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruine commune. Chaque Monarque tient sur pied toutes les Armées qu’il pourroit avoir, si ses Peuples étoient en danger d’être exterminés ; et ON NOMME PAIX, CET ETAT D’EFFORT DE TOUS CONTRE TOUS. Aussi l’Europe est elle si ruinée, que les particuliers, qui seroient dans la situation où sont les trois Puissances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n’auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous sommes pauvres avec les richesses et le commerce de tout l’univers ; et bientôt, à force d’avoir des soldats, nous n’aurons plus que des soldats, et nous serons comme des Tartares.” WARBURTON.

VER. 78. *Slides into verse,*] Closely copied from Boileau :

“ Et malheur a tout nom qui propre à la censure,
 Peut entrer dans un vers sans rompre la mesure.”

WARTON.

VER. 81. *Delia’s rage*] A Miss Mackenzie died about this time, and was supposed to have been poisoned from jealousy. A hint of this kind was sufficient for Pope. The person alluded to was Lady D——ne.

^w Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more :
But touch me, and no Minister so fore. 76

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
^x Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

^y Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.

^z Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels ; 85
Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels ;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug ;
And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.
^a So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90
Then,

NOTES.

VER. 81—84. *Slander—libell'd by her hate.*] There seems to be more spirit here than in the original: But it is hard to pronounce with certainty: for though one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

“ Canidia Albuti, quibus est inimica, venenum ;”

yet there might be something, for aught we know, in the character or history of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the spirit and poignancy of the 82d verse of the Imitation.

WARBURTON.

VER. 83. *From furious Sappho*] There is no doubt, notwithstanding all his evasions, who is here meant by Sappho; but what Warburton calls “*spirited*,” is unmanly and disgraceful.

VER. 85—90. *Its proper power to hurt, &c.*] All, except the two last lines, inferior to the elegance and precision of the original.

WARBURTON.

Matrem ; nil faciet sceleris pia dextera (mirum ?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit
bos)

Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta.

^b Ne longum faciam : seu me tranquilla senectus
Exspectat, seu mors artis circumvolat alis ;
Dives, inops ; Romæ, seu fors ita jufferit, exsul ;
^c Quisquis erat vitæ, scribam, color.

T. ^d O puer, ut sis
Vitalis metuo ; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

H. ^e Quid ? cum est Lucilius ausus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Detrahere

NOTES.

VER. 91. *Then, learned Sir !*] The brevity and force of the original is evaporated in this long and feeble paraphrase of the next ten lines. The third and three succeeding verses are very languid and verbose, and perhaps some of the worst he has written.

WARTON.

VER. 93—96. *Whether Old age—shade ;*] The original is more finished, and even more sublime. Besides, the last verse—*To wrap me in the universal shade*, has a languor and redundancy unusual with our Author.

WARBURTON.

VER. 98. *Or whiten'd wall*] From Boileau.

VER. 99. *In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,*] The Poet, in our equal government, might talk at his ease, and with all this levity of style, of the disasters incident to wit. But it was a serious matter with Horace ; and is so still with our witty Neighbours ; one of whom has well expressed their condition, in the following lines :

“ Eh ! Que fait on ? Un simple badinage,
Mal entendu d'un Prude, ou d'un Sot,
Peut vous jeter sur un autre rivage :
Pour perdre un Sage, il ne faut qu'un Bigot.”

WARBURTON.

^b Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
 Whether Old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
 Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
 Or Death's black wing already be display'd, 95
 To wrap me in the universal shade;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write;
 In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
^c Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print. 100
 F. ^d Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be
 long;
 In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
 Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
 Will club their Testers, now, to take your life!
 P. ^e What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the
 pen, 105
 Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
 Dash

NOTES.

VER. 100. *Like Lee or Budgel,*] One is sorry to see Lee, a true genius, coupled with Budgel, and his insanity ridiculed.

WARTON.

VER. 101. *your days can ne'er be long;*] The original says, "Lest any one of your powerful friends should strike you with a cold and contemptuous look."—"Racine meurt," says Voltaire, "par une foiblesse grand; parcequ'un autre homme en passant dans une galerie ne l'a pas regardé. J'en suis fâché; mais le rôle de Phædre n'en est pas moins admirable."

WARTON.

VER. 104. *Will club their Testers, &c.*] The image is exceeding humorous; and, at the same time, betrays the injustice of their resentment, in the very circumstance of their indulging it, as it

*† Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quisque per ora
Cederet, introrsum turpi; num Lælius, et qui
Duxit ab oppressa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offensi? aut læso doluere Metello,
Famosisque Lupo cooperto versibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit populumque tributim;*

Scilicet

NOTES.

shews the Poet had said no more of their avarice than was true. His abundance of wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with ease, and the other is always placed with propriety.

WARBURTON.

VER. 105. *What? arm'd for Virtue*] From this line to Ver. 140. is a passage of as much force and energy as any that can be produced in the English language, in rhyme.

WARTON.

VER. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?*] Because just *Satire* is an useful supplement to the sanctions of *Law* and *Religion*; and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of those who preside in the administration either of Church or State.

WARBURTON.

VER. 111. *Could Boileau—Could Dryden*] I believe neither of them would have been suffered to do this, had they not been egregious flatterers of the several Courts to which they belonged.

WARBURTON.

Ibid. Could pension'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden] It was Horace's purpose to compliment the former times; and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Lælius: it was Mr. Pope's design to satirize the present; and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the instances are fully pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

“Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,”

loses something of its spirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Lælius.

WARBURTON.

VER. 111. *Could pension'd Boileau*] Boileau acted with much caution and circumspection when he first published his *Lutrin* here alluded to, and endeavoured to cover and conceal his subject by a preface

Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car ;
 Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star* ;
 Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
 Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws ?
 Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain 111
 Flatt'ers and Bigots e'en in Louis' reign ?
 Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage ?
 And I not strip the gilding off a Knave, 115
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave ?
 I will,

NOTES.

preface intended to mislead his reader from the real scene of action ; but it ought to be observed, that he afterwards, in the year 1683, threw aside this disguise, openly avowing the occasion that gave rise to the poem, the scene of which was not Bourges or Pourges, as before he had said, but Paris itself ; the quarrel he celebrated being betwixt the treasurer and the chanter of the Holy Chapel in that city. The canons were so far from being offended, that they shewed their good sense and good temper by joining in the laugh. Upon which Boileau compliments them, and adds, that many of that society were persons of so much wit and learning, that he would as soon consult them upon his Works as the members of the French Academy. The name of the chanter was Barrin ; that of the treasurer, Claude Avri, bishop of Constance in Normandy. The quarrel began in July 1667. See Letters of Broffette to Boileau : à Lyon, 1770 ; p. 242. v. 1. ; et Œuvres de M. Boileau, Despreaux, par M. de Saint Marc, tom. ii. 177. Paris, 1747. He justly says, “ e'en in Louis' reign ; ” for his bigotry was equally contemptible and cruel ; and, if we may credit St. Simon, he actually died a jesuit. WARTON.

VER. 116. *Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave ?*] Mr. Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his Homers. Lord Treasurer Oxford affected to discourage that design ; for so great a genius (he said) ought not to be confined to Translation. He always used Mr. Pope civilly ; and would often express his concern that his religion rendered him incapable of a *place*. At the same

Scilicet ^g UNI ÆQUUS VIRTUTI ATQUE EJUS AMICIS.

^h Quin ubi se a *vulgo* et *scena* in *secreta* remôrant
Virtus Scipiadae et mitis *sapientia Læli*,
 Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
 Decoqueretur olus, soliti.

Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
 Infra Lucilî censum, ingeniumque ; tamen me

Cum

NOTES.

same time, he never spoke one word of a *pension*. For this offer, he was solely indebted to the Whig Ministers. In the beginning of George I. Lord Halifax, of his own motion, sent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern that so great a Poet had never been distinguished ; that he was glad it was now in his power to serve him ; and, if he cared to accept of it, he should have a pension not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and desired time to consider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a Letter to repeat his Thanks ; in which he took occasion to mention the affair of the *pension* with much Indifference. So the thing dropt, till Mr. Craggs came into the Ministry. The affair of the *pension* was then resumed. And this Minister, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr. Pope, that three hundred pounds a-year were then at his service : he had the management of the secret service money, and could pay him such a pension without its being known, or ever coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without hesitation : only, in return for so friendly a proposal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted Money, he would draw upon him for 100 or 200*l*. Which liberty, however, he did not take. Mr. Craggs more than once pressed him on this head, and urged to him the conveniency of a Chariot ; which Mr. Pope was sensible enough of : But the Precariousness of that supply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an Equipage ; which it was much better never to set up, than not properly to support. From Spence. WARBURTON.

VER. 125. *There, my retreat*] I know not whether these lines, spirited and splendid as they are, give us more pleasure than the natural picture of the great Scipio and Lælius, unbending themselves

I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave. 120
^s TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
 The World beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my sleep.
^h There, my retreat the best Companions grace, 125
 Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.

There

NOTES.

selves from their high occupations, and descending to common and even trifling sports: for the old commentator says, that they lived in such intimacy with Lucilius, "ut quodam tempore Lælio circum lectos triclinii fugienti Lucilius superveniens, eum obtortâ mappâ quasi percussurus sequeretur." For this is the fact to which Horace seems to allude, rather than to what Tully mentions in the second book De Oratore, of their amusing themselves in picking up shells and pebbles on the sea-shore.

Bolingbroke is here represented as pouring out himself to his friend in the most free and unreserved conversations on topics the most interesting and important. But Pope was deceived: for it is asserted that the philosopher never discovered his real principles to our Poet; who is said, strange as it appears, not even to have been acquainted with the tenets and contents of those very essays which were addressed to himself, at the beginning of Bolingbroke's Philosophical Works. And it is added, that Pope was surprised, in his last illness, when a common acquaintance informed him that his Lordship, in a late conversation, had denied the *moral* attributes of God. There is a remarkable passage in a letter from Bolingbroke to Swift, dated June 1734: 'I am glad you approve of his Moral Essays. They will do more good than the sermons and writings of some, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of consequences deducible from these doctrines, were to be disputed in prose, I think he would have no reason

ⁱ Cum *magnis vixisse* invita fatebitur usque
Invidia ; et fragili quærens illidere dentem,

Offendet

NOTES.

reason to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatists on the other. Some few things may be expressed a little hardly ; but none are, I believe, unintelligible." With respect to the doctrines in the Essay on Man, I shall here insert an anecdote copied exactly from the papers of Mr. Spence in the words of Pope himself : " In the moral poem, I had written an address to our Saviour, imitated from Lucretius's compliments to Epicurus, but omitted it by the advice of Dean Berkeley. One of our priests, who are *more narrow* than your's, made a less sensible objection to the Epistle on Happiness. He was very angry that there was nothing said in it of our eternal happiness hereafter ; though my subject was expressly to treat only of the state of man here."

If Bolingbroke concealed his real opinions from Pope, yet surely he speaks out plainly and loudly to Swift in one of his letters, and openly tells him he dismisses from his creed the belief of a future state, as superfluous, and unnecessary to be called in to vindicate the general plan of Providence.

" Does Pope talk to you of the noble work which, at my instigation, he has begun in such a manner that he must be convinced by this time I judged better of his talents than he did. The first Epistle, which considers Man relatively to the whole system of universal Being : The second, which considers him in his own habitation, in himself : And the third, which shews how an universal cause works to one end, but works by various laws : how man, and beast, and vegetable, are linked in a mutual dependency ; parts necessary to each other, and necessary to the whole : how human societies were formed : from what spring true religion and true policy are derived : how God has made our greatest interests and our plainest duty indivisibly the same : These three Epistles, I say, are finished. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble subject : he pleads the cause of God. I use Seneca's expression against that famous charge which atheists in all ages have brought—the supposed unequal dispensations of Providence ; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting. You admit it, indeed, for an extreme good purpose, and

There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
 The Feast of Reason and the Flow of soul :
 And HE, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
 Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
 Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain, 131
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

ⁱ *Envy* must own, I live among the Great,
 No Pimp of pleasure, and no Spy of state,
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats ;

To

NOTES.

you build on this admission the necessity of a future state of rewards and punishments ; but if you should find that this future state will not account for God's justice in the present state, which you give up, in opposition to the atheist, would it not have been better to defend God's justice in this world, against these daring men, by irrefragable reasons, and to have rested the other point on revelation ? I do not like concessions made against demonstration, repair or supply them how you will. The Epistles I have mentioned will compose a first book : the plan of the second is settled. You will not understand by what I have said, that Pope will go so deep into the argument, or carry it so far as I have hinted."

WARTON.

VER. 129. *And HE, whose lightning, &c.*] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horse and 900 foot, enterprised and accomplished the Conquest of Valentia. POPE.

VER. 133. *Envy must own,*] Pope has omitted an elegant allusion. Horace seems to have been particularly fond of those exquisite morsels of wit and genius, the old Æsopic fables. He frequently alludes to them, but always with a brevity very different from our modern writers of fable. Even the natural La Fontaine has added a quaint and witty thought to this very fable. The File says to the Viper, Fab. 98.

" Tu le romprois toutes les dents,
 Je ne crains que *telles* du temps."

WARTON.

Offendet solido :

^k nisi quid tu, *docte Trebati*,
Dissentis.

T. ^l Equidem nihil hinc diffingere possum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negoti
Incutiat tibi quid sanctarum inscitia legum :

^m “ *Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus est*
“ Judiciumque.”

H. Esto, si quis ⁿ *mala*. sed *bona* si quis
Judice condiderit laudatus CÆSARE ? si quis

Opprobriis

NOTES.

VER. 135. *With eyes that pry not,*] Pope triumphs and felicitates himself upon having lived with the Great, without descending into one of those characters which he thinks it unavoidable to escape in such a situation. From the generosity and openness of Horace's character, I think he might be pronounced equally free (at least from the last) of these imputations. There must have been something uncommonly captivating in the temper and manners of Horace, that could have made Augustus so fond of him, though he had been so avowed an enemy, and served under Brutus. I have seen some manuscript letters of Shaftesbury, in which he has ranged, in three different classes, the Ethical writings of Horace, according to the different periods of his life in which he supposes them to have been written. The first, during the time he professed the Stoic philosophy, and was a friend of Brutus. The second, after he became dissolute and debauched at the court of Augustus. The third, when he repented of this abandoned Epicurean life, wished to retire from the city and court, and become a private man and a philosopher. I have read a poem, which may one day see the light, in which Horace is represented as meeting Brutus in Elysium, who will not deign to hold any conversation with our Court-poet, but turns away from him with the sullen silence and haughty disdain with which Ajax treats Ulysses in the *Odyssy*.

WARTON.

To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140

'This is my Plea, on this I rest my cause—

^k What faith my Council, learned in the laws?

F. ^l Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by Men—so have a care.
 It stands on Record, that in Richard's times 145
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.

^m Consult the Statute: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or *prim. et quint. Eliz.*

See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. ⁿ *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed! 150
 But

NOTES.

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd, &c.*] *Si mala condiderit*—A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. “L'Aristocratie est le Gouvernement qui proscriit le plus les Ouvrages fatigues. Les Magistrats y sont de petits Souverains, qui ne sont pas assez grands pour mepriser les injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le Monarque, il est si haut que le trait n'arrive point jusqu' à lui; un Seigneur Aristocratique en est percé de part en part. Aussi les *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une Aristocratie, punirent-ils de mort les ecrits satiriques.” De L'Esprit des Loix, l. xii. c. 13. WARBURTON.

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd*] This may put the reader in mind of the ridiculous circumstance in Shakespear's Julius Cæsar: where poor Cinna the Poet, when attacked by the mob, exclaims,

“I am not Cinna the Conspirator, I am Cinna the Poet.”

“No matter; tear him for his *bad verses!*”

VER. 150, 151. *Libels and Satires! lawless things indeed!*
But grave Epistles, &c.

The *legal* objection is here more justly and decently taken off than in the original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble,

“*Esto, si quis mala, sed bona si quis—*”

But

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipse?

T. ° Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis.

NOTES.

But the Imitator's *grave Epistles* shew the *satire* to be a serious reproof, and therefore justifiable; which the *integer ipse* of the original does not. WARBURTON.

VER. 153. F. *Indeed?*] Hor.

“Solventur risu tabulæ.”

Some Critics tell us, it is want of Taste to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this censure, by shewing how well the sense of it agrees to his Friend's Character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as soon as Sir ROBERT, the Patron both of Law and Gospel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Case is alter'd*. Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given him a hint that Augustus himself supported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his uncle, to confess *the Case was alter'd*? WARBURTON.

To laugh at the solemnity of Trebatius, which throughout the Dialogue is exactly kept up, Horace puts him off with a mere play upon words. But our important Lawyer takes no notice of the jest, and finishes with a gravity suited to his character:

“Solventur risu tabulæ: tu missus abibis.” WARTON.

Four lines in this Imitation “gave great offence,” says Ruff-head, (and well they might,) “to two court Ladies.” The persons he means were M. W. Montagu, designated by Sappho, and Lady Deloraine, supposed to be intended by Delia. Lady M. W. Montagu requested Lord Peterborough to expostulate with Pope.

Pope's defence, as usual, was half subterfuge, and half falsehood. Lord Peterborough, in his answer to Lady M., says,

“He (Pope) named to me four remarkable poetesses and scribblers, Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Haywood, and Mrs. Manly, famous in their generation, &c assuring me that such only were the objects of his satire. I hope this assurance will prevent further mistake, and any consequences upon so odd a subject.

Your Ladyship's, &c.

PETERBOROUGH.”

At

But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light, 150
 Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
 Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—

F. Indeed?

The Cause is alter'd—you may then proceed;
 ° In such a cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd, 155
 My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

NOTES.

At the time this Poem was written, there was a great outcry by the Opposition against the “Standing Army:” Hence Pope’s oblique Satire, “Save but our Army!”

In a debate on this subject in the House of Commons, Lord Hervey said, “The reduction of the army was always the occasion of some machination against us. In the late King’s reign, the small number of forces was the cause of the Rebellion in 1715. When that disturbance was quelled, the army was no sooner reduced, but we were threatened with insurrection at home, and invasion from Spain.” He added, “Though every thing be now quiet, yet the *libels* that are every day published against the Government, and the *many scribblers* employed to sow dissension and disaffection, is an evident sign that we have many enemies in our bosom, who would probably think of *other weapons than the pen*, if we should make a great reduction in our army.”

Mr. Plumer, in reply, said, “He could not see how the number of *scribblers* was a sufficient reason for a standing army; if *scribbling* made the Government uneasy, the best way would be to employ an *army of scribblers* to defend them.”

Parliamentary Debates for 1732.

Lord Hervey’s antipathy to scribblers may be easily accounted for. What Plumer recommended, was the very system Sir Robert Walpole pursued. He had his *Host* of Scribblers, against the formidable *Artillery* of the *Craftsman*, a paper directed by Bolingbroke; his own unshaken confidence, and manly energies in the House, against the wit of Pulteney, the eloquence of Chesterfield, and all the arts, schemes, and contrivances of Bolingbroke,

in the back ground ; and he had a *standing* Army, against any open attempts of the Pretender. With this policy, and with these *armies*, Sir Robert Walpole saved the state.

Upon the whole, this Imitation is highly polished and pointed ; but the reader must *smile* at Pope's *impartial glass*, when he contemplates the picture which he, with so much complacency, has exhibited of himself.

THE SECOND SATIRE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRA II.

QUÆ virtus et quanta, boni, fit vivere parvo,
 (Nec meus hic fermo; sed quæ præcepit Ofellus,
 Rusticus, ^d *abnormis* Sapiens, *crassaque* Minerva,)
 Discite, ^c non inter lances *mensaque* nitentes;
 Cum stupet *insanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum
 Acclinis falsis animus meliora recusat:
^c Verum hic *impransi* mecum disquirite. Cur hoc?
 Dicam, si potero. male verum examinat omnis
 Corruptus iudex. Leporem sectatus, equove
 Lassus ab indomito; vel (si Romana fatigat
 Militia affuetum Græcari) seu pila velox,
 Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem;
 Seu te discus agit, pete cedentem aëra disco:

Cum

NOTES

VER. 2. *To live on little*] This discourse in praise of temperance loses much of its grace and propriety by being put into the mouth of a person of a much higher rank in life than the honest countryman Ofellus; whose patrimony had been seized by Augustus, and given to one of his soldiers named Umbrenus, and whom, perhaps, Horace recommended to the Emperor, by making him the chief speaker in this very satire. We may imagine that a discourse on temperance from Horace raised a laugh among the courtiers of Augustus; and we see he could not venture to deliver it in his own person.

This Imitation of Pope is not equal to most of his others.

WARTON.

VER. 9. *BETHEL*] The same to whom several of Mr. Pope's Letters are addressed.

WARBURTON.

S A T I R E II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

‘WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart ;

‘ (A doctrine fage, but truly none of mine ;)
Let’s talk, my friends, but talk ‘ before we dine.

‘ Not when a gilt Buffet’s reflected pride §
Turns you from sound Philosophy aside ;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL’S Sermon, one not vers’d in schools,
‘ But strong in sense, and wise without the rules. 10

‘ Go work, hunt, exercise ! (he thus began,)
Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can.

Your

NOTES.

VER. 11. *Go work, hunt,*] These six following lines are much inferior to the original, in which the mention of many particular exercises gives it a pleasing variety. The sixth and seventh lines in Horace are nervous and strong. The third in Pope is languid and wordy, which renders *foris est promus. Defendens, and latrantem, and caro, and pinguem, and album*, are all of them very expressive epithets : And the allusion to Socrates’s constant exercise, *tu pulmentaria*, &c. ought not to have been omitted. Pope’s two last lines in this passage are very exceptionable. We are informed by Mr. Stuart, in his Athens, that the honey of Hymettus, even to this time, continues to be in vogue ; and that the seraglio of the Grand Seignor is served with a stated quantity of it yearly.

Cum labor extulerit fastidia ; foccus, inanis,
 Sperne *cibum vilem* : nisi Hymettia mella Falerno,
 Ne biberis, diluta. ¹ foris est promus, et atrum
 Defendens pisces hiemat mare : cum fale panis
 Latrantem stomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
 Quî partum ? non in caro nidore voluptas
 Summa, sed in *teipso* est. tu pulmentaria quære
 Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque ostrea,
 Nec scarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagois.

^k Vix tamen eripiam, posito *pavone*, velis quin
 Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum ;
 Corruptus vanis rerum : quia veneat auro
 Rara avis, et picta pandat spectacula cauda :
 Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num vesceris
 ista,

Quam laudas, pluma ? coctove num adest honor idem ?
 Carne tamen quamvis distat nihil hac, magis illa ;
 Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, esto.
 Unde datum sentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
 Captus hiet ? pontesne inter jactatus, an amnis
 Ostia sub Tusci ? ¹ laudas, insane, *trilibrem*
Mullum ; in singula quem minuas plumenta necesse est.
 Ducit te species, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odisse *lupos* ? quia scilicet illis
 Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
 Jejunos raro stomachus vulgaria temnit.

Porrectum

NOTES.

VER. 18. *before a hen* ;] He might have inserted the original word *peacocks*, as many of our English epicures are fond of them.
 Q. Hortensius had the honour of being the first Roman that introduced

ⁱ Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or fish deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd,) . . .
 If then plain bread and milk will do the feat, 15
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

^{*} Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men
 Will choose a pheasant still before a hen ;
 Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold. 20

ⁱ Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
 (Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat,) . . .
 Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess ?
 Because God made these large, the other less.

Oldfield

NOTES.

roduced this bird to the table as a great dainty, in a magnificent feast which he made on his being created Augur. The price of a peacock, says Arbuthnot, page 129. was fifty denarii, that is, 1l. 12 s. 3d. A flock of a hundred was sold at a much dearer rate, for 322 l. 18 s. 4d. of our money. M. Aufidius Lurco, according to Varro, used to make every year of his peacocks 484 l. 7 s. 6 d.

WARTON.

VER. 21. *Of carps and mullets*] Very inferior to the original ; and principally so, because that pleasant stroke is omitted of the eaters knowing in what part of the river the lupus was taken, and whether or no betwixt the two bridges, which was deemed an essential circumstance. The reader will be well entertained on this subject if he will look into the seventeenth chapter of the third book of Macrobius, particularly into a curious speech of C. Tertius there recited. But Horace seems to have had in his eye a passage of Lucilius, quoted by Macrobius : “ Sed et Lucilius acer et violentus poeta, ostendit scire se hunc piscem egregii saporis, qui inter duos pontes captus esset.”

WARTON.

^m *Porrectum magno magnum spectare catino*
Vellem, ait Harpyiis gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
ⁿ *Præsentes, Austri, coquite horum opsonia : quam-*
quam

Putet aper rhombusque recens, mala copia quando
 Ægrum sollicitat stomachum ; cum *rapula* plenus
 Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. ° necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum : nam *vilibus ovis*
 Nigrisque est *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
 Gallonî præconis erat acipensere mensa
 Infamis. quid ? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant ?
^p Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
 Donec vos auctor docuit *prætorius*. ergo
^q Si quis nunc *mergos* fuaves edixerit *affos*,
 Parebit pravi docilis *Romana juvenus*.

Sordidus

NOTES.

VER. 25. *Oldfield*] This eminent Glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating.

WARBURTON.

VER. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, &c.*] A West Indian term of Gluttony ; a hog roasted whole, stuffed with spice, and basted with Madeira wine.

POPE.

He has happily introduced this large unwieldy instance of gluttony, supposed to be peculiar to the West Indies. But Athenæus speaks of a cook that could dress a whole hog with various puddings in his belly. *Gulla* is here used personally, as it is also by Juvenal, Sat. xiv v. 10.

WARTON.

VER. 28. *rabbit's tail.*] A very filthy and offensive image for the more happy and decent word *coquite* : So fond, it must be owned, was our Author, as well as Swift, of such disgusting ideas

WARTON.

" Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd, 25
 Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"
 Oh blast it, "South winds! till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.
 By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30
 When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat,
 He calls for something bitter, something sour,
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
 ° Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see; 35
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
 ° The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
 Till Becaficos fold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a Peer. 40
 " Let me extol a Cat, on oysters fed,
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
 Or e'en to crack live Crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

'Tis

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Let me extol*] To dine upon a cat fattened with oysters, and to crack live crawfish, is infinitely more pleasant and ridiculous than to eat *mergos affos*. But then the words, *extol* and *recommend*, fall far below *edixerit*, give out a decree. So Virgil, Geor. iii. line 295. does not *advise*, but *raises* his subject, by saying,

" Incipiens statutis edico"—

In the lines above, 37 and 38, he has dextrously substituted for the stork two birds that among us are vulgarly held to be sacred. Semp. Rufus first taught the Romans to eat storks, for which he lost the prætorship.

WARTON.

VER. 42. *Bedford head*;] A famous Eating-house. POPE.

¹ Sordidus a tenui victus distabit, Ofello
 Judice: nam frustra vitium vitaveris istud,
 Si te alio pravus detorseris. ⁵ Avidienus
¹ Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
 Quinquennes oleas est, et sylvestria corna;
² Ac, nisi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum*; et
 Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
 Ille *repotia*, *natales*, aliosque dierum
³ *Festos* albatus celebret) cornu ipse bilibri
Caulibus instillat, ⁴ *veteris non parcus aceti*.

Quali igitur victu sapiens utetur, et horum
 Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
⁵ Mundus erit, qua non offendat fordibus, atque
 In neutram partem cultus miser. ⁶ Hic neque *servis*
 Albuti senis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit; nec sit ut simplex ⁷ Nævius, *unctam*
 Convivis præbebit *aquam*: vitium hoc quoque mag-
 num.

⁸ Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque secum
 Afferat. ⁹ In primis valeas bene; nam variæ res
 Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius escæ,

Quæ

NOTES.

VER. 50. *For him you'll call a dog,*] Warburton observes, "that Pope had the art of giving *wit* and *dignity* to Billingsgate!"

VER. 55 *But on some lucky*] Much heightened and improved on the original, by two such supposed occasions of the unnatural festivity and joy of a true miser. The 68th line is useless and redundant.

WARTON.

^r 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother 45
 About one vice, and fall into the other:
 Between Excess and Famine lies a mean;
 Plain, but not fordid; tho' not splendid, clean.

^s Avidien, or his Wife, (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a ^t dog, and her a bitch,) 50
 Sell their presented partridges, and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

^u One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine,
 And is at once their vinegar and wine.
 But on some ^w lucky day (as when they found 55
 A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, ^x old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear:
 Oil, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart,
 But sowse the cabbage with a bounteous heart. 60

^y He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side, nor on that;
 Nor ^a stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
 Nor lets, like ^b Nævius, ev'ry error pass, 65
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glafs.

^c Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring:
 (Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing:)
^d First Health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry dish,
 A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish, 70
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid' jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)

Remembers

NOTES.

VER. 72. *one intestine war*] Dr. Warton says, "It is in the original, *tumultum*; a metaphor used by Hippocrates." It is of very

Quæ simplex * *olim* tibi federit. at simul assis
 Miscueris elixa, simul conchylia turdis ;
 Dulcia se in bilem vertent, stomachoque tumultum
 Lenta feret pituita. † Vides, ut pallidus omnis
 Cœna defurgat dubia ? quin corpus onustum
 Hesternis vitiis *animum* quoque prægravat una,
 Atque affigit humo *divinæ particulam auræ*.

‡ Alter, ubi dicto citius curata sopori
 Membra dedit, vegetus præscripta ad munia surgit.
 § Hic tamen ad melius poterit transcurrere quondam ;
 Sive *diem* festum rediens advexerit annus,
 Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus* : ubique
 Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius ætas*
Imbecilla volet. † Tibi quidnam accedet ad istam

Quam

NOTES.

very little consequence to whom Horace was indebted for the *metaphor*, for the whole description is offensive, and the simile, if used by Hippocrates, fitter for him, than for an elegant *Poet*.

VER. 76. *Rise from*] A strange instance of false grammar and false English, in using *rise* for *rises*. Such a mistake in an inferior writer would not have been worth notice. I cannot forbear adding a note of much humour with which the History of English Poetry is enlivened ; vol. iii. p. 2. 4. “ In an old *dietarie* for the clergy, by Cranmer, an archbishop is allowed to have two swans, or two capons in a dish ; a bishop, two ; an archbishop, six black-birds at once ; a bishop, five ; a dean, four ; an archdeacon, two. If a dean has four dishes in the first course, he is not afterwards to have custards or fritters. An archbishop may have six snipes ; an archdeacon, only two. A canon residentiary is to have a swan only on Sunday. A rector of sixteen marks, only three black-birds in a week.”

WARTON.

VER. 79, 80. *The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
 To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.*]

Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the
 soul

Remembers oft ^c the School-boy's simple fare,
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

^f How pale, each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest
Rise from a Clergy, or a City feast! 76

What life in all that ample body, say?

What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?

The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines

To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines. 80

^g On morning wings how active springs the Mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?

How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?

How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?

^h Not but we may exceed, some holy time, 85

Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme;

Ill health some just indulgence may engage,

And more the sickness of long life, Old age:

ⁱ For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,

If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains? 90

Our

NOTES.

foul. And therefore, to render the doctrine more ridiculous, describes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,

— “affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ.”

To *this*, his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more sobriety and judgment, has turn'd the Ridicule, from the doctrine, which he believed, upon those Preachers of it, whose feasts and computations in Taverns did not edify him: and so has added surprising humour and spirit to the easy elegance of the original.

WARBURTON.

VER. 80. *To seem but mortal,*] Affigit humi is heightened by the

— “ev'n in sound Divines.” WARTON.

VER. 81. *On morning wings, &c.*] Much happier and nobler than the original.

WARBURTON.

Quam puer et validus præsumis, mollitiem ; seu
Dura valetudo inciderit, seu tarda senectus ?

^k *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant : non quia
nafus

Illis nullus erat ; sed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hospes
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus confumeret. ^l hos utinam
inter

Heroas natum tellus me prima tulisset.

^m Das aliquid *famæ*, quæ *carmine gratior* aurem
Occupet humanam ? grandes rhombi, patinæque
Grande ferunt una ⁿ cum *damno dedecus*, adde

^o Iratum patrum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et frustra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti

^p As, *laquei* pretium.

^q Jure, inquit, Traufius illis
Jurgatur verbis : ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiasque habeo tribus amplas regibus. ^r Ergo,
Quod *superat*, non est *melius quo* infumere possis ?
Cur eget indignus *quisquam*, te divite ? quare
^s *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deûm ? *cur*, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid *patriæ* tanto emetiris acervo ?
Uni nimirum tibi recte semper erunt res ?

O magnus

NOTES.

VER. 118. *How dar'st thou*] Very spirited, and superior to the original ; for *dar'st* is far beyond the mere *eget*. Two lines on this subject in Armstrong are exquisitely tender, especially the second :

“ E'en modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.”

WARTON.

^k Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'son. You suppose
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no nose.
Not so: a Buck was then a week's repast,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home. 96

^l Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?

Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
^m That sweetest music to an honest ear, 100
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a song,)
Who has not learn'd, ⁿ fresh sturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf, 105
Curs'd by thy ° neighbours, thy trustees, thyself,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name;
And ^p buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well. 110

^q "Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need
"To have a Taste, is insolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let ^r Bounty spread her ray, 115
And shine that superfluity away.

Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the ' new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:

Or

' O magnus posthac inimicis risus ! uterne
 " Ad casus dubios fidet sibi certius ? hic, qui
 Pluribus affuêrit mentem corpusque superbum ;
 An qui contentus parvo metuensque futuri,
 In pace, ut sapiens, aptarit idonea bello ?
 * Quo magis his credas : puer hunc ego parvus

Ofellum

Integris opibus novi non latius usum,
 Quam nunc " *accisis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,

Cum

NOTES.

VER. 122. *As M**o's was, &c.*] I think this light stroke of satire ill placed ; and that it hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very serious, and properly so, when he said,

" cur, Improbe ! caræ
 Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo ?"

He remembered, and hints with just indignation at, those luxurious Patricians of his old party ; who, when they had agreed to establish a fund in the cause of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be persuaded to withdraw from their expensive pleasures what was sufficient for the support of so great a cause. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Augustus !

——" quare
 " Templâ ruunt antiqua Deûm ?"

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a direct stroke of satire.

WARBURTON.

VER. 122. *not at five per cent.*] He could not forbear this stroke against a nobleman, whom he had been for many years accustomed to hear abused by his most intimate friends. A certain parasite, who thought to please Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of M. was stopt short by that Lord, who said, " He was so very great a man, that I forgot he had that

vice."

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent, 121
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.

' Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind.

And " who stands safest? tell me, is it he 125

That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,

Or blest with little, whose preventing care

In peace provides fit arms against a war?

* Thus BETHEL spoke, who always speaks his
thought,

And always thinks the very thing he ought: 130

His equal mind I copy what I can,

And as I love, would imitate the Man.

In South-Sea days not happier, when surmis'd

The Lord of Thousands, than if now " *Excis'd*;

In forest planted by a Father's hand, 135

Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content

NOTES.

vice." — WARTON.

VER. 122. *five per cent.*] Among the papers of the Orford collection, is a curious note to Sir. Robert Walpole, when Secretary at War, from the Duke of Marlborough, in which he says, he has a hundred thousand pounds he does not know how to dispose of, and desires Walpole to put it out for him. From Mr. Coxe.

VER. 129. *Thus BETHEL spoke,*] This speech of Ofellus continues in the original to the end of this Satire. Pope has taken all that follows out of the mouth of Bethel, and speaks entirely in his own person. It is impossible not to be pleased with the picture of his way of life, and the account he gives of his own table, in lines that express common and familiar objects with dignity and elegance. WARTON.

VER. 133. *In South-Sea days not happier, &c.*] Mr. Pope had South-Sea stock, which he did not sell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thousand pounds when it fell.

WARBURTON.

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
 Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profesta
 Quidquam, præter ^x *olus* fumosæ cum pede pernæ.
 Ac mihi feu ^y *longum post tempus* venerat hospes,
 Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
 Vicinus; bene erat, non *piscibus* urbe petitis,
 Sed *pullo* atque *hædo*: tum ^z *pensilis uva* secundas
 Et *nux* ornabat menfas, cum *duplice ficu*.
 Post hoc ludus erat ^a *cuppa* potare magistra:
 Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo surgeret alto,
 Explicuit vino contractæ feria frontis.
^b Sæviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
 Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius,
 aut vos,
 O pueri, nituistis, ut huc ^c *novus incola* venit?

Nam

NOTES.

VER. 134 *than if now* Excis'd;] Pope naturally joined the violent cry against the *Excise*, with the Party in opposition to Sir R. Walpole. Pulteney exclaimed upon another occasion:

“There is another thing impending! a *monstrous* project! such a project as has *struck terror* into the minds of most gentlemen of this House, and into the minds of all men without doors, who have any regard to the happiness, or to the constitution, of their country. I mean THAT MONSTER, THE EXCISE! that PLAN OF ARBITRARY POWER, which is expected to be laid before the House in the present Parliament.” Coxe’s Memoirs, chap. 41.

VER. 136. *Than in five acres*] He had a lease of his house and gardens at Twickenham for his life. The lease was purchased of a Mrs. Vernon; hence the expressions,

——Does it concern one,

Whether the House belong to Pope, or *Vernon*?

VER. 152. *double tax’d*,] An additional tax was laid on the estates of Papists and Nonjurors.

Content with little, I can piddle here
 On ^x brocoli and mutton, round the year ;
 But ^y ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
 That touch my bell, I cannot turn away. 140
 'Tis true, no ^z Turbots dignify my boards,
 But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords :
 To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,
 Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own :
^a From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall ; 145
 And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
 And figs from standard and espalier join ;
 The Dev'l is in you if you cannot dine :
 Then ^b chearful healths, (your Mistrefs shall have place,)
 And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace. 150
 Fortune not much of humbling me can boast ;
 Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost ?
 My Life's amusements have been just the same,
 Before and after ^c Standing Armies came.
 My lands are fold, my father's house is gone ; 155
 I'll hire another's ; is not that my own,
 And yours, my friends ? through whose free op'ning
 gate
 None comes too early, none departs too late ;
 (For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
 Welcome the coming, speed the going Guest.) 160
 " Pray

NOTES.

VER. 154. *Standing Armies came.*] A constant topic of declamation against the court, at this time. WARTON.

The outcry was equally violent against the *Excise*, and no less unjustly. See Coxe's *Memoirs*, ch. 41.

Nam ^d *propriæ telluris* herum natura neque illum,
 Nec me, nec quemquam statuit. nos expulit ille;
 Illum aut ^e nequities aut ^f *vafri inscitia juris*,
 Postremum expellet certe ^g *vivacior heres*,
^h Nunc ager *Umbreni sub nomine*, nuper *Ofelli*
 Dictus erat: nulli proprius; sed cedit in usum
 Nunc mihi, nunc alii. ⁱ quocirca vivite fortes,
 Fortiaque adversis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

VER. 160. *Welcome the coming,*] From Homer, Od. b. 15. v. 74.

χρη ξεινον παρειοντος φιλειν, εθελοντος δε πεμπειν.

Theocritus has finely touched this subject in the sixteenth Idyllium.

WARTON.

VER. 165 *We'l, if the use be mine, &c.*] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 20, 1743, he says, "My Landlady, Mrs. Vernon, being dead, this Garden and House are offered me in sale; and, I believe, (together with the cottages on each side my grass plot next the Thames,) will come at about a thousand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend would be pleased to live in it after my death, (for, as it is, it serves all my purposes as well, during life,) I would purchase it; and more particularly could I hope two things; that the friend who should like it, was so much younger and healthier than myself, as to have a prospect of its continuing his, some years longer than I can of its continuing mine. But most of those I love are travelling out of the world, not into it; and unless I have such a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleasure that does not stop short of the Grave."—So that we see (what some who call themselves his friends would not believe) his thoughts in prose and verse were the same.

WARBURTON.

VER. 171-2. *Or in pure equity, (the case not clear,)*

The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:]

A Protestant Miser's money in *Chancery*, and a Catholic Miser's person in *Purgatory*, are never to be got out, till the Law and the Church have been well paid for their redemption. WARBURTON.

VER. 175. *that to BACON could*] Gorhambury, near St. Alban's, a fine and venerable old mansion. WARTON.

Pope, with his usual proneness to invective, alludes to a very respectable nobleman, William, first Lord *Grimston*.

“ Pray Heav’n it last ! (cries SWIFT) as you go on
 “ I wish to God this house had been your own :
 “ Pity ! to build, without a son or wife :
 “ Why, you’ll enjoy it only all your life.”
 Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one, 165
 Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?
 What’s ^a *Property* ? dear Swift ! you see it alter
 From you to me, from me to ^c Peter Walter ;
 Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer’s share ;
 Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ; 170
 Or, in pure ^f equity, (the case not clear,)
 The Chanc’ry takes your rents for twenty year :
 At best, it falls to some ^g ungracious son,
 Who cries, “ My father’s damn’d, and all’s my own.”
^h Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford, 175
 Become the portion of a booby Lord ;
 And Hemfley, once proud Buckingham’s delight,
 Slides to a Scriv’ner or a city Knight.
ⁱ Let lands and houses have what Lords they will,
 Let Us be fix’d, and our own masters still. 180

NOTES.

VER. 177. *And Hemfley,*] Helmsley, in Yorkshire.

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham’s, &c.*] Villiers Duke of Buckingham. POPE.

THIS imitation appears to me, the least successfully polished and pointed of any he has attempted. The observations, indeed, are not very striking in the original ; and as to Pope, if Bethel always “ spoke what he thought, and always thought as he ought,” we cannot be impressed with the *fageneſs* of his remarks. The chief merit of Horace is the language, and in this respect Pope has followed him with much less success than he has done in his other Imitations.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, summa dicende camena,
^b Spectatum fatis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,
 Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
 Non eadem est ætas, non mens. ^c Veianius, armis
^d Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro;
 Ne populum ^e extrema toties exoret arena.

Est

NOTES.

VER. 1. *whose love*] Equal to the affection which Horace in the original professes for Mæcenas. It has been suspected that his affection to his friend was so strong, as to make him resolve not to outlive him; and that he actually put into execution his promise of *ibimus*, *ibimus*. Od. xvii. lib. 3. Both died in the end of the year 746; Horace only three weeks after Mæcenas, November 27. Nothing can be so different as the plain and manly style of the former, in comparison of what Quintilian calls the calamistors of the latter, for which Sanctorius and Macrobius, cap. 86. say Augustus frequently ridiculed him, though Augustus himself was guilty of the same fault: as when he said, *vapidè se habere* for *ma'è*.
 WARTON.

VER. 3. *Sabbath of my days?*] i. e. The 47th year, the age of the Author.
 WARBURTON.

VER. 8. *Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,*] An occasional stroke of Satire on ill-placed ornaments. He has more openly ridiculed them in his *Epistle on Taste*;

“ Load some vain Church with old theatric state,
 Turn *Arcs of Triumph* to a Garden gate.” WARBURTON.

He is said to have alluded to the entrance of Lord Peterborough's Lawn at Bevismount, near Southampton.

There

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
 Matures my present, and shall bound my last!
 Why^b will you break the Sabbath of my days?
 Now sick alike of Envy and of Praise.
 Public too long, ah let me hide my Age! 5
 See modest^c Cibber now has left the Stage:
 Our Gen'als now, ^d retir'd to their Estates,
 Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
 In Life's cool Ev'ning satiate of Applause,
 Nor ^e fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.
 A Voice

NOTES.

There is more pleasantry and humour in Horace's comparing himself to an old gladiator, worn out in the service of the public, from which he had often begged his life, and has now at last been dismissed with the usual ceremonies, than for Pope to compare himself to an old actor or retired general. Pope was in his forty-ninth year, and Horace probably in his forty-seventh, when he wrote this Epistle. Bentley has arranged the writings of Horace in the following order. He composed the first book of his Satires between the twenty-sixth and twenty-eighth year of his age; the second book, from the year thirty-one to thirty-three; next, the Epodes, in his thirty-fourth and fifth year; next, the first book of his Odes, in three years, from his thirty-sixth to his thirty-eighth year; the second book in the two next years; then the first book of the Epistles, in his forty-sixth and seventh year; next to that, the fourth book of his Odes, in his forty-ninth year: lastly, the Art of Poetry, and second book of the Epistles, to which an exact date cannot be assigned. WARTON.

VER. 10. *ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cause.*] In the former Editions it was *Britain's cause*. But the terms are synonymous. WARBURTON.

^f Est mihi purgatam crebro qui personat aurem ;
 Solve ^s fenescientem mature fanus equum, ne
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
 Nunc itaque et ^h versus, et *cætera ludicra* pono :
 Quid ⁱ verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in
 hoc sum :

^u Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere possim.
 Ac ne forte roges, ^l quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter :
 Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,
ⁿ Quo me cunque rapit tempestas, deferor *hospes*.
 Nunc *agilis* fio, et merfor ⁿ *civilibus undis*,
 Virtutis veræ custos, ^o *rigidusque satelles* :

Nunc

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Lest stiff,*] He has excelled Boileau's imitation of these verses, Ep. 10. v. 44. And indeed Boileau himself is excelled by an old French Poet, whom he has frequently imitated, that is, Le Fresnaie Vauquelin, whose Poems were published 1612. Vauquelin says, that he profited much by reading the Satires of Ariosto; he also wrote an Art of Poetry; one of his best pieces is an imitation of Horace's Trebatius, being a dialogue between himself and the Chancellor of France. WARTON.

VER. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horse.*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the City of London. His versification is here exactly described: stiff, and not strong; stately, and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorously opposed to Pegasus. POPE.

VER. 26. *And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.*] i. e. Chuse either an *active* or a *contemplative* life, as is most fitted to the season and circumstances. For he regarded these Writers

as

^f A Voice there is, that whispers in my ear, 11
 ('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear,)
 " Friend Pope! be prudent, let your ^g Muse take
 " breath,
 " And never gallop Pegafus to death;
 " Lest stiff, and stately, void of fire or force, 15
 " You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's
 " horse."

Farewell then ^h Verse, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
 The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
 What ⁱ right, what true, what fit we justly call,
 Let this be all my care—for this is All; 20
 To lay this ^k harvest up, and hoard with haste
 What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.

But ask not, to what ^l Doctors I apply?
 Sworn to no Master, of no Sect am I:
 As drives the ^m storm, at any door I knock: 25
 And house with Montagne now, or now with Locke.
 Sometimes a ⁿ Patriot, active in debate,
 Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
 Free as young Lyttelton, her cause pursue,
 Still true to Virtue, ^o and as warm as true: 30
 Sometimes

NOTES.

as the best Schools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himself: *Montagne* excelling in his observations on social and civil life; and *Locke*, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind. WARBURTON.

VER. 29. *Free as young Lyttelton,*] A just, and not overcharged encomium, on an excellent man, who had always served his friends with warmth, (witness his kindness to Thomson,) and his country with activity and zeal. His Poems and Dialogues of the Dead are written

Nunc in * Aristippi ^p *furtim* praecepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, subjungere conor.

^q Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; diesque
Lenta videtur *opus debentibus*: ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda ^r fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quæ spem
Consiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter ^s id, quod
Æque *pauperibus* prodest, *locupletibus* æque,
Æque neglectum *pueris, senibusque* nocebit.

^t *Restat*, ut his ego me ipse regam ^u *folerque ele-*
mentis:

^w Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;

Non

* Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et status, et res.

POPE.

NOTES.

written with elegance and ease; his observations on the Conversion of St. Paul, with clearness and closeness of reasoning; and his History of Henry II. with accuracy and knowledge of those early times and of the English Constitution; and which was compiled from a laborious search into authentic documents, and the records lodged in the Tower and at the Rolls. A little before he died, he told me, that he had determined to throw out of the collection of all his works, which was then to be published, his first juvenile performance, the Persian Letters, written 1735, in imitation of those of his friend Montesquieu, whom he had known and admired in England, in which he said there were principles and remarks that he wished to retract and alter. I told him, that notwithstanding his caution, the booksellers, as in fact they have done, would preserve and insert these letters. Another little piece, written also in his early youth, does him much honour: the Observations on the Life of Tully, in which, perhaps, a more dispassionate and impartial character of Tully is exhibited than in the panegyrical volumes of Middelton.

WARTON.

Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
 Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
 Back to my ^p native Moderation slide,
 And win my way by yielding to the tide. 34

^a Long, as to him who works for Debt, the day,
 Long as the Night to her whose Love's away,
 Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,
 When the brisk Minor pants for Twenty-one:
 So flow th' ' unprofitable moments roll,
 That lock up all the Functions of my soul; 40
 That keep me from myself; and still delay
 Life's instant business to a future day:
 That ^s task, which as we follow, or despise,
 The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise.
 Which done, the poorest can no wants endure; 45
 And which not done, the richest must be poor.

^t Late as it is, I put myself to school,
 And feel some ^u comfort, not to be a fool.
^w Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of fight,
 Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite; 50
 I'll

NOTES.

VER. 31. *Aristippus, or St. Paul,*] There is an impropriety and indecorum, in joining the name of the most profligate parasite of the court of Dionysius, with that of an Apostle. In a few lines before, the name of Montagne is not sufficiently contrasted by the name of Locke; the place required that two philosophers, holding very different tenets, should have been introduced. Hobbes might have been opposed to Hutcheson. I know not why he omitted a strong sentiment that follows immediately,

“ Et mihi res, non me rebus subungere conor;” Ver. 20.
 which line Corneille took for his motto. WARTON.

VER. 45. *can no wants endure;*] i. e. *Can want nothing:* badly expressed. WARBURTON.

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi :

Nec, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,

Nodosa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.

Est quadam prodire ^x tenuis, si non datur ultra.

^y Fervet Avaritia, miseroque cupidine pectus?

Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem

Posses, et ^z magnam morbi deponere partem.

Laudis amore tumes? Sunt ^a certa *piacula*, quæ te

Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

^b Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinofus, ^c *amator*;

Nemo ^d adeo *ferus* est, ut non mitescere possit,

Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

^e Virtus est, vitium fugere; et sapientia prima,

Stultitia caruisse. vides, quæ ^f maxima credis

Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,

Quanto devites animi, capitisque labore.

Impiger

NOTES.

VER. 51. *I'll do what Mead*] Mr. Pope highly esteemed and loved this worthy man; whose unaffected humanity and benevolence have stifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profession would otherwise have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great Physician and others of the Faculty, in a Letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he says, "There is no end of my kind treatment from the Faculty. They are in general the most *amiable* companions, and the best friends, as well as the most *learned* men I know." WARBURTON.

VER. 65. *to abhor;—more.*] Dr King informed me that these were two of the rhymes to which Swift, who was scrupulously exact in this respect, used to object, as he frequently did to some others in Pope; and particularly to two in the Essay on Criticism, Verse 237. where *delight* is made to rhyme to *wit*; and to many in his Homer. WARTON.

I'll do what Mead and Chefelden advise,
 To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
 Not to ^x go back, is somewhat to advance,
 And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy ^y blood rebel, thy bosom move 55
 With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
 Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can control
^z Between the Fits this Fever of the Soul;
 Know, there are Rhymes, which ^a fresh and fresh
 apply'd

Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride. 60
 Be ^b furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
^c Slave to a Wife, or Vassal to a Punk,
 A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch ^d Bear;
 All that we ask is but a patient Ear.

^e 'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor; 65
 And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more.
 But to the world no ^f bugbear is so great,
 As want of Figure, and a small Estate.
 To either India see the Merchant fly,
 Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty! 70
 See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,
 Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!

Wilt

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the spectre*] Pope has given life to the image, and added terror to the simple expression, *Pauperiem*. Bolingbroke translated this passage in Horace, in about twenty-six lines, and sent them to Swift in a letter, dated March 16, 1719. But a poor performance. Pope has omitted the Olympian games.

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
 Per^g mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per saxa, per ignes :
 Ne cures^h ea, quæ *stulte* miraris et optas,
 Discere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis ?
 Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
 Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes,
 Cui fit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palma ?
 “ⁱ Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.
 “ O cives, cives !^k quærenda pecunia primum est ;
 “ Virtus post nummos :” hæc^l *Janus summus* ab *imo*
 Perdocet : hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque,
^m Lævo suspenfi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
 Estⁿ animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua, fidesque :
 Sed quadringentis sex septem millia defint,

Plebs

NOTES.

VER. 77. *Here, Wisdom calls, &c.*] All from hence to Ver. 110, is a pretty close translation; but in general done with so masterly a spirit, that the Original, though one of the most finished passages in Horace, looks only like the *imitation* of it.

WARBURTON.

VER. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This perhaps is the most faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

“ Vilius est auro argentum, virtutibus aurum ;”

which only says, *That as Silver is of less value than Gold, so Gold is of less value than Virtue* : in which *simple inferiority*, and not the *proportion* of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Author's purpose, as it is to common sense, to suppose, that virtue was but just as much better than gold, as gold is better than silver. Yet Mr. Pope, too attentive to his constant object *conciseness*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this absurd meaning. However, this and many other inaccuracies in his works had been corrected, had he lived ; as many, that now first appear in this edition, were actually corrected a little before his death.

And

Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
 Nothing to make Philosophy thy friend?
 To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, 75
 And ^s ease thy heart of all that it admires?
^h Here, Wisdom calls: ⁱ "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
 "As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
 There, London's voice: ^k "Get Money, Money still!
 "And then let Virtue follow, if she will." 80
 This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all,
 From ^l low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
 From him whose ^m quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
 To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in ⁿ spirit, sense, and truth abounds; 85
 "Pray then, what wants he?" Fourscore thousand
 pounds;

A Pension,

NOTES.

And here I cannot but do justice to one of his many good qualities, a very rare one, indeed, and what none but a truly great genius can afford to indulge; I mean his extreme readiness, and unfeigned pleasure, in acknowledging his mistakes: this, with an impatience to reform them, he possessed in a greater degree, and with less affectation, than any man I ever knew. **WARBURTON.**

VER. 84. *notches sticks*] Exchequer Tallies. **WARBURTON.**

VER. 85. *Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds* ;] Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpose to say, that this great Man (who does so much honour to his Country) had a fine genius, improved and put in use by a true understanding; and both, under the guidance of an integrity superior to all the temptations of interest, honours, or any meaner passion. Many events, since the paying this tribute to his virtue, have shewn how much, and how particularly it was due to him. **WARBURTON.**

VER. 85. *Barnard*] Sir John Barnard, Knight, was born at Reading, and brought up at a school at Wandsworth in Surry; his parents were Quakers. In 1703, he quitted the Society of Quakers, was received into the church by Compton, bishop of London, and continued a member of it.

° *Plebs* eris. ° at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic ° *murus aheneus esto*,
Nil *conscire* tibi, nulla pallefcere culpa.

‘ *Rofcia*, dic fodes, melior lex, an puerorum est
Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et *Maribus* ° *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis* ?

‘ Ifne tibi melius fuadit, qui, “ *Rem* facias ; rem,
“ Si poffis, recte ; fi non, quocunque modo rem.”
Ut ° propius fpectes lacrymofa poëmata *Pupî* !
An, ° qui fortunæ te refponfare superbæ
Liberum et erectum, ° *præfens* hortatur et aptat ?

Quod

NOTES.

VER. 88. *Bug, and Dorimant*] It cannot now be difcovered to whom thefe names belong. So foon does Satire become unintelligible. The fame may be faid of ver. 112. WARTON.

VER. 95. *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brafs ;*]
“ *Hic murus aheneus esto* ”

Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was scandalized, that the ancient Scholiafts had not explained what Horace meant by a *wall of brafs* ; for, fays Dacier, “ Chacun fe fait des difficultez à fa mode, et demande des remarques proportionnées a fon goût : ” he then fets himfelf in good earneft about this important inquiry ; and, by a paffage in Vegetius, luckily difcovers, that it fignified an *old veteran*, armed cap-a-pie in *brafs*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily ferved himfelf of this impertinence to convey a very fine ftroke of Satire.

WARBURTON.

VER. 106. *eye a King.*] Our Author is fo perpetually exprefsing an affected contempt for kings, that it becomes almoft a naufeous cant.

- the *pride of kings* ——
- *some monfter of a king* ——
- *pity kings* —— the *gift of kings* ——
- *gods of kings* —— much above a king ——
- *Settle wrote of kings* ——
- *Midas* ; and a king, and many others.

Hawkins

A Pension, or such Harneſs for a ſlave
 As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
 Barnard, thou art a ° Cit, with all thy worth;
 But Bug and D*l, Their *Honours*, and ſo forth. 90

Yet ev'ry ^p Child another ſong will ſing,
 “ Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King.”
 True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
 He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
 Be this thy ^a Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs; 95
 Compar'd to this, a Miniſter's an Aſs.

^r And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
 This new Court jargon, or the good old ſong?
 The modern language of corrupted Peers,
 Or what was ſpoke at ^s CRESSY and POITIERS? 100
^t Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, “ Be but great,
 “ With Praise or Infamy leave that to fate;
 “ Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible, with grace;
 “ If not, by any means get Wealth and Place.”
 For what? to have a ^u Box where Eunuchs ſing,
 And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King. 106
 Or ^w he, who bids thee face with ſteddy view
 Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs through:
 And, ^x while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too? }

If

NOTES.

Hawkins Brown laughed at him for this affectation, in the pleaſant Imitations of Engliſh Poets, on Tobacco.

“ Come let me taſte thee, unexcised by *kings*.” WARTON.

But Pope, when he ſpoke with ſuch diſreſpect of kings, had in his eye the Houſe of Brunſwick.

^y Quod si me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
 Non, ut ^z porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem ;
 Nec sequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipse vel odit :
 Olim quod ^a vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
 Respondit, referam : Quia me vestigia terrent
 Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.

^b *Bellua multorum est capitum.* nam quid sequar, aut
 quem ?

Pars hominum gestit ^c conducere *publica* : sunt qui

^d Crustis et *pomis* viduas venentur avaras,

Excipiantque fenes, quos in vivaria mittant :

Multis

NOTES.

VER. 116. *Because I see,*] Both Poets have told this Fable,
 which Plato also was fond of, with an elegant brevity, a quality
 for which Babrius was eminent, and in which our modern fabu-
 lists miserably fail. Why did Pope omit ægroto ? And why would
 he connect the passage that immediately follows in a forced and
 quaint manner, which Horace never thought of ? As if the word
bellua had any relation to the *lion* before mentioned ? WARTON.

VER. 130. *Dotards fawn ;*] The legacy-hunters, the hære-
 dipetæ, were a more common character among the ancients than
 with us. The ridicule, therefore, is now not so striking. Lucian
 has five pleasant dialogues on the subject, from page 343 to 363,
 in the Quarto Edition of Hemsterhusius. Horace himself ap-
 pears to have failed more in exposing this folly, than in any other
 of his Satires ; and principally so, by mixing ancient with modern
 manners, and making Tiresias instruct Ulysses in petty frauds, and
 artifices too subtle for the old prophet and hero to dictate and to
 practise. Sat: 5. lib. ii.

Ben Jonson's Fox is not much relished from our not being ac-
 quainted with such characters, which are finely ridiculed by
 Plautus, in the Soldier, 3d Act.

Illi apud me edunt, me curant, visunt quid agam ecquid velim ;
 Priusquam lucet, assunt ; rogitant, ut nocte somnum ceperim ;

Eos

If ' such a Doctrine, in St. James's air, 110
 Should chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare;
 If honest S*z take Scandal at a Spark,
 That less admires the ^z Palace than the Park:
 Faith I shall give the answer ^a Reynard gave:
 " I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave: 115
 " Because I see, by all the tracks about,
 " Full many a Beast goes in, but none come out."
 Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
 Send her to Court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least 120
 The ^b People are a many-headed Beast:
 Can they direct what measures to pursue,
 Who know themselves so little what to do?
 Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
 Just half the land would buy, and half be sold: 125
 Their ^c Country's Wealth our mightier Misers drain,
 Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
 The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
 Some keep Assemblies, and would keep the Stews;
 Some ^d with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn;
 Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
 While

NOTES.

Eos pro liberis habeo qui mihi mittunt munera;
 Sacrificant? dant inde partem mihi majorem, quam sibi;
 Abducunt ad exta; me ad se ad prandium, ad cœnam vocant.

WARTON.

VER. 128. *some farm the Poor-box,*] Alluding most probably
 to a Society, calling itself the "Charitable Corporation;" by
 which thousands were cheated and ruined.

* *Multis* occulto crescit res fœnore. ^f verum
 Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri :
 Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes ?

^g Nullus in orbe sinus *Baiis* præluget amœnis,
 Si dixit *dives* ; ^h lacus et mare *sentit* amorem
Festinantis heri : cui si ⁱ vitiosa *libido*
Fecerit auspiciū ; cras ferramenta *Teanum*
 Tolletis, fabri. ^k lectus genialis in aula est ?
 Nil ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe vita :
^l Si non est, jurat bene folis esse maritis.

^m Quo teneam vultus mutantem *Portea* nodo ?
 Quid ⁿ *pauper* ? ride : mutat ^o *cœnacula*, *lectos*

Balnea,

NOTES.

VER. 138. *Sir Job*] Superior to the Original; a pleasing little landscape is added to the Satire. But Greenwich-hill is not an exact parallel for *Baiæ*; where the Romans of the best taste and fashion built their villas. Pope's is the villa of a citizen. The absurd and awkward magnificence of some opulent citizens has, of late, been frequently exposed; but nowhere with more humour than in the *Connoisseur*, and in the characters of *Sterling* and *Mrs. Heidelberg* in the *Clandestine Marriage*. This ridicule of citizens was borrowed from the French. We have some citizens whose good taste is equal to their riches. WARTON.

VER. 143. *Now let some whimsy, &c*] This is very spirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the Original:

“ Cui si vitiosa Libido

“ *Fecerit* auspiciū ;”

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, no modern imitation can reach. WARBURTON.

VER. 147. *live in Town.*] Horace says, he will carry his buildings from so proper and pleasant a situation as *Baiæ* to *Teanum*; a situation unhealthy, disagreeable, and inland. Pope says,

While with the silent growth of ten per cent, 132
In dirt and darkness, ° hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each ^f pursues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone : 135
But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour.

Sir Job ^g sail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
“ No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich-hill!”

^h Up starts a Palace, lo, th' obedient base 140
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face. }

Now let some whimsy, or that ⁱ Dev'l within
Which guides all those who know not what they mean, }
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen ;

“ Away, away ! take all your scaffolds down, 146

“ For Snug's the word: My dear ! we'll live in Town.”

At am'rous Flavio is the ^k stocking thrown ?
That very night he longs to lie alone.

^l The Fool, whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr. 151

Did ever ^m Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich ? }
Well, but the ⁿ Poor—The Poor have the same itch ;

They change their ^o weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes, 156

Discharge

NOTES.

says, he will not build at all, he will again retire to town. He has, I think, destroyed the connection by this alteration. Mutability of temper is indeed equally exhibited in both instances, but Horace keeps closer to his subject. WARTON.

*Balnea, ^p tonsores ; conducto navigio æque
Naufeat, ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.*

^a Si curatus *inæquali* tonfore capillos
Occurro ; rides. si forte subucula pexæ
Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga *dissidet impar* ;
Rides. quid, ^r mea cum pugnat *sententia* secum ;
Quod petiit, spernit ; repetit quod nuper omisit ;
^s Æstuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto ;
^t Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis ?
^u Infanire putas solennia me, neque rides,
Nec ^w *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere
A *præto*re dati ; rerum ^x tutela mearum

Cum

NOTES.

VER. 163. *You laugh, if coat*] I am inclined to think that Horace laughs at himself, not at Virgil as hath been supposed, for the ungraceful appearance he sometimes made among the courtiers of Augustus, on account of the incongruity of his dress.

WARTON.

VER. 177. *Philosopher, and Friend ?*] Bentley was for reading, in the original, with Heinsius, *suspicientis*, instead of *respicientis* ; which reading Gesner opposes. Horace, in these concluding lines, laughs at the high-flown and unnatural doctrines of the Stoics. Pope has turned this piece of irony into a great compliment to Bolingbroke, whom he so much idolized ; little imagining what this friend would say of him soon after his decease.

WARTON.

VER. 177. *Is this my Guide, &c.*] Pope in another place calls Bolingbroke “ his Guide, Philosopher, and Friend.”

This is an high-flown panegyric. With all Bolingbroke’s pretensions to *wisdom*, no one had *self* more at heart ; so different was his character from that of the stoic painted by Horace. He would willingly have placed the Pretender on the throne, and he would as willingly have served George the First, if, by doing
either

Discharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
 (They know not whither) in a Chaise and one;
 They ^p hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
 Grow sick, and damn the climate—like a Lord. 160

^q You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I stand,
 My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
 You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
 White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
 But when 'no Prelate's Lawn with hair-shirt lin'd,
 Is half so incoherent as my Mind, 166

When (each opinion with the next at strife,
 One ^s ebb and flow of follies all my life)
 I ^t plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
 Turn round to square, and square again to round;

^u You never change one muscle of your face, 171
 You think this Madness but a common case,
 Nor ^w once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
 Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry!

Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175
 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me.

Is this my ^x Guide, Philosopher, and Friend?

This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?

Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)

That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own; 180

Great

NOTES.

either, he thought he could have obtained that rank and station, which he considered as due to his transcendental abilities. He seems in no instance to have acted from steady principles. He would have compromised, after George the First was called to the

Cum sis, et prave sectum stomacheris ob unguem,
De te *pendentis*, te *respicientis* amici.

Ad summam, *sapiens* uno ^y minor est *Jove*, dives,
^z Liber, ^a honoratus, ^b pulcher, ^c rex denique regum;
Præcipue fanus, ^d nisi cum pituita molesta est.

NOTES.

the throne, with any Party, so he could have gratified his *ambition*, and the lofty idea he entertained of himself. When he was in the service of the Pretender, he disdained the *employment* and the *employer*.

“Æstuat indignans angusto limite.”

He merely wanted a prouder scene of action, and the foremost rank among the actors.

VER. 188. *clouds this Demy. God.*] In this Imitation, Pope evidently dwells *con amore*, as usual, on his own virtues, opulence, &c.

It is singular, however, that he should have made such a boast of his “*native moderation*” All his friends were Tories, many of them professed Jacobites. Blount had some connection, it was thought, with the leaders of the Rebellion in 1715. Atterbury was convicted; Bolingbroke, “his guide and friend,” *had been in the service* of the Pretender; Shippen never denied his real politics, though the heat of Party dignified him with the name of “Patriot.” Sir William Wyndham, Murray, &c. were all of the same side. Pope shews evident caution whenever he introduces Sir Robert Walpole; he treats him with a sort of distant respect, but he was indebted to him for recommending his friend the Abbe Southcote to Cardinal Fleuri, and it might be more wise to attack *kings*, than their *prime minister*. He courted Craggs and Addison, before he *felt his own importance*.

Warton has paid a just tribute of applause to Lyttelton. Lyttelton consulted Pope about his Pastorals*. As it elucidates Pope's concern in his young Friend's Poems, the reader, perhaps, will excuse my inserting an original letter from Lyttelton to Dodington, on this subject.

“Dear

* Four Pastorals by Lord Lyttelton, published in Doddsley's collection.

Great without Title, without Fortune blefs'd ;
 Rich ' ev'n when plunder'd, ' honour'd while op-
 press'd ;
 Lov'd ' without youth, and follow'd without pow'r ;
 At home, tho' exil'd ; ' free, tho' in the Tow'r ;
 In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185
 Just ' less than Jove, and much above a King,
 Nay, half in heav'n—^d except (what's mighty odd)
 A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

NOTES,

- " Dear Sir, Hagley, November 24, 1731.
 " The approbation you express of my verses, and the praise
 " you bestow, cannot but be extremely pleasing to me, as they
 " are the effects of a friendship upon which I set so high a value.
 " When I sent my Pastorals to Mr. Pope, I desired him to *make*
 " *any corrections* he should judge proper, and accordingly he has
 " favoured me with *some alterations*, which I beg you will give
 " yourself the trouble of inserting in your copy. At the end of
 " the first page, after this line,
 " *When now the setting-sun less fiercely burn'd,*
 " be pleased to add the two following :
 " Blue vapours rose along the mazy rills,
 " And light's last blushes ting'd the distant hills."
 " In the second, read the following lines thus :
 " Auspicious Pan, the monarch of the plain,
 " Shall come a suitor for his fav'rite swain,
 " For him, their lov'd musician, ev'ry fawn,
 " For him each blooming sifter of the lawn."
 " In the third, instead of " And fills with frantic pains, &c."
 " And blackens each fair image in our breast "
 " Again, instead of " Pleas'd by not studying, &c."
 " He pleas'd, because he studied not to please."
 " Perhaps, too, the verses would run better, if, instead of " A
 " Town, with spiring towers is crown'd ;" you were to put,
 " with spiring turrets crown'd ;" but then the verb " is," must
 " be understood.

" I don't

“ I don’t know whether you won’t have reason to think I am
“ too solicitous about those trifles, by my giving you the trouble
“ to alter them ; but I would have them appear in as good a
“ dress as possible, for fear of their being a disgrace to the per-
“ sons I have addressed them to. My Father and Mother desire
“ their compliments. I am, with great respect and truth, your
“ most obliged humble servant, G. LYTTELTON.”

I have admitted this as a circumstance connected with literature, and with Pope.

After Pope’s death, the GREAT PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND, to whom this Epistle is addressed, became the most implacable ENEMY to his memory. Pope had printed privately 1500 copies of the “ Patriot King,” the MS. of which pamphlet Bolingbroke had intrusted to him, and these were found after his death. Bolingbroke felt that Pope had violated his honour, and he employed Mallet to abuse him, and stigmatize his memory. Mallet, it is said, had for the task the copy-right of Bolingbroke’s philosophic labours. So ended the History of this “ *Friendship and Philosophy !*”

THE SIXTH EPISTLE
OF THE
FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res est una, Numici,
Solaque quæ possit facere et servare beatum.

^b Hunc solem, et stellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, sunt qui ^c formidine nulla
Imbuti spectent. ^d quid censes, munera terræ?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas ^e ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra, quid, ^f plausus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo spectanda modo, ^g quo *sensu* credis et ore?

Qui

NOTES.

VER. 3. *dear MURRAY,*] This piece is the most finished of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the stretch, and produces the supreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addressed: and, indeed, no man ever more deserved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear had any share, (which gave birth to the attachments of many of his noble acquaintance,) so he supported his title to it by all the good offices of a generous and true Friendship.

WARBURTON.

VER. 4. *Creech.*] From whose Translation of Horace the two first lines are taken.

POPE.

VER. 4. *Words of Creech.*] Who, in truth, is a much better translator than he is usually supposed and allowed to be. He is a nervous and vigorous writer; and many parts, not only of his Lucretius, but of his Theocritus and Horace, (though now decried,) have not been excelled by other translators. One of his pieces may be pronounced excellent: his translation of the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal; equal to any Dryden has given us of that author.

WARTON.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY*.

“ NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
 “ To make men happy, and to keep them so.”
 (Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of
 speech,

So take it in the very Words of Creech.)

^b This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball, 5
 Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,
 There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes
 Look through, and trust the Ruler with his Skies,
 To him commit the Hour, the Day, the Year,
 And view ^c this dreadful All without a fear. 10

Admire we then what ^d Earth's low Entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ;
All the mad trade of ^e Fools and Slaves for Gold ?
Or ^f Popularity ? or Stars and Strings ?

The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings? 15
Say with what ² eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If

NOTES.

* Afterwards the celebrated Lord Mansfield. This was written 1737.

VER. 8. *trust the Ruler*] This last line is quaint and even obscure; the two first vigorously expressed. Horace thought of a striking and exalted passage in Lucretius, Book v. l. 1185.

WARTON.

^h Qui *timet* his adversa, fere miratur eodem
 Quo *cupiens* pacto : pavor est *utrobique* molestus :
 Improvisa simul species exterret *utrumque* :

ⁱ Gaudeat, an doleat ; cupiat, metuatne ; quid ad rem,
 Si, quidquid vidit melius pejusse sua spe,
 Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet ?

^k Infani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui ;
 Ultra quam fatis est, *virtutem* si petat ipsam.

^l Inunc, argentum et marmor ^m *vetus*, æraque et artes
 Suspice : cum gemmis ⁿ Tyrios mirare colores :
 Gaude, quod spectant oculi te ^o mille loquentem :
 Gnavus ^p mane forum, et vespertinus pete tectum ;
^q Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
 Mutus, et (indignum ; quod sit pejoribus ortus)
^r Hic tibi sit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
^s Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet ætas ;
 Defodiet,

NOTES.

VER. 44. *Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line ;*

It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine :]

One of the noblest houses in Europe.—The original is,

“ Quicquid sub terra est, in apricum proferet ætas ;

“ Defodiet, condetque nitentia.”

This wants neither force nor elegance ; yet is vastly inferior to the Imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great characters, in the second line, gives dignity and ease to the masterly conciseness of the first.

WARBURTON.

VER. 45. *It brighten'd CRAGGS's,]* His father had been in a low situation ; but, by industry and ability, got to be Post Master General and Agent to the Duke of Marlborough. WARTON.



Engraved by C. Knight from a Drawing by Gardner.

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ^R. SEN^R.
(*Post Master General*)

From a Picture by Zincke.

in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe.

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors May 1. 1807.

If weak the ^h pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing :
Whether we dread, or whether we desire, 20
In either case, believe me, we admire ;
Whether we ⁱ joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away ; 25
For ^k Virtue's self may too much zeal be had ;
The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad.

^l Go then, and if you can, admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate ;
Procure a TASTE to double the surprize, 30
And gaze on ^m Parian Charms with learned eyes :
Be struck with bright ⁿ Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles' splendid Livery.
If not so pleas'd, at ^o Council-board rejoice,
To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice ; 35
From ^p morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife ?
For ^q Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife ?
Shall ^r One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conspir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd, 41
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth ?
Yet ^s Time ennobles, or degrades each Line ;
It brighten'd CRAGGS's, and may darken thine : 45
And what is Fame ? the Meanest have their day,
The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away.

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. ' cum bene notum
 Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conspexerit Appi;
 Ire tamen restat, Numa " quo devenit et Ancus.

" Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
 Quære fugam morbi. * vis recte vivere? quis non?

Si

NOTES.

VER. 45. CRAGGS] In the Political State of Great Britain, published 1721, is the following curious account of the senior Craggs. " He was born in the Bishoprick of Durham, of people " of the meanest rank; but being a *hopeful youth*, his relations " were resolved to do something extraordinary for him; when " his apprenticeship was expired, he took a *short walk* of about " 200 miles up to London." &c.

VER. 48. *Grac'd as thou art, with all the Pow'r of Words,*] It is said that Pope was Murray's instructor in elocution.

VER. 49. *House of Lords:*] In 1738, Murray was successful as counsel in appeals before the House, for no less than eleven causes. Life of Lord Mansfield.

VER. 52. *Where MURRAY, &c.*] The concurring testimony of friends and enemies confirms the high panegyric here expressed on Lord Mansfield, yet the intended parallel fails in its most material part. The Roman Consul has left unequivocal proofs of the fertile and comprehensive genius attributed to him by his contemporaries; the British Chancellor will be known to posterity in the character of a wise and virtuous Historian. This cannot be said of the late Lord Chief Justice, eminent, learned, and possessed of the highest endowments, as he certainly was.

VER. 53. TULLY, HYDE!] Equal to either, in the ministry of his profession; and, where the parallel fails, as it does in the rest of the character, superior to both. TULLY's brightest talents were frequently tarnished by *Vanity* and *Fear*; and HYDE's most virtuous purposes perverted and defeated by superstitious notions concerning the divine origin of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People. WARBURTON.

VER. 53. *than HYDE!*] Much beyond the Original; particularly on account of the very happy and artful use Pope has made of the neighbourhood of the House of Parliament to Westminster

Grac'd as thou art, ' with all the Pow'r of Words,
 So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords :
 Conspicuous Scene ! another yet is nigh, 50
 (More silent far,) where Kings and Poets lie ;
 Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
 Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE !

^w Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
 Will any Mortal let himself alone ? 55
 See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
 And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.
 The case is easier in the Mind's disease ;
 There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please.
 Would ye be ^x blest ? despise low Joys, low Gains ;
 Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains ; 61 }
 Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains. }

But

NOTES.

minster Abbey ; and of the well-turned and unexpected compliment he has paid to his illustrious friend. The character of Lord Chancellor Clarendon seems to grow every day brighter, the more it is scrutinized, and his integrity and abilities are more ascertained and acknowledged, even from the publication of private papers, never intended to see the light. When Clarendon was going from Court, just after his profligate and ungrateful master had obliged him to resign the great seal, the Duchess of Cleveland meanly and wantonly insulted him from a window in the palace. He looked up at her, and only said, with a calm and contemptuous dignity, " Madam, if you live, you will grow old."

WARTON.

VER. 57. *And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover.*] Warburton says, " *There is a prettiness in this expression, which depends on its contrast to that slippery medicine, by which this Quack rendered himself famous, namely. Quicksilver !*"

VER. 60. *Would ye be blest ?*] This amiable young nobleman wrote from Paris, 1752, a very pressing remonstrance to Mr.

Si virtus hoc *una* potest dare, fortis omiffis
Hoc age *deliciis*.

^y virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? ^z cave ne portus occupet alter.
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.
^a Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia succedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.

Scilicet

NOTES.

Mallet, to dissuade him, but in vain, from publishing a very offensive digression on the Old Testament, in Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on History. "I must say to you, Sir, for the world's sake, and for his sake, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. If this digression be made public, it will be censured, it must be censured, it ought to be censured. It will be criticised too by able pens, whose erudition, as well as their reasonings, will not easily be answered." He concludes by saying, "I therefore recommend to you to suppress that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intrusted and obliged by Lord Bolingbroke, not to raise storms to his memory." WARTON.

VER. 61. *Whatever CORNBURY disdains;*] When Lord Cornbury returned from his travels, the late Earl of Essex, his brother-in-law, told him he had got a handsome pension for him. To which Lord Cornbury answered with a composed dignity—How could you tell, my Lord, that I was to be sold; or, at least, how came you to know my price so exactly? To this anecdote Pope alludes. RUFFHEAD.

VER. 63. *art thou one,*] Here we have a direct and decisive censure of a celebrated infidel writer; at this time, therefore, which was 1737, Pope was strongly and openly on the side of Religion, as he knew the great lawyer to be, to whom he was writing. Horace, it is said, alludes to the words of a dying Hercules in a Greek Tragedy; and Dion Cassius relates, in the twenty-seventh Book of his History, that these were the words which Brutus used just before he stabbed himself, after his defeat at Philippi. But it is observable, that this fact rests solely on the credit of this fawning and fulsome Court Historian; and the Plutarch, who treats largely of Brutus, is silent on the subject. If Brutus
had

^y But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,
 One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
 Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns, 65
 Thinks that but words, and this but brick and
 stones?

Fly ^z then, on all the Wings of wild Desire,
 Admire whate'er the maddest can admire:
 Is Wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
 Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, 70
 For Indian spices, for Peruvian Gold,
 Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
^a Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies;
 On the broad base of Fifty Thousand rise,
 Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) 75
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark th' advantage; just so many score
 Will gain a ^b Wife with half as many more,
 Procure

NOTES.

had adopted this passage, I cannot bring myself to believe, that Horace would so far have forgotten his old republican principles, as to have mentioned the words adopted by the dying patriot, with a mark of reproach and reprobation,

It must be added, to what is said above, of our Author's orthodoxy at this time, that he wrote a very respectful letter to Dr. Waterland, to thank him for his Vindication of the Athanasian Creed, dated October 16, 1737. Which letter was given by Dr. Waterland to Mr. Seed, and was in the possession of Mr. Seed's widow, 1767, who shewed it to Mr. Bowyer the eminent and learned Printer.

WARTON.

VER. 65. *Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns,*] The one he renounces in his *party-pamphlets*; the other, in his *Rights of the Christian Church*.

WARBURTON.

Tindal was of All-Souls College Oxford, and remarkable for his excentricities.

Scilicet ^b uxorem *cum dote, fidemque*, et ^c *amicos*,
 Et *genus*, et *formam*, regina ^d Pecunia donat ;
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venusque.
 Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris ^e *Cappadocum rex*,
 Ne fueris hic tu. ^f *chlamydes Lucullus*, ut aiunt,
 Si posset centum scenæ præbere rogatus,
 Quî possum tot? ait : tamen et quæram, et quot
 habebo

Mittam : post paulo scribit, sibi millia quinque
 Esse domi chlamydum : partem, vel tolleret omnes,
^g Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa *supersunt*,
 Et *dominum fallunt*, et *profunt furibus*. ^h ergo,
 Si res sola potest facere et fervare beatum,
 Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.

Si

NOTES.

VER. 77. *For, mark*] Not imitated with the vigour and energy of the Original. This 77th line is uncommonly weak and languid. Three Divinities, for such Horace has described them, Pecunia, Suadela, and Venus, conspire in giving their various accomplishments to this favourite of Fortune. WARTON.

VER. 85. *His Wealth*] By no means equal to the Original : there is so much pleasantry in alluding to the known story of the Prætor coming to borrow dresses (*paludamenta*) for a chorus in a public spectacle that he intended to exhibit, who asked him to lend him a hundred, says Plutarch ; but Lucullus bade him take two hundred. Horace humorously has made it five thousand. We know nothing of Timon, except it be the Nobleman introduced in the Epistle to Lord Burlington, Ver. 99. There is still another beauty in Horace ; he has suddenly, according to his manner, introduced Lucullus speaking ; “ *qui possum*,” &c. He is for ever introducing these little interlocutions, which give his Satires and Epistles an air so lively and dramatic. WARTON.

Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such ^c Friends—as cannot fail to last. 80
 A ^d Man of Wealth is dubb'd a Man of Worth,
 Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth.
 (Believe me, many a ^e German Prince is worse,
 Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse.)
 His Wealth brave ^f Timon gloriously confounds; 85
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
 Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,
 Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day,
^g Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed; 90
 A noble Superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your Fools and Knaves;
 Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
 And which it much becomes you to forget.
^h If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, 95
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

But

NOTES.

VER. 52. *Anstis Birth.*] Anstis, whom Pope often mentions, was Garter King of Arms.

VER. 87. *Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play,*] The common Reader, I am sensible, will be always more solicitous about the names of these *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumstance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's sense, or the illustration of his poetry; even where he is most moral and sublime. But had it been Mr. Pope's purpose to indulge so impertinent a curiosity, he had sought elsewhere for a commentator on his writings.

WARBURTON.

Notwithstanding this remark of Dr. Warburton, I have taken some pains, though indeed in vain, to ascertain who these Ladies

¹ Si fortunatum species et gratia præstat,
² Mercemur servum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
 Qui fodicet latus, et ¹ cogat trans pondera dextram
 Porrigere : ^m Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina* :
 Cui libet, is fasces dabit ; eripietque curule,
 Cui volet, *importunus* ebur : ⁿ Frater, Pater, adde :
 Ut cuique est ætas, ita quemque ^o *facetus* adopta.
 Si ^p bene qui cœnat, bene vivit ; lucet, eamus
 Quo ducit gula : piscemur, venemur, ut ^q olim
 Gargilius : qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,
 Differtum transire forum populumque jubebat,
 Unus ut e multis populo spectante referret.
 Emptum mulus aprum. ^r crudi, tumidique lavemur,
 Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti ; Cærite cera
 Digni ; ^s *remigium vitiosum* Ithacensis Ulyssæi ;
 Cui *potior* ^t *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas.

Si,

NOTES.

were, and what the play they patronized. It was once said to be Young's *Busiris*. WARTON.

VER. 104. *Who rules in Cornwall, &c.*] Pope here seems to allude to Viscount Falmouth, who brought into Parliament several members for the Cornish boroughs.

VER. 109. *laugh at your own jest.*] An admirable picture of septennial folly and meanness during an election canvass, in which the arts of English sollicitation are happily applied to Roman. Some strokes of this kind, though mixed with unequal trash, in the *Pasquin* of Fielding, may be mentioned as capital, and full of the truest humour. WARTON.

See in Anstey's Latin Epistle to Bampfild, a truly humorous description of this kind :

" Tum numerat quot habet senior POT-WOBLER amicos."

¹ But if to Pow'r and Place your passion lie,
 If in the Pomp of Life consist the joy;
 Then ^k hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
 To do the Honours, and to give the Word; 100
 Tell at your Levee, as the Crowds approach,
 To whom ^l to nod, whom take into your Coach,
 Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
 Who ^m rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
 " This may be troublesome, is near the Chair: 105
 " That makes three Members, this can choose a
 " May'r."

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him ⁿ Son, or Cousin at the least,
 Then turn about, and ^o laugh at your own jest.

Or if your life be one continu'd Treat, 110
 If ^p to live well means nothing but to eat;
 Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
 Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
 With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
 So ^r Ruffel did, but could not eat at night, 115
 Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
 And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor.

Or shall we ^r ev'ry Decency confound,
 Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round,
 Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo 120
^s K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts,
 Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts,
 Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame, 124
 Renounce our ^t Country, and degrade our Name?

If

1^u Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine amore jocifque
Nil eſt jucundum ; vivas in amore jocifque.

“ Vive, vale. ſi quid novifti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti : ſi non, his utere mecum.

NOTES.

VER. 126. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rocheſter.

WARBURTON.

VER. 128. And SWIFT cry wiſely, “ *Vive la Bagatelle !*”] Our Poet, ſpeaking in one place of the purpoſe of his Satire, ſays,

“ In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends ;”

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviſer ſay,

“ Laugh at your *Friends*, and if your *Friends* be fore,
So much the better you may laugh the more ;”

becauſe their impatience under reproof would ſhew, they had a great deal amiſs, which wanted to be ſet right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to ſee a Friend he ſo much valued, live in the miſerable abuſe of one of Nature’s beſt gifts, unadmoniſhed of his folly. *Swift*, as we may ſee by ſome poſthumous volumes, lately publiſhed, ſo diſhonourable and injurious to his memory, trifled away his old age in a diſſipation that women and boys might be aſham’d of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their wit only to ſhew their parts, to edge their ſpleen, to pander to a faction ; or, in ſhort, to any thing but that for which Nature beſtowed it, namely to recommend Virtue, and ſet off Truth ; old age, which abates the paſſions, will never rectify the abuſes they occaſioned. But the remains of wit, inſtead of ſeeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miſerable depravity of taſte here condemned : and in which Dr. *Swift* ſeems to have placed no inconfiderable part of his wiſdom. “ I chuſe,” ſays he, in a letter to Mr. Pope, “ my Companions amongſt thoſe of the leaſt conſequence, and moſt compliance : I read the moſt trifling books I can find : and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects.” And again, “ I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad Proſe or worſe Verſes, either of RAGE OR RAILLERY,” &c. And again in a Letter to Mr. Gay, “ My rule is, *Vive la Bagatelle !*”

WARBURTON.

In

If, after all, we must with " Wilmot own,
 The cordial Drop of Life is Love alone ;
 And SWIFT cry wisely, " Vive la Bagatelle !"
 The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
 " Adieu—if this Advice appear the worst, 130
 E'en take the Counfel which I gave you first :
 Or better Precepts if you can impart,
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart,

NOTES.

In this note, Dr. Warburton makes some severe strictures on the manner in which Swift employed his wit, in his latter days. And indeed, in many of his remarks, it appears that Warburton was not partial to the character of Swift ; whom he had attacked in one of his earliest productions, on portents and prodigies ; in which he says, page 32 : " The religious Author of the Tale of a Tub will tell you, religion is but a reservoir of fools and madmen ; and the virtuous Lemuel Gulliver will answer for the state, that it is a den of savages and cut-throats." Edition 12mo. 1727. " Misanthropy," says a true philosopher, " is so dangerous a thing, and goes so far in sapping the very foundation of morality and religion, that I esteem the last part of Swift's Gulliver (that I mean relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos) to be a worse book to peruse, than those which we forbid as the most flagitious and obscene. One absurdity in this author (a wretched philosopher, though a great wit) is well worth remarking ; in order to render the nature of men odious, and the nature of beasts amiable, he is compelled to give human characters to his beasts, and beastly characters to his men ; so that we are to admire the beasts, not for being beasts, but amiable men ; and to detest the men, not for being men, but detestable beasts.

" Whoever has been reading this unnatural filth, let him turn for a moment to a Spectator of Addison, and observe the philanthropy of that classical Writer ; I may add, the superior purity of his diction, and his wit."

HARRIS'S Philological Enquiries, page 538.

WARTON.

WITH the exception of a few unequal lines, this is the most pleasing and finished of all his Imitations. Murray, to whom it was addressed, and who afterwards became so much more eminent, having highly distinguished himself by his elegant classical attainments at Christ-church, Oxford, was admitted a student at Lincoln's Inn, April 1724,—his subsequent history is well known.

Lord Cornbury, to whom Pope pays so elegant a compliment, was in all respects a most amiable man. He resided for some time at Spa, on account of his health. In a letter from Pope to Mrs. Price, (which I have been favoured with, by her grandson, Uvedale Price,) he is thus mentioned :

“ Pray, Madam, tell my Lord Cornbury I am not worse than
“ he left me, though I have endured some uneasiness since, beside
“ what his indisposition, when I parted, gave me.

“ I earnestly wish his return, but not till he can bring himself
“ whole to us, who want honest and able men too much to part
“ with him, &c.”

Henry Viscount Cornbury was great grandson of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and only son of Henry Earl of Clarendon and Rochester.

Lord Cornbury acted with the greatest moderation and uprightness in political affairs ; though a Tory, and violent in opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, he yet opposed the unconstitutional motion of Sandys, for the removal of that minister, in a manly and sensible speech. See Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, ch. 55. This amiable nobleman died before his father in 1753, without issue, and the title afterwards became extinct.

THE FIRST EPISTLE
OF THE
SECOND BOOK OF HORACE;

With this Motto in the first Edition, in folio, 1737 :

“ Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere.” HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments passed in his Epistle to *Augustus*, seemed so reasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country. The Author thought them considerable enough to address them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Increase of an *Absolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those which contribute to the Happiness of a *Free People*, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our *Neighbours*.

This Epistle will shew the learned World to have fallen into two mistakes: one, that *Augustus* was a *Patron of Poets in general*; whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate: *Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolefieri, &c.* The other, that this Piece was only a *general Discourse of Poetry*; whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Augustus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cause of his Contemporaries, first against the Taste of the *Town*, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; secondly against the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre;
and

and lastly against the *Emperor* himself, who had conceived them of little Use to the Government. He shews (by a View of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more just and useful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taste* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the *State*; and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity.

We may further learn from this Epistle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own Character.

POPE.

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot ^a fustineas et tanta negotia solus,
 Rex Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
 Legibus emendes; in ^b publica commoda peccem,
 Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.
^c Romulus*, et Liber pater, et cum Castore Pollux,
 Post ingentia facta, ^d Deorum in templa recepti,
 Dum

NOTES.

* *Romulus*,] Dion Cassius informs us, book 53. that Augustus was particularly pleased to be called Romulus. WARTON.

VER. 1. *While you, great Patron*] All those nauseous and outrageous compliments, which Horace, in a strain of abject adulation, degraded himself by paying to Augustus, Pope has converted into bitter and pointed sarcasms, conveyed under the form of the most artful irony.

“Horace,” says Pope, in the advertisement to this piece, “made his court to this great prince, (or rather this cool and subtle tyrant,) by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a just contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character.” Surely he forgot the 15th and 16th lines:

Jurandasque tibi per numen ponimus aras,
 Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes, &c. WARTON.

VER. 2. *open all the Main*;] This has been thought a very obscure expression; but it should be remembered that irony is the leading feature of this Epistle. It was written in 1737, at the time when the Spanish depredations at sea were such, that there was an universal cry that the British flag had been insulted, and the contemptible and degraded English braved on their own element. At this period, says Mr. Coxe, “the House was daily inundated

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! ^a sustain
 The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
 Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
 At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
^b How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal ⁵
 An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?

^c Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more ^d sacred Name,

After

NOTES.

“ with petitions and papers relating to the inhumanities committed on the English prisoners taken on board of trading vessels.”
 “ Opening all the Main,” therefore, means that the King was so LIBERAL as to leave it OPEN TO THE SPANIARDS, who committed with impunity whatever outrages they pleased, on those who were before considered the almost exclusive masters of it.

The same explanation may be given of

“ Your Country, chief, in *arms abroad* defend.”

This line means quite the *contrary*. The people were wearied with so long a period of peace, and in 1738 the public mind was agitated almost to phrenzy, and the cry of instant war, retaliation, and revenge, resounded from one part of England to the other; it is therefore with the bitterest sarcasm that Pope exclaims,

“ Your Country, chief, IN ARMS ABROAD DEFEND!”

It was not till two years afterwards, October 19th, 1739, that war, so long insisted on, was declared, which declaration was received with the greatest demonstrations of enthusiasm and joy. How then could any one *at the time* be ignorant of the *real meaning* of Pope's expressions?

VER. 5. *from such a Monarch.*] This fine imitation was first published in 1737. The strong satire with which it abounds was

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
 Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt ;
 ° Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,
 Comperit ° invidiam supremo fine domari.

² Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes
 Infra se positas : extinctus amabitur idem.

³ Præfenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,
 ⁴ Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
 ⁵ *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.
 Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens et justus in uno,
 * *Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,
 Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque
 Æstimat ; et, nisi quæ terris semota suisque
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit et odit :

Sic

NOTES.

concealed with such delicate art and address, that many persons, and some of the highest rank in the court, as I have been well informed, read it as a panegyric on the king and ministry, and congratulated themselves that Pope had left the opposition, in which he had been engaged. But it may seem strange they should not see the drift and intention of such lines, as, the six first, the twenty ninth, the three hundred and fifty-fourth, the three hundred and fifty-sixth, the three hundred and seventy-sixth, the three hundred and ninety-fourth, and many other lines.

After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, 10
 Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd,
 Or Laws establish'd, and the World reform'd;
 ' Clos'd their long Glories, with a sigh, to find
 Th' unwilling Gratitude of base mankind!
 All human Virtue, to its latest breath, 15
 ' Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
 The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,
 Had still this Monster to subdue at last.
 ' Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away! 20
 Oppress'd we feel the beam directly beat,
 Those Suns of Glory please not till they set.
 To thee, the World its present homage pays,
 The Harvest early, ^h but mature the praise:
 Great Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name 25
 Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame*:
 Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,
 ' As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
 Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
 ' None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise. 30
 Just in one instance, be it yet confess
 Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest:
 Foes to all living worth except your own,
 And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old; 35
 It is the Rust we value, not the Gold.

¹ Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt, fœdera regum,
 Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
 Pontificum libros, annosa volumina Vatum,
^m Dictitet Albano Musas in monte locutas.

Si,

NOTES.

VER. 37. *Chaucer's worst ribaldry*] The laws of the Decemviri do not at all answer to Chaucer; nor the *annosa volumina vatum* to Spenser and Ben Jonson. Nor in verse below, 48, *tumbling through a hoop*, to *luctamur*. Dr. Hurd gives a forced meaning to *Achivis unctis*, and says it means, the *unwearied assiduity* of the Greek artists; the practice of *anointing* being essential to their agonistic trials, and that Horace puts the attending circumstances for the thing itself.

WARTON.

VER. 38. *And beastly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whose verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of ribaldry, obscenity, and scurrilous language.

POPE.

His Poems, says Dr. Farmer, are printed, 1736, with the Title of “Pithy, Pleasant, and Profitable Workes of Maister Skelton, Poete Laureate.” But, says Cibber, after several other Writers, “How, or by what interest he was made Laureat, or whether it was a title he assumed to himself, cannot be determined.” This is an error pretty generally received, and it may be worth our while to remove it.

A facetious Author says, *That a Poet Laureat, in the modern idea, is a gentleman who hath an annual stipend for reminding us of the new-year and the birth-day*: but formerly a Poet Laureat was a real University Graduate.

“Skelton wore lawrell wreath

“And past in schoels ye knoe,”

says Churchyarde in the Poem prefixed to his Works. And Master Caxton, in his Preface to the Booke of Eneydos, 1490, hath a passage, which well deserves to be quoted without abridgment: “I praye mayster John Skelton late created Poet Laureate in the Unyversite of Oxenforde, to oversee and correcte thys sayd booke, and taddresse and expowne whereas shall be founde faulte; to theym that shall requyre it; for hym I knowe

' Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote :
 One likes no language but the Fairy Queen ;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk of the Green ; 40
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
 " He swears the Muses met him at the Devil.

Tho'

NOTES.

" knowe for sufficyent to expowne and Englyshe every dyf-
 " ficulte that is therein, for he hath late translated the Epytles
 " of Tullye and the Book of Dyodorus Syculus, and diverse
 " other Workes, out of Latyn into Englyshe, not in rude and
 " old langage, but in polyshed and ornate terms, craftily, as he
 " that hath redde Vyrghyle, Ouyde, Tullye, and all the other
 " noble Poets and Oratours, to me unknown : and also he hath
 " redde the 1x Muses, and understands their musicall scyences,
 " and to whom of them eche scyence is appropred : I suppose he
 " hath dronken of Elycon's well!" Skelton was rector of Dis
 in Norfolk, and patronized by the Earl of Northumberland. He
 wrote against Wolsey. Erasmus styled him, very strangely, Bri-
 tannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus. A most curious and
 accurate account, accompanied with remarks on the poetry and
 taste of this country in the reign of Henry VII. is given in
 the 15th section of the History of English Poetry. WARTON.

VER. 40. *Christ's Kirk of the Green;*] A Ballad made by a
 King of Scotland. POPE.

It was printed at Oxford 1691, in quarto, by Gibson, who
 was then a young man, at the end of Polemo Middinia, a Ma-
 caronic Poem by W. Drummond of Hawthornden. WARTON.

VER. 40. *Christ's Kirk of the Green;*] The old popular song
 of Christ's Kirk on the Green, written by James the First of
 Scotland, was republished in a handsome manner by Allan Ram-
 say 1724, in two vols. called the Evergreen.

Mr. Ellis says, it is still popular in Scotland; the first stanza is,

" Was nevir in Scotland herd or sene
 " Such dancing and deray,
 " Nowthir at Falkland on the Greene,
 " Nor Pebills at the play,

" It

Si, quia ⁿ Graiorum sunt antiquissima quæque
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eadem
 Scriptores trutina; non est quod multa loquamur:
 Nil intra est oleam, nil extra est in nuce duri.
 Venimus ad summum fortunæ: *pingimus*, atque
 ° *Pfallimus*, et ^p *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis*.
 Si ^a meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
 Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
 Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
 Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter
 Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
 Est vetus atque probus, ^r centum qui perficit annos.
 Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno,
 Inter quos referendus erit? ^s veteresne poetas,
 An quos et præsens et postera respuat ætas?
 Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur ^t *honeste*,
 Qui vel mense brevi, vel toto est junior anno.

Utor permisso, caudæque pilos ut ^u equinæ
 Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;
 Dum

NOTES.

- “ It was of Wowers, as I ween;
 “ At Chryft’s Kirk on the day;
 “ Their came to Killies washing clean,
 “ In new Kirtills of Gray,
 “ Full gay,
 “ At Chryft-Church on the green,
 “ That day.”

VER. 42. *met him at the Devil.*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonson held his Poetical Club. POPE.

VER. 43. *Tho’ justly Greece*] The Poet does not admit that the *most ancient Greek* writings were the best; what he allows is, the Superiority of the oldest Greek writings *extant*; which is a very different thing. The turn of his argument confines us to this sense. HURD.

Tho' justly ⁿ Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not We be wiser than our fires?
 In ev'ry Public Virtue we excel ; 45
 We build, we paint, ^o we sing, we dance as well,
 And ^p learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling through a hoop.

If ^q Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
 Say at what age a Poet grows divine ? 50
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
 Who dy'd, perhaps, a hundred years ago ?
 End all dispute ; and fix the year precise
 When British Bards begin t'immortalize ?

“ Who lasts a ^r century can have no flaw, 55
 “ I hold that Wit a Classic, good in law.”

Suppose he wants a year, will you compound ?
 And shall we deem him ^s Ancient, right and sound,
 Or damn to all Eternity at once,
 At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce ? 60

“ We shall not quarrel for a year or two ;
 “ By ^t courtesy of England, he may do.”

Then, by the rule that made the ^u Horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,

And

NOTES.

VER. 55. *can have no flaw,*] A very reprehensible expression ;
 as also the words below, verse 58, *right and sound*. On the con-
 trary, *look in Stowe*, verse 66, is very happy. WARTON.

VER. 63. *the Horse-tail bare,*] Lambinus says this passage re-
 lates to a story mentioned in Plutarch of a foldier of Sertorius.
 WARTON.

Dum cadat elufus ratione ^w ruentis acervi,
 Qui redit in ^x *fastos*, et virtutem æstimat annis,
 Miraturque nihil, nifi quod ^y *Libitina* facravit.

^z Ennius et *sapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*,
 Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
 Quo ^a *promiffa* cadant, et *somnia Pythagorea*.
 Nævius ^b in manibus non eft; at ^c mentibus hæret
 Pene recens: ^d adeo fanctum eft vetus omne poema
 Ambigitur ^e quoties, uter utro fit prior; aufert
 Pacuvius docti famam fenis, Accius alti:

Dicitur

NOTES.

VER. 69. *Shakespear*,] Shakespear and Ben Jonfon may truly be faid not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one in many pieces compofed in hafte for the Stage; the other, in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* called his *Dotages*. POPE.

Dryden does, indeed, call them fo, but very undeservedly. The truth is, he was not enough acquainted with the manners of the preceding Age, to judge competently of them. Befides, nothing is more inconstant than his characters of his own Country Poets, nor lefs reasonable than moft of his critical notions; for he had many occasional ends to ferve, and few principles to go upon. This may be faid as to the character of his critical works in general, though written with great elegance and vivacity.

WARBURTON.

This censure of *Dryden*'s critical works is, *Warton* thinks, too fevere.

VER. 69. *and ev'ry Play-house bill*] A ridicule on thofe who talk of *Shakespear*, becaufe he is in *fashion*; who, if they dared to do juftice to *their tafte or confcience*, would own they liked *Durfey* better.

WARBURTON.

VER. 71. *For gain, not glory*,] I believe this perfectly true of *Shakespear*, but not of Ben Jonfon; who was not made, as was *Shakespear*, a poet by accident, but had fpent his life in a clofe
 ftudy

And melt ^w down Ancients like a heap of snow: 65
 While you, to measure merits, look in ^x Stowe,
 And estimating Authors by the year,
 Bestow a Garland only on a ^y Bier.

^z Shakespear, (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill
 Style the Divine, the Matchless, what you will,) 70
 For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
 And grew immortal in his own despight.

Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
^a The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
 Who now reads ^b Cowley? if he pleases yet, 75
 His Moral pleases, not his pointed Wit;
 Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
 But still ^c I love the Language of his Heart.

“ Yet surely, ^d surely, these were famous men!
 “ What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben? 80
 “ In all ^e debates where Critics bear a part,
 “ Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's Art,
 “ Of

NOTES.

study of the art. And as some of his plays, particularly the Silent Woman, were the first models of just comedy in our language, he could not, with propriety, be substituted for the ruder writers of Rome. The expression in verse 74, *the Life to come*, is somewhat licentious. WARTON.

VER. 72. *in his own despight.*] It was a good idea of Foote's, that Shakespear only meant to write *farces*; but the fine poetry, &c. he *threw in, gratis*.

VER. 77. *Forgot his Epic,*] Rhymers absurdly prefer the Davideis to the Jerusalem of Tasso. WARTON.

VER. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar. POPE.

Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro ;
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi,
 Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte :
 Hos ediscit, et hos arcto stipata theatro
 Spectat Roma potens ; ¹ habet hos numeratque poetas
 Ad nostrum tempus, Livî scriptoris ab ævo.
² Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat.

Si

NOTES.

VER. 83. *Cowley's Wit* ;] Why mention Cowley*, when only dramatic writers are spoken of, and characterized? In verse 85, he alludes to a line of Rochester on Shadwell and Wycherley. It is plain he was only copying the trite and trivial opinions of the pretenders to taste, by omitting Otway, and mentioning only Southern and Rowe, as masters of the pathetic; but whose *Isabella* and *Jane Shore* may in truth be almost put in competition with *Belvidera*. It is singular that Horace, in the Original, should mention Afranius only as the copier of Menander, and not Terence. Instead of Livî, meaning Livius Andronicus, in the succeeding lines, Bentley would read Lævi; because he says that Livius Andronicus was too obsolete to be read by the scholars of Orbilius. WARTON.

VER. 85. *Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was slow* ;] Nothing was less true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticism; in some things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his answer,

“ Interdum vulgus rectum videt : est ubi peccat.” POPE.

VER. 85. *How Shadwell hasty*,] These lines answer to lines 58, 59, in the Original. Dr. Hurd observes, that Menander and his follower Terence were not admired by the Roman writers, till after the Augustan age: The reason was, “ that popular eloquence which continued, in a good degree of vigour, to that time, participating more of the freedom of the *old* comic banter, and rejecting, as improper to its end, the refinements of the *new*,
 insensibly

* Cowley wrote four plays.

“ Of Shakespear’s Nature, and of Cowley’s Wit ;
 “ How Beaumont’s Judgment check’d what Fletcher
 “ writ ;

“ How Shadwell hasty, Wycherley was flow ; 85

“ But, for the Passions, Southern fure and Rowe.

“ These, ^f only these, support the crowded stage,

“ From eldest Heywood down to Cibber’s age.”

 All this may be ; ^g the People’s Voice is odd,
 It is, and it is not, the voice of God. 90

To

NOTES.

insensibly depraved the public taste ; which, by degrees only, and not till a studied and cautious declamation had, by the necessary influence of absolute power, succeeded to the liberty of their old oratory, was fully reconciled to the delicacy and strict decorum of Menander’s wit.”

WARTON.

VER. 89. *the People’s Voice is odd,*] “ The capricious levity of popular opinion hath been noted even to a proverb : and yet it is this, which, after all, fixes the fate of authors. This seemingly odd phænomenon I would thus account for : What is usually complimented with the high and reverend appellation of public judgment is, in any single instance, but the repetition or echo, for the most part eagerly caught and strongly reverberated on all sides, of a few leading voices, which have happened to gain the confidence, and so direct the cry of the public. But, (as, in fact, it too often falls out,) this prerogative of the few may be abused to the prejudice of the many. The partialities of friendship, the fashionableness of the writer, his compliance with the reigning taste, the lucky concurrence of time and opportunity, the cabal of a party, nay, the very freaks of whim and caprice ; these, or any of them, as occasion serves, can support the dullest, as the opposite disadvantages can depress the noblest performance ; and give a currency or neglect to either, far beyond what the genuine character of each demands. Hence the public voice, which is but the aggregate of these corrupt judgments, infinitely multiplied, is, with the wise, at such a juncture, deservedly of little esteem. Yet, in a succession

Si ^h veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
 Si quædam nimis ⁱ antique, si pleraque ^k dure

Dicere

NOTES.

succession of such judgments, delivered at different times and by different sets or juntos of these sovereign arbiters of the fate of authors, the public opinion naturally gets clear of these accidental corruptions. Every fresh succession shakes off some; till, by degrees, the work is seen in its proper form, unsupported of every other recommendation, than what its native inherent excellence bestows upon it. Then, and not till then, the voice of the people becomes sacred; after which it soon advances into divinity, before which all ages must fall down and worship. For now reason alone, without her corrupt assessors, takes the chair; and her sentence, when once promulgated and authorized by the general voice, fixes the unalterable doom of authors."

Ὅλως καλά νομίζει ὑψηλὴ καὶ ἀληθινὰ, τὰ διαπαντός ἀριστοῦντα καὶ
 πασιν.

LONGINUS, Sect. 7.

HURD.

VER. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries.

POPE.

It was written by J. Still, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.

If our author had been more acquainted with, and had not so much despised, our old Plays, he would have acquitted himself better in his edition of Shakespear. An edition * of this Comedy, written 1551, was given by Mr. R. Dodsley, in his valuable Collection of Old Plays; a publication which had the merit of exciting an attention to our ancient writers.

WARTON.

J. Still was born at Grantham in Lincolnshire 1542, and educated at Christ's College Cambridge.

ELLIS.

T. Warton and Ellis have both quoted his pleasant ballad, introduced in "*Gammer Gunter*," of "*Jolly good Ale, and old*."

"I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,

"And a crab laid in the fire;

"A little

* Warton says, a very *correct* edition; Stevens adds, "very *incorrect*."

To ^h Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
 And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
 Or say our Fathers never broke a rule;
 Why then, I say, the Public is a Fool.
 But let them own, that greater Faults than we 95
 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
 Spenser himself affects the ⁱ Obsolete,
 And Sidney's verse halts ill on ^k Roman feet:

Milton's

NOTES.

- " A little bread shall do me stead,
 " Much bread I not desire:
 " No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
 " Can hurt me if I wold,
 " I am so wrapt and thoroughly capt,
 " Of Jolly good Ale, and old."

Sir John Harrington thus speaks of him: " But what *STILE*
 " shall I use to set forth this *STILL*, whom well nigh thirty yeeres
 " since, my reverend Tutor in Cambridge *stil'd* by this name,
 " *Divine Still*, &c. who was often content to grace my young
 " exercises with his venerable presence, who, from that time to
 " this, hath given me some helps, more hopes, and some en-
 " couragements, in my best studies? To whom I never came but
 " I grew more religious, from whom I never went but I parted
 " better instructed." (State of the Church.)

VER. 92. *Careless Husband praise*,] This line is quoted as an
 instance of our Author's candour towards Cibber. This play
 was at first denied to be Cibber's, and was given to the Duke of
 Argyle, and other noblemen. It met with the greatest success,
 and was soon ascribed to its right author. Mrs. Oldfield's abilities
 were first known and admired by her acting Lady Betty Modish.
 The reconciliation scene between Sir Charles and Lady Easy
 was applauded. It is singular, that Cibber should be the first writer
 that, after the Restoration, produced a play, his *Love's Last*
Shift, in which any purity of manners, any decency of language,
 and any respect to the honour of the marriage-bed, were pre-
 served. (See Davis's Miscell. p. 400. v. 3.) WARTON.

VER. 97. *affects the Obsolete*,] One, who is allowed to have
 studied Spenser attentively, has remarked, " that the censure
 of

Dicere cedit eos, ¹ *ignava* multa fatetur;
 Et sapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo
^m Non equidem infector, *delendaque carmina* Livi
 Esse reor, memini quæ ⁿ *plagiosum* ^o *mibi parvo*
Orbilium dictare;

fed emendata videri

Pulchraque, et exactis minimum distantia, miror:

Inter

NOTES.

of Johnson upon his style, is perhaps unreasonable; Spenser in affecting the ancients writ no language." The ground-work and substance of his style is the language of his age. This indeed is seasoned with various expressions, adopted from the elder poets; but in such a manner, that the language of his age was rather strengthened and dignified, than debased and disguised, by such a practice. In truth, the affectation of Spenser in this point is by no means so striking and visible as B. Jonson has insinuated; nor is his phraseology so difficult and obsolete as it is generally supposed to be. For many stanzas together, we may frequently read him with as much facility as we can the same number of lines in Shakespear. Observations on the Fairy Queen, vol. i. p. 133. by Thomas Warton, A. M. WARTON.

VER. 98. *And Sidney's verse*] For a Specimen, Dr. Warton quotes the following stanza of one of his Sapphics: Arcadia, book i p. 142.

" If the spheres senseless do yet hold a music,
 " If the swan's sweet voice be not heard, but at death,
 " If the mute timber when it hath the life lost
 " Yieldeth a lute's tune."

VER. 100. *Now Serpent-like,*] Nobody can deny there are inequalities in this poem; and this observation of our Author is adopted from Dryden, who says, that Milton runs into a flat thought sometimes for a hundred lines together; "but 'tis when he is got into a tract of scripture:" but such passages bear no proportion to the GENERAL SUBLIME of the poem. WARTON.

VER. 104. *Bentley*] This excellent Critic, who had the fortune to be extravagantly despised and ridiculed by two of the greatest

Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
 Now Serpent-like, in ' prose he sweeps the ground,
 In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join, 101
 And God the Father turns a School-divine.

ⁿ Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
 Like ⁿ flashing Bentley with his desp'rate hook,
 Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected Fool 105
 At court, who hates whate'er he ° read at school.

But

NOTES.

greatest Wits [P. S.], and as extravagantly feared and flattered by two of the greatest Scholars of his time [C. H.], will deserve to have that justice done him now, which he never met with while alive.

He was a great Master both of the languages and the learning of polite Antiquity; whose Writings he studied with no other design than to correct the errors of the text. For this he had a strong natural understanding, a great share of penetration, and a sagacity and acumen very uncommon. All which qualities he had greatly improved by long exercise and application. Yet, at the same time, he had so little of that elegance of judgment, we call *Taste*, that he knew nothing of *Style*, as it accommodates itself, and is appropriated to, the various kinds of composition. And his reasoning faculty being infinitely better than that of his imagination, the *Style of Poetry* was what he least understood. So that, that clearness of conception, which so much assisted his critical sagacity, in discovering and reforming errors in books of science, where a philosophical precision and grammatical exactness of language is employed, served but to betray him into absurd and extravagant conjectures, whenever he attempted to reform the text of a Poet; whose diction he was always for reducing to the prosaic rules of logical severity; and whenever he found what a great master of speech calls *verbum ardens*, he was sure not to leave it till he had thoroughly quenched it in his critical standish. But to make Philology amends, he was a perfect Master of all the mysteries of the ancient *Rythmus*.

The most important of his Works, as a scholar, is his *Critique on the Epistles of Phalaris*; and the least considerable, his *Remarks*
 on

Inter quæ ^p *verbum emicuit* si forte *decorum*,
 Si ^q *versus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter ;
 Injuste *totum* ducit venitque poema.

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse
 Compositum, illepideve putetur, sed quia nuper ;
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem et præmia posci.

Recte

NOTES.

on the Discourse concerning Free-thinking. Yet the first, with all its superiority of learning, argument, and truth, was borne down by the vivacity and clamour of a Party, which (as usual) carried the public along with them: while the other, employed only in the easy and trifling task of exposing a very dull and very ignorant Rhapsodist, was as extravagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune (as our Poet expresses it) to pass for

“ A Wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with Wits : ”

whereas in truth he was neither one nor the other. The injustice that had been done him in the first case, made him always speak, amongst his friends, of the blind partiality of the public, in the latter, with the contempt it deserved. For however he might sometimes mistake his own force, he was never the dupe of the public judgment: of which, a learned Prelate, now living, gave me this instance: He accidentally met Bentley in the days of Phalaris; and after having complimented him on that noble Piece of Criticism, (the *Answer* to the Oxford writers,) he bad him not be discouraged at this run upon him: for though they had got the laughers on their side, yet mere wit and raillery could not hold it out long against a work of so much learning. To which the other replied, “ Indeed, Dr. S. I am in no pain about the matter. For it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever written out of reputation, but by himself.”

WARBURTON.

VER. 109. *Sprat,*] Rightly put at the head of the small Wits. He is now known to most advantage as the Friend of Mr. Cowley. His Learning was comprised in the well rounding of a period: For, as Seneca said of Triarius, “ *Compositione verborum*

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
 The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with ease;
 Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
 (Like twinkling stars the Miscellanies o'er,) 110
 One Simile, that ^p solitary shines
 In the dry desert of a thousand lines,
 Or ^q lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many
 a page,
 Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
 ' I lose my patience, and I own it too, 115
 When works are censur'd, not as bad but new;
 While if our Elders break all reason's laws,
 These fools demand not pardon, but Applause.

On

NOTES.

belle cadentium multos *Scholasticos* delectabat, omnes decipiebat." As to the turn of his piety and genius, it is best seen by his last Will and Testament, where he gives God thanks that he, who had been bred neither at Eaton nor Westminster, but at a little country school by the Churchyard side, should at last come to be a Bishop — But the honour of being a Westminster School boy some have at one age, and some at another; and some all their life long. Our grateful Bishop, though he had it not in his youth, yet it came upon him in his old age. WARBURTON.

VER. 110. *Like twinkling stars*] Among the trash that fills those six volumes, called Dryden's Miscellanies, are several copies of verses so dull and despicable, that they would hardly gain admittance in a modern monthly magazine:

“ Unfinished things one knows not what to call.”

Doddsley's six volumes are on the whole superior. Milton, in his Second Defence, has very severely proscribed the common writers of miscellaneous poems: “ Poetas equidem verè dictos, et diligo et colo, et audiendo sæpe delector; istos vero versiculorum nugivendos quis non oderit? quo genere nihil stultius, aut vanius,

* Recte necne *crocum floresque* perambulet *Attæ*
Fabula, si dubitem ; clament periisse pudorem
 Cuncti pene *patres* : ea eum reprehendere coner,
 Quæ ' *gravis Æsopus*, quæ doctus *Roscius* egit.

Vel

NOTES.

aut corruptius, aut mendacius. Laudant, vituperant, sine de-
 lectû, sine discrimine, judicio, aut modo, nunc principes, nunc
 plebeios, doctos juxta atque indoctos, probos an improbos perinde
 habent ; prout Cantharus, aut spes nummuli, aut fatuus ille furor
 inflat, ac rapit." A sensible French writer makes the very same
 complaint that our author has done in verse 116. Some shining
 passages, and a few striking lines, were sufficient to recommend a
 whole piece. The weakness and meanness of many other lines
 were excused, on being considered only as made merely for con-
 necting the former, and therefore they were called, as we learn
 from Marolles's Memoirs, des Vers de Passages. Du Bos, Sect 7.
 The reading such works, says Bayle, is like the journey of a
 caravan over the deserts of Arabia, which often goes twenty or
 thirty leagues together without finding a single fruit-tree or foun-
 tain. This thought has a close resemblance to the 111th line of
 our Poet.

WARTON.

VER. 122. *Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,*
Or well-mouth'd Booth—]

The epithet *gravis*, when applied to a Tragedian, signifies dignity
 of gesture and action ; and in this sense the imitator uses the word
grave : nothing being more destructive of his character than *rant-*
ing, the common vice of Stage-Heroes, from which this admirable
 Actor was entirely free. The epithet *well-mouth'd*, a term of the
chase, here applied to his successor, was not given without a par-
 ticular design, and to insinuate, that there was as wide a difference
 between their performances, as there is between scientific music
 and the harmony of brute sounds, between elocution and vocifera-
 tion. This compliment was paid to BETTERTON, as the earliest
 of our Author's friends ; whom he no less esteemed (as *Cicero* did
Roscius) for the integrity of his life and manners, than for the
 excellence

' On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
 If I but ask, if any weed can grow? 120
 One Tragic sentence if I dare deride
 Which ' Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Or

NOTES.

excellence of his dramatic performance. Our Author lived to see with pleasure, though after a considerable interruption, these qualities again revive and unite in the person of a *third* accomplished Actor*: the present ornament of the English Theatre.

WARBURTON.

VER. 122. *Which Betterton's grave*] There are few characters drawn with such precision, life, nature, and truth, as what Cibber has given us of Betterton, in the fourth chapter of his life. It required no small mastery of language, and knowledge of the difficult art of acting, to be able to convey to the reader an exact and complete idea of the manner in which Betterton so admirably personated the characters of Othello, Hamlet, Hotspur, Brutus, and Macbeth. It were to be wished the same justice could be done to Mr. Garrick, who perhaps would not suffer much by a comparison with Betterton. It is at least to be lamented that Dr. Johnson should speak so contemptuously, as he has done more than once, of the profession and abilities of his friend and pupil. Booth was educated at Westminster school, under the celebrated Dr. Busby, who had himself a great love of theatrical representations; and whose early praises of Booth for performing the Pamphilus of Terence, determined him to try his fortune on the stage. His first appearance was in the part of Oroonoko, on the Irish theatre; and in London, that of Maximus in Valentinian. He was reckoned second to Betterton after he had performed Artaban in Rowe's Ambitious Step Mother, and Pyrrhus in the Distrest Mother. But Othello was thought his masterpiece. He was a man of considerable literature, strict integrity, and amiable manners. His figure was clumsy, he stooped, had a large head, and very short arms. Roscius squinted. The lines 122 and 123, on Betterton and Booth, contain too feeble an encomium on the merits of these two excellent actors.

WARTON.

* Mr. Garrick.

Vel quia nil ^u rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt,
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri.

Jam ^w *Saliare Numæ carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,
Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

^x Quod si tam Græcis *novitas* invisa fuisset,
Quam nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?

^y Ut primum positis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, et in *vitium fortuna labier æqua*;
Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit ^z *equorum*.

Marmoris

NOTES.

VER. 124. *a muster-roll of Names,*] An absurd custom of several Actors, to pronounce with emphasis the mere *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player. POPE.

VER. 129, 130.] Inferior to the Original: as Ver. 133-4. excel it. WARBURTON.

VER. 140. *with Charles restor'd* ;] He says properly, *restor'd*, because the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that which had been practised in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather. WARBURTON.

Warton justly remarks, that it was more than a revival.

VER. 142.] A Verse of the Lord Lansdown. POPE.

VER. 143. *in Horsemanship t'excel,—And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The Duke of Newcastle's book of Horsemanship: the Romance of *Parthenissa* by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by *Persons of Quality*. POPE.

How deep this infection then reached, may be seen (but not without surprise) from the famous George Lord Digby's translating the three first books of *Cassandra*. Neither Philosophy,
Public

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,
 ('Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names,)
 How will our Fathers rise up in a rage, 125
 And swear all shame is lost in George's Age!
 You'd think " no Fools disgrac'd the former reign,
 Did not some grave Examples yet remain,
 Who scorn a Lad should teach his father skill,
 And, having once been wrong, will be so still. 130
 He, who to seem more deep than you or I,
 Extols old Bards, ^w or Merlin's Prophecy,
 Mistake him not; he envies, not admires,
 And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires.
 * Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow 135
 What then was new, what had been ancient now?
 Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
 By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
 ' In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword
 Was sheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* restor'd; 140
 In ev'ry taste of foreign Courts improv'd,
 " All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
 Then Peers grew proud in ^z Horsemanship t'excel,
 New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell;

The

NOTES.

Public Business, nor the Bigotry of Religion, could keep him
 (when the folly was become fashionable) from an amusement fit
 only for boys and girls. WARBURTON.

Astræa, by Honoré d'Urfè, was the best of these High Ro-
 mances, the first volume of which was published 1610, and dedi-
 cated to Henry the Fourth. Boileau has written a Dialogue in
 the manner of Lucian, full of wit and pleasantry, to expose the
 High Romance of Gomberville, Calprenade, and De Scuderi,
 tom. iii. p. 1. WARTON.

^a Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit ;
 Suspendis ^b picta vultum mentemque tabella ;

Nunc

NOTES.

VER. 146. *And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The rise and progress of the several branches of literary science is one of the most curious parts of the history of the human mind ; and yet it is that which, amongst us, is least attended to. This of *fictional history*, or the *Fable*, is not below our notice.—The close connection which every individual has with all that relates to MAN in general, strongly inclines us to turn our attention on human affairs, in preference to most other pursuits, and eagerly to wait the course and issue of them. But as the progress of human actions is too slow to gratify our curiosity, observant men very early contrived to satisfy our impatience, by the invention of *history*. Which, by recording the principal circumstances of past Facts, and laying them close together in a continued narration, kept the mind from languishing, and gave constant exercise to its reflections.

But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our satisfactions, the Procurers to our pleasures run into excess ; so it happened here. Strict matters of fact, however delicately dressed up, soon grew too insipid, to a taste stimulated by the luxury of art : Men wanted something of more poignancy, to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the politer ages, those feigned histories relating the quick turns of capricious Fortune ; and, in the more barbarous, the ROMANCES, abounding with the false provocative of enchantment and prodigies.

But satiety, in things unnatural, brings on disgust. And the reader at length began to see, that too eager a pursuit after *adventures* had drawn him from, what first engaged his attention, MAN and *his ways*, into the fairy walks of Phantoms and Chimeras. And now, those who had run furthest after these delusions, were the first to stop short and recover themselves. For the next species of fiction, which took its name from its NOVELTY, was of Spanish invention. These presented us with something of *humanity* ; but in a forced unnatural state. For as every thing before had been conducted by *Necromancy*, so all, now, was managed

The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France, 145
 And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
 Then ^a Marble, soften'd into life, grew warm,
 And yielding Metal flow'd to human form :
 Lely on ^b animated Canvas stole
 The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul. 150
 No

NOTES.

managed by *intrigue*. And though this *humanity* had indeed a kind of *life*, it had, yet, as in its infancy, nothing of *manners*. On which account, those who could not penetrate into the ill constitution of its plan, grew, however, disgusted at the dryness of the *Conduct*, and want of ease in the *Catastrophe*.

The avoiding of these defects gave rise to the HEROICAL ROMANCES of the French, here ridiculed by our Poet; in which, some celebrated story of antiquity was so disguised by modern fable and invention, as was just sufficient to shew that the contrivers of them neither knew how to lie nor speak truth. In these voluminous extravagancies, *Love* and *Honour* supplied the place of *Life* and *Manners*. But the over-refinement of *Platonic* sentiments always sinks into the dregs of the *gentle passion*. Thus, in attempting a more natural representation of it, in the little AMATORY NOVELS which succeeded those heavier volumes, though the Writers avoided the dryness of the *Spanish intrigue*, and the extravagance of the *French Heroism*, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their subject, they introduced a worse evil than a corruption of *Taste*.

At length this great people (to whom, it must be owned, every branch of Science has been infinitely obliged) hit upon the true secret by which alone a deviation from fact and reality, in the commerce of *Man*, could be really amusing to an improved mind, or useful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaste copy of LIFE AND MANNERS.

In this species of Writing, Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. FIELDING in England, stand the foremost. And by enriching it with the best part of the *Comic* art, may be said to have brought it to its perfection. But the rage of appetite for these

amusements,

Nunc ^c tibicinibus, nunc est gavisa tragœdis :

^d Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,

Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.

Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas ?

Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.

^e Romæ dulce diu fuit et solemne, reclusa

Mane

NOTES.

amusements, which succeeded, and the monstrous things that now serve for our entertainment, will put us in mind of a story, which Plutarch tells of Cæsar : who observing certain Barbarians at Rome, caressing young puppy dogs and apes, asked if the women bred no children amongst those strangers, that they were so fond of these grotesque resemblances.—Yet, amidst all this nonsense, when things were at the worst, we have been lately entertained with what I will venture to call, a Master piece, in the *Fable* ; and of a new species likewise. The piece I mean, is, THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO. The scene is laid in *Gothic Chivalry*. Where a beautiful imagination, supported by strength of judgment, has enabled the Author to go beyond his subject, and effect the full purpose of the *ancient Tragedy* ; that is, *to purge the passions by pity and terror*, in colouring as great and harmonious as in any of the best Dramatic Writers. WARBURTON.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas*] If Wycherley in his Comedies had nature, say Mr. Walpole, it is nature stark naked. “ The painters of that time veiled it but little more ; Sir Peter Lely scarce saves appearances but by a bit of fringe or embroidery. His nymphs, generally reposed on the turf, are too wanton and too magnificent, to be taken for any thing but maids of honour. Yet fantastic as his compositions seem, they were pretty much in the dress of the times, as is evident by a Puritan tract in the year 1678, intitled, *Just and Reasonable Reprehensions of Naked Breasts and Shoulders*.”

When Oliver Cromwell sat to Sir Peter Lely, he said to him while sitting, “ Mr. Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all ; but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and every thing as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it.”

WARTON.

No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
 The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court :
 On ^c each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.

But ^d Britain, changeful as a Child at play, 155
 Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
 Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate ;
 Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State ;
 Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws ;
 Effects unhappy ! from a Noble Cause. 160

^e Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
 His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,

Instruct

NOTES.

VER. 150. *The sleepy eye,*] This charming line bears a wonderful resemblance to one in an exquisite Greek Epigram of Antipater, which it is not probable Pope could have seen :

^{Ἡτακέραις λευσσῶσα κοραῖς μαλακώτερον ὕπνω.}

Liquiscentibus tuens oculis mollius somno. WARTON.

VER. 151. *all was Love and Sport,*] The Memoirs of Grammont, without Burnet's History, would be alone a sufficient monument of the unexampled and coarse corruption and debauchery of the Court of Charles the Second, who diffused a taste, not only for French manners, but for French government, into this Country, full of low admiration of that vain, unfeeling, ambitious, profuse Despot, Louis XIV. WARTON.

The Memoirs of Grammont were written by Hamilton, who translated Pope's Essay on Criticism.

VER. 152. *debauch'd at Court :*] In a letter to Lord Clarendon, January 27, 1658 ; the Duke of Ormond says of Charles II. " I fear his immoderate delight in empty, effeminate, and vulgar conversations, is become an irresistible part of his nature, and will never suffer him to animate his own designs, and other actions, with that spirit which is requisite for his quality, and much more for his fortune." WARTON.

Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura ;
 Scriptos ^g nominibus rectis expendere nummos ;
^f *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quæ
 Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
 Mutavit mentem populus levis, ^h et calet uno
Scribendi studio : puerique patresque severi
 Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
 Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
 Invenior ⁱ *Parthis mendacior* ; et prius orto
 Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.
^k Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet : abrotonum ægro
 Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare : quod *medicorum* est,
 Promittunt ^l *medici* : tractant fabrilia fabri :

Scribimus

NOTES.

VER. 153. *on each enervate string, &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England.

POPE.

VER. 155. *But Britain,*] Or Author has widely and improperly departed from the context and meaning of his Original. Horace speaks only of a change of taste in works of Art and Literature. Pope has altered it to Politics and Disputes on Government.

WARTON.

VER. 172. *Our Wives read Milton,*] Our age deserves rather to be congratulated than satirized, for the general diffusion of knowledge and literature that has taken place, particularly among the fair sex ; among whom may be found, not only many intelligent readers, but also able judges of poetry. See Mrs. Montagu's Essay on Shakespear.

WARTON.

VER. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprizing Effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time.

POPE.

VER. 186. *Should Ripley venture,*] Politics and Partiality, says Lord Orford, in his Anecdotes on Painting, concurred to help on this censure. Ripley was employed by the minister, and had not the countenance of Lord Burlington, the patron of Pope. It is

Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
 And send his Wife to church, his Son to school.
 To ^f worship like his Fathers, was his care; 165
 To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
 To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
 And place, on good ^s Security, his Gold.
 Now times are chang'd, and one ^h Poetic Itch
 Has seiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich: 170
 Sons, Sires, and Grandfires, all will wear the Bays,
 Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
 To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,
 And all our Grace at table is a Song.
 I, who so oft renounce the Muses, ⁱ lie, 175
 Not —'s self e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
 When sick of Muse, or follies we deplore,
 And promise our best Friends to rhyme no more;
 We wake next morning in a raging fit,
 And call for pen and ink to show our Wit. 180
^k He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop;
 Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
 Ev'n ^l Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France,
 Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
 Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? 185
 (Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile;)
 But

NOTES.

no less true, that the Admiralty is a most ugly edifice, and deservedly veiled by Mr. Adams's handsome screen. Yet Ripley in the mechanic part, and in the disposition of apartments and conveniences, was unluckily superior to the Earl himself. Lord Orford's

^m Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.
ⁿ Hic error tamen et levis hæc infania, quantas
 Virtutes habeat, sic collige: vatis ^o *avarus*
 Non temere est animus: ^p versus amat, hoc studet
 unum;

Detrimenta,

NOTES.

Orford's at Houghton, and Lord Walpole's at Woollerton, one of the best houses of the size in England, will, as long as they remain, acquit this artist of the charge of ignorance. WARTON.

VER. 191. *the Folly benefits mankind*;] For the honour and defence of our favourite art, we must here add Dr. Hurd's note on this passage:

"This apology for poets, and, in them, for poetry itself, though delivered with much apparent negligence and unconcern, yet, if considered, will be found to comprize in it every thing, that any, or all, of its most zealous advocates have ever pretended in its behalf.

"For it comprehends: I. [From Ver. 118 to 124.] The personal good qualities of the Poet. Nothing is more insisted on by those, who take upon themselves the patronage and recommendation of any art, than that it tends to raise in the professor of it all those virtues which contribute most to his own proper enjoyment, and render him most agreeable to others. Now this it seems may be urged on the side of poetry, with a peculiar force. For not only the study of this art hath a direct tendency to produce a neglect or disregard of worldly honours and emoluments (from the too eager appetite of which almost all the calamities, as well as the more unfriendly vices, of men arise), but he, whom the benign aspect of the muse hath glanced upon and destined for her peculiar service, is, by constitution, which is ever the best security, fortified against the attacks of them. Thus his raptures in the enjoyment of his muse, make him overlook the common accidents of life: (ver. 121.) he is generous, open, and undesigning by nature: (ver. 122.) to which we must not forget to add, that he is temperate, that is to say, poor by profession.

Vivit filiquis et pane secundo.

"II. (From ver. 124 to 139,) The Utility of the Poet to the State: and this both on a Civil and Moral Account. For, 1.

But ^m those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, Sir, ⁿ reflect, the mischief is not great ;
These Madmen never hurt the Church or State : 190
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind ;
And rarely ^o Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his ^p plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men :

Flight

NOTES.

the poets, whom we read in our younger years, and from whom we learn the power of words, and hidden harmony of numbers, that is as a profound Scotchman teaches, the first and most essential principles of eloquence, enable, by degrees, and instruct their pupil to appear with advantage in that extensively useful capacity of a public speaker.

“ And, indeed, graver writers than our poet have sent the orator to this school. But the pretensions of poetry go on much farther. It delights (from ver. 130 to 132.) to immortalize the triumphs of virtue ; to record or feign illustrious examples of heroic worth, for the service of the rising age : and, which is the last and best fruit of philosophy itself, it can relieve even the languor of ill-health, and sustain poverty herself under the scorn and insult of contumelious opulence.

“ 2. In a moral view its services are not less considerable ; (for it may be observed the poet was so far of a mind with the philosopher, to give no quarter to immoral poets ;) and to this end it serves, 1. (ver. 127) in turning the ear of youth from that early corruptor of its innocence, the seducement of a loose and impure communication.

“ 2. Next (ver. 128.) in forming our riper age, (which it does with all the address and tenderness of friendship, *Amicis præceptis*,) by the sanctity and wisdom of its precepts. And, 3. which is the proper office of tragedy, in correcting the excesses of the natural passions (ver. 122.).

“ The reader who doth not turn himself to the Original, will be apt to mistake this detail of the virtues of poetry, for an account

Detrimēta, ^a *fugas fervorum, incendia ridet ;*
 Non ' *fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam*

Pupillo ;

NOTES.

count of the policy and legislation of ancient and modern times ; whose proudest boast, when the philanthropy of their enthusiastic projectors ran at the highest, was but to prevent the impressions of vice, to form the mind to habits of virtue, and to curb and regulate the passions.

“ III. His Services to Religion. This might well enough be said, whether by religion we understand an internal reverence of the Gods, which poetry first and principally intended, or their popular adorations and worship, which by its fictions, as of necessity conforming to the received fancies of superstition, it must greatly tend to promote and establish ; but the Poet, artfully seizing a circumstance, which supposes and concludes in it both these respects, renders his defence vastly interesting.

“ All the customary addresses of Heathenism to its Gods, more especially on any great and solemn emergency, were the work of the Poet. For nature, it seems, had taught the Pagan world, what the Hebrew Prophets themselves did not disdain to practise, that to lift the imagination, and, with it, the sluggish affections of human nature, to Heaven, it was expedient to lay hold on every assistance of art. They therefore presented their supplications to the Divinity in the richest and brightest dress of eloquence, which is poetry. Not to insist, that devotion, when sincere and ardent, from its very nature, enkindles a glow of thought which communicates strongly with the transports of poetry. Hence the language of the Gods (for so was poetry accounted, as well from its being the divinest species of communication our rude conceptions can well frame even for superior intelligences, as for that it was the fittest vehicle of our applications to them) became not the ornament only, but an essential in the ceremonial of Paganism. And this, together with an allusion to a form of public prayer (for such was his secular ode), composed by himself, gives, at once, a grace and sublimity to this part of the apology, which are perfectly inimitable.

“ Thus hath the great Poet, in the compass of a few lines, drawn together a complete defence of his art ; for what more could the warmest admirer of poetry, or, because zeal is quicken-
 ed

⁹ Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind ; 195
 And knows no losses while the Muse is kind.
 To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter ;
 The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
 Enjoys

NOTES.

ed by opposition, what more could the vehement declaimer against Plato (who proscribed it) urge in its behalf, than that it furnishes, to the Poet himself, the surest means of solitary and social enjoyment ; and further serves to the most important civil, moral, and religious purposes." WARTON.

VER. 195. *Flight of Cashiers,*] Alluding to Mr. Knight's (one of the Cashiers of the South Sea Company) flying into France on the failure of that Bubble, by which Pope was a considerable sufferer. WARTON.

VER. 195. *Flight of Cashiers,*] See in Coxe's interesting Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, an account of the panic of the nation, the extreme violence of the people against the Directors of the South Sea Company, and the flight of Knight the Cashier :

" A committee of secrecy being appointed by the commons to examine all the books, papers, and proceedings relating to the execution of the South Sea act, the members were chosen from the most violent of those who were advocates for indiscriminate and unrelenting severity. Alarmed at these proceedings, Knight, cashier of the company, who alone was privy to all the secret transactions, escaped from England, soon after his first examination, carrying with him the register called the green book, and it was generally suspected, that he took this step with the connivance of government. The committee having reported this event to the House, the Commons ordered the doors to be locked, and the keys laid on the table. General Ross then stated, that the committee had discovered, " a train of the deepest villany and fraud hell ever contrived to ruin a nation, which, in due time, should be laid before the House." In consequence of this vague assertion, four of the directors, who were members, were expelled the house, and taken into custody. The other directors shared the same fate ; all their books, papers, and effects were seized, and the royal assent was given to a bill, for restraining them from leaving the kingdom, discovering their estates, and disqualifying them for holding offices in any of the companies."

Pupillo ; vivit filiquis, et pane secundo ;
 ‘ *Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, utilis urbi ;*
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari ;
 “ *Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat :*

Torquet

NOTES.

VER. 197. *To cheat a Friend,*] The Friend, perhaps, was George Pitt, Esq. of Shroton, in the county of Dorset, ancestor of the present Lord Rivers. He lived abroad, and, during his absence, intrusted the management of his estates to Walter. Though it appears that Peter went down but once in a year from London to Shroton, merely to receive the annual rents, at the same time that he visited his own estate in Dorsetshire, yet he had 400l. per annum *for his trouble*. Besides this, he brought in a claim of 800l. for *extra services*. This was contested in Chancery, and the case is now before me, from which it appears how justly *Pope described him*.

VER. 201. *Of little use*] Except these two lines, “*vivit filiquis,*” and “*militiæ quanquam piger et malus,*” all that follows is serious in the Original. And I do not think “*os tenerum*” is ridicule.

WARTON.

VER. 204. *And (tho’ no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity (*non bene relicta parmula*) in the battle of Philippi. It is manifest he alludes to himself, in this whole account of the Poet’s character ; but with an intermixture of irony : *Vivit filiquis et pane secundo*, has a relation to his Epicurism : *Os tenerum pueri*, is ridicule : The nobler office of a Poet follows ; *Torquet ab obscænis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert, &c.* which the Imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himself. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses.

POPE.

Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet ;

And then—a perfect Hermit in his ^s diet. 200

Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose ;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
And (' tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.

" What will a Child learn sooner than a song ? 205

What better teach a Foreigner the tongue ?

What's long or short, each accent where to place,

And speak in public with some sort of grace.

I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,

Unless he praise some Monster of a King ; 210

Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,

To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.

Unhappy Dryden !——In all Charles's days,

Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays ;

And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains) 215

No whiter page than Addison remains.

He,

NOTES.

VER. 215. *excuse some Courtly stains*] We are not to understand this as a disapprobation of Mr. Addison for celebrating the virtues of the present Royal Family. It relates to a certain circumstance, in which he thought that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addison, in the year 1713, had finished his *Cato*, he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our Poet, who thought the sentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly* ; and told him that he had better

* Why might it not be said, that Pope was *actuated by jealousy*, when he recommended this ; as it has been said, Addison was, when he told Pope that the *Rape of the Lock*, without the *machinery*, was *merum sal*, and recommended the omission of the Sylphs !

Torquet " ab *obscænis* jam nunc fermonibus aurem ;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

Asperitatis,

NOTES.

better not bring it upon the Stage, but print it like a classical performance, which would perfectly answer his design. Mr. Addison approved of this advice ; and seemed disposed to follow it. But soon after, he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that some friends, whom he could not disoblige, insisted on his having it acted. However, he assured Mr. Pope, that it was with no *Party* views ; and desired him to satisfy the Treasurer and the Secretary in that particular ; and at the same time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their perusal. Our Poet executed his commission in the most friendly manner ; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the Stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addison was so exceedingly afraid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his request, wrote the famous Prologue to it, and had said,

“ Britons, *ARISE*, be worth like this approv’d,

“ And shew you have the virtue to be mov’d ;”

he was much troubled ; said it would be called, stirring the people to rebellion ; and earnestly begged he would soften it into something less obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now stands, to *Britons, attend*,—though at the expence both of the sense and spirit. Notwithstanding this, the very next year, when the present illustrious Family came to the succession, Mr. Addison thought fit to make a merit of *CATO*, as purposely and directly written to oppose to the schemes of a faction. His Poem, to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, beginning in this manner,

“ The Muse, that oft with sacred raptures fir’d

“ Has gen’rous thoughts of Liberty inspir’d ;

“ And,

The *event* was exactly contrary to what was predicted by both, for no play had so great a run as *Cato*, possibly owing to its being considered as a Party-production ; and *the Sybbs* have made the Rape of the Lock infinitely superior to any thing of the kind that was ever written.

He, " from the taste obscene reclaims our youth,
And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart. 220

Let

NOTES.

" And, boldly rising for Britannia's Laws,
" Engag'd great CATO in her country's cause ;
" On you submissive waits." WARBURTON.

In Spence's Collections, I read these anecdotes of Addison, at his house at Byfleet in Surry, 1754. These anecdotes, which were very curious, and contained many unknown particular circumstances of his contemporaries, were sold to Mr. Doddsley the bookseller, and prepared to be published ; when Dr. Lowth, the late excellent bishop of London, and Dr. Ridley, on a close inspection of them, imagined, that from some personalities in them, they were improper for the public eye. They therefore prevailed on Mr. Doddsley to relinquish his bargain, which he readily and generously agreed to do ; and the Anecdotes were sealed up and delivered into the hands of the late Duke of Newcastle, the patron and friend of Spence. When Dr. Johnson was writing the Lives of the Poets, application was made to the Duke for an inspection of what related to Pope. It is to be hoped no farther use was ever made of them in any other publication. WARTON.

VER. 216. *No whiter page than Addison remains.*] Mr. Addison's literary character is much mistaken, as characters generally are when taken (as his has been) in the gross. He was but an ordinary Poet, and a worse Critic. His verses are heavy, and his judgment of men and books superficial. But, in the pleasantry of comic adventures, and, in the dignity of moral allegories, he is inimitable. Nature having joined in him, as she had done once before in *Lucian* (who wanted the other's wisdom to make a right use of it) the sublime of Plato to the humour of Menander.

WARBURTON.

If Addison's verses are heavy, as is asserted in this note, yet has he displayed (for I must repeat the assertion) a great power of true poetic imagination, in his Vision of Mirza, the Story of Balfora, of Constantia and Theodosius, and many most beautiful allegories. The author, who called his Campaign a Gazette in Rhyme, never meant to deny that there were many very brilliant

*Asperitatis, et invidiæ corrector, et iræ ;
 Recte facta refert ; ^x orientia tempora notis
 Instruit exemplis ; ^y inopem solatur et ægrum.*

Castis

NOTES.

passages in this poem. The regular march from place to place, which he followed, like the route of a muster-master-general, was all that was pointed at. See Boileau, Art. Poet. WARTON.

VER. 217. *He, from the taste obscene, &c.*] This, in Imitation of his Original, refers to the true Poet,

“torquet ab obscœnis ;”

and likewise to Mr. Addison's papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians* ; the Character of which is given in the preceding note. But the excellence of the papers called the *Spectator*, may be best gathered from their breaking through party-madness, at their birth, and, like the infant Hercules, in the fable of the two Snakes, strangling the rage both of the Whig and Tory papers. The fact is too important not to be delivered to posterity. Swift had enflamed party-rage into madness, by his *Examiners*, where all the Heads of the Whig interest found their characters torn in pieces, and treated in the most cruel and unjust manner. The *Tatler*, till then the delight of the Public, was no longer heard ; and the efforts of Steel's indiscreet zeal to turn it into a party-paper, did not succeed. So the *Tatler* soon became silent, as no longer inspired by Mr. Addison, who disliked that foolish attempt. But relying on his strength, and supported by the honesty of his intentions, he resolved to try whether it was possible to soften the savage rage of Party, by calling off the public attention to it, and fixing it on those amiable *lucubrations*, with a few of which, the world had been so lately charmed in the *Tatler*. It was this, and, at the same time, to keep his friend Steel out of mischief, which made him espouse the projected paper of the *Spectator*. His constant assistance in it had a wonderful effect. It was indeed the full effort of the finest and most original genius in this way of writing. Yet whoever now reflects upon the success at that critical juncture, cannot be less struck with it, than men were at that time. Swift, as appears by his Letters lately published, was surprised at the extraordinary success. It mortified his pride, that Mr. A. could draw the public attention from party-matters, when

Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her Cause,
 Her Trade supported, and supplied her Laws ;
 And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse ingrav'd,
 " The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet fav'd."
 Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure, 225
 Stretch'd to * relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
 Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
 And ′ stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
 Not but there are, who merit other palms ;
 Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms :
 The

NOTES.

when managed by him, where he shone without a rival. He frequently drops hints of his uneasiness that Whigs and Tories were unanimous in the applauses they gave to the *Spectator* ; and invidiously represents it as a woman's paper, and patronized chiefly by the Ladies.

WARBURTON.

VER. 220. *And pours each*] All this Addison has accomplished in an eminent and unequalled degree in his Prose Writings ; but propriety required that the example should have been given, not from writings in prose, but verse. Pope has here deserted and deviated from his Original, and put a change on his readers. I will just add, that Addison said he had taken the admirable character of Vellum from the Scornful Lady.

WARTON.

VER. 224. "*The Rights a Court attack'd,*] For this passage our Author was threatened with a prosecution.

WARTON.

VER. 226. *the Idiot and the Poor,*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of money on demand.

POPE.

VER. 229. *who merit other palms ;*] Horace, in the seven lines of the Original, *Castis cum pueris, &c.* is perfectly serious, and Pope has indulged a vein of ill-placed humour and pleasantry, in laughing at poor Sternhold and Hopkins, and Psalm-singing in country churches. A very accurate and entertaining account is given in the History of English Poetry, of this musical version of the Psalms, which was made after the model of Clement Marot,

Castis cum ^z pueris ignara puella mariti
 Disceret unde ^a *preces*, vatem ni Musa dedisset ?
 Poscit opem chorus, et *præsentia numina* sentit ;
 Cœlestes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus ;
 Avertit morbos, ^c *metuenda pericula* pellit ;
 Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.
^d Carmine Dî superi placantur, carmine Manes.
 ^e Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo
 Corpus et ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,
 Cum fociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
 Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
 Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
 Fescennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
^f Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit ;

Liber-

NOTES.

who, about the year 1570, hoped to have introduced a spirit of devotion into the Court of Francis I. by substituting divine hymns instead of chansons d'amour, among the ladies and nobility. And Thomas Sternhold, a native of Hampshire, and educated at Winchester college, hoped to do the same in the court of Edward VI. to whom he was a groom of the bedchamber. His coadjutor was John Hopkins, a school-master in Suffolk, who translated fifty-eight of the Psalms ; and another assistant was William Whyttingham, dean of Durham, who also versified the Decalogue, the Nicene, Apostolic, and Athanasian Creeds. And Thomas Norton, who joined with Lord Buckhurst in writing the tragedy of Gorboduc, joined also in this work, and turned into metre twenty-seven Psalms. History of English Poetry, vol. iii. p. 168. by Thomas Warton.

WARTON.

VER. 240. *by Violence of Song.*] Dr. Brown, an able judge of music, says, that the performance of our parochial psalms, though in the villages it be often as mean and meagre as the words that are sung, yet in great towns, where a good organ is skilfully and devoutly

The ^z Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains, 231
 Implore your help in these pathetic strains :
 How could Devotion ^a touch the country pews,
 Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse ?
 Verse cheers their leisure, Verse assists their work,
 Verse prays for Peace, or sings down ^c Pope and
 Turk. 236

The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain,
 And feels that Grace his pray'r besought in vain ;
 The blessing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
 And ^d Heav'n is won by Violence of Song. 240

Our ^e rural Ancestors, with little blest,
 Patient of labour when the end was rest,
 Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
 With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain :
 The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care : 246
 The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry fowl :
 With growing years the pleasing Licence grew,
 And ^f Taunts alternate innocently flew. 250

But

NOTES.

devoutly employed by a sensible organist, the union of this instrument with the voices of a well-instructed congregation, forms one of the grandest scenes of unaffected piety that human nature can afford. The reverse of this appears, when a company of illiterate people form themselves into a choir distinct from the congregation. Here devotion is lost between the impotent vanity of those who sing, and the ignorant wonder of those who listen.

But Mr. Mason has exhausted this subject in his very judicious and elegant Essay on Psalmody. WARTON.

Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos
 Lufit amabiliter : ^g donec jam sævus apertam
 In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honestas
 Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
 Dente laceffiti : fuit intactis quoque cura
 Conditione super communi : ^h quin etiam lex
 Poenæque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
 Describi. vertere modum, formidine fustis
 Ad ⁱ *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.

^k Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
 Intulit agresti Latio. sic horridus ille

Defluxit

NOTES.

VER. 263. *We conquer'd France,*] Pope has failed in ascribing that introduction of our polite literature to France, which Horace attributes to Greece among the Romans (ver. 15. orig.). It was to Italy, among the moderns, that we owed our true taste in poetry. Spenser and Milton imitated the Italians, and not the French. And if he had correctness in his view, let us remember, that in point of regularity and correctness, the French had no dramatic piece equal to the *Silent Woman* of Ben Jonson, performed 1609; at which time Corneille was but three years old. The rules of the drama are as much violated in the *Cid*, 1637, beautiful as it is, as in the *Macbeth*, *Lear*, and *Othello*, all written before Corneille was born; whose first comedy, *Melite*, which is now never acted, was represented 1624. The pieces of the very fertile Hardy (for he wrote six hundred), the immediate predecessor of Corneille, are full of improbabilities, indecorums, and absurdities, and by no means comparable to *Melite*. As to the correctness of the French stage, of which we hear so much, the rules of the three unities are indeed rigorously and scrupulously observed; but the best of their tragedies, even some of those of the sweet and exact Racine, have defects of another kind, and are what may be justly called descriptive and declamatory dramas; and contain the sentiments and feelings of the author, or the spectator,

But Times corrupt, and ^s Nature, ill-inclin'd,
 Produc'd the pain that left a sting behind;
 Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
 Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
 Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm, 256
 At length, by wholesome ^h dread of statutes bound,
 The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
 Most warp'd to ⁱ Flatt'ry's side; but some, more nice,
 Preserv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice. 260
 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit,
 And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

* We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's
 charms;

Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;

Britain

NOTES.

spectator, rather than of the person introduced as speaking. "After the Restoration," says Pope, in the margin, "Waller, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille; and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation." But the model was unfortunately and injudiciously chosen; for the Pompey of Corneille is one of his most exceptionable tragedies. And the rhyme translation they gave of it is performed pitifully enough. Even Voltaire confesses, that Corneille is always making his heroes say of themselves, that they are great men. Pope mentions only Waller and Denham as masters of versification; What! did Milton contribute nothing to the harmony and extent of our language? nothing to our national taste, by his noble imitations of Homer, Virgil, and the Greek tragedies? Surely his verses vary, and abound as much, and display as much majesty and energy as any that can be found in Dryden. And we will venture to say, that he that studies Milton attentively, will gain a truer taste for genuine poetry, than he that forms himself on French writers, and their followers.

WARTON.

Defluxit ¹ *numerus Saturnius*, et grave virus
Munditiæ pepulere: sed in longum tamen ævum
 Manferunt, hodieque manent, ^m *vestigia ruris*.
 Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis;
 Et post ⁿ *Punica bella* quietus quærere cœpit,
 Quod ^o Sophocles et Thespis et Æschylus utile ferrent:
 Tentavit quoque rem, si digne vertere posset:
 Et placuit sibi, natura sublimis et acer:

Nam

NOTES.

VER. 267. *Waller was smooth*;] Mr. Waller, about this time, with the Earl of Dorset, Mr. Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille, and the more correct French poets began to be in reputation. POPE.

VER. 269. *The long majestic March*,] But Dryden himself says, that he used the Alexandrine line in imitation of Spenser. It cannot be allowed that Pope, as is asserted in the following note, by his perpetual encomiums preserved his Master falling into neglect. This truly great but incorrect Poet stood in no need of such assistance. WARTON.

VER. 269. *Energy divine*.] Mr. Pope's gratitude, for what he owed to the Genius and Writings of this great Poet, occasioned these perpetual encomiums; which have preserved his Master from falling into neglect, and have even raised his reputation higher than ever. Cicero did the same grateful office to *Crassus* and *Antonius*, to whom he had the same obligations. One of the principal reasons he gives for making them the chief Speakers in his famous Dialogue *de Oratore* is, "ut laudem eorum jam prope senescentem quantum ego possem (says he) ab oblivione hominum, atque a silentio vindicarem—deberi hoc a me tantis hominum ingeniis putavi.—" WARBURTON.

VER. 274. *Corneille's noble fire*,] Father Tournemine used to relate, that M. de Chalons, who had been secretary to Mary de Medicis, and had retired to Rouen, was the person who advised Corneille to study the Spanish language; and read to him some passages of Guillon de Castro, which struck Corneille so much, that he determined to imitate his Cid. The artifices used by Richlieu, and the engines he set to work to crush this fine play, are

Britain to soft refinements less a foe, 265
 Wit grew polite, and ¹ Numbers learn'd to flow.
 Waller was smooth ; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line, }
 The long majestic March, and Energy divine. }
 Tho' still some traces of our ^m rustic vein, 270
 And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
 Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
 When the tir'd Nation ⁿ breath'd from civil war.
 Exact ^o Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
 Show'd us that France had something to admire.

Not

NOTES.

are well known. Not one of the Cardinal's tools was so vehement as the Abbe d'Aubignac ; who attacked Corneille on account of his family, his person, his gesture, his voice, and even the conduct of his domestic affairs. When the Cid first appeared, says Fontenelle, the Cardinal was as much alarmed as if he had seen the Spaniards at the gates of Paris. In the year 1635, Richlieu, in the midst of the important political concerns that occupied his mighty genius, wrote the greatest part of a play, called La Comedie des Tuilleries, in which Corneille proposed some alterations to be made in the third act : which honest freedom the Cardinal never forgave.

The Medea of Corneille was played 1635. It was the first tolerable tragedy produced in France after the Sophonisba of Mairet, 1633. It is remarkable, that, both in Italy and France, Sophonisba was the story that gave raise to the drama from the hands of Trissino and Mairet. WARTON.

VER. 275. *something to admire.*] How highly soever we ought to think of the exact Racine, who deserved a stronger epithet, and of the spirited Corneille, France shewed us also another Poet worthy admiration, I mean Moliere ; who, in his way, is equal, if not superior, to the two former ; I fear we have no English writer of comedy whom we can put in competition with Moliere. Yet this incomparable writer, whose comedies are a school of virtue,

Nam ^p spirat tragicum fatis, et feliciter audet :

Sed ^q turpem putat infcite metuitque *lituram*.

Creditur, ex ^r *medio* quia res arcessit, habere
Sudoris minimum ; sed habet *Comædia* tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. ^s aspice, Plautus
Quo pacto ^t *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut infidiosi :

Quantus

NOTES.

virtue, and whose life was irreproachable, was forbidden Christian burial by Harlay archbishop of Paris, because he was an actor ; and, on a remonstrance from his wife to the king, was at last allowed to be privately interred without the usual funeral ceremonies, while Madam Moliere cried out, “ Quoi, l'on refusera la sepulture à un homme qui merite des autels ! ” As to the skilfulness of Racine in speaking, mentioned above, it is known that he taught Chammesse, with whom he was in love, to speak with justness and propriety, who also instructed her niece Madam du Clos in the same style of speaking ; but which sort of declamation being rather too pompous and stiff, was brought down to a more natural tone by Baron and Le Couvreur. Garrick did the same on our stage. WARTON.

VER. 282. *Some doubt,*] “ Tragedy,” says Dr. Hurd, “ whose end is the pathos, produces it by action, while comedy produces its end, the humorous, by character. Now it is much more difficult to paint manners, than to plan action, because that requires the Philosopher’s knowledge of human nature ; this only the Historian’s knowledge of human events.” But in answer to this assertion, Dr. Brown observes, “ That, in the course of this argument, it seems entirely forgot, that the tragic Poet’s province is not only to plan, but to paint too. Had he no further task, than what depends on the mere historian’s knowledge of human events, the reasoning would hold : but as it is the first and most essential effort of his genius, in the construction of a complete tragedy, to invent and order a pathetic plan, consistent in all its parts, and rising towards its completion by a succession of incidents which may keep up and continually increase terror or pity ; it is manifest that the perfection of his plan depends not on his

Not but the ^p Tragic spirit was our own, 276

And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone :

But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,

And ^q fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.

Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot, 280

The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot.

Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire

The ^r humble Muse of Comedy require.

But in known Images of life, I guess

The labour greater, as th' indulgence less ^s. 285

Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed :

Tell me if ^r Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed ?

What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ !

How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit !

The

NOTES.

his mere historic knowledge of human events, but on his philosophic discernment of human passions ; aided by a warm and enlarged invention : talents as rare, at least, as the knowledge or discernment of human characters. If to this we add the subsequent task, of giving the high colourings of passion to the tragic plan thus ordered, the difficulty of writing a complete tragedy may seem to be in some respects equal, in others superior, to that of producing a complete comedy : for, in the conduct of this last species, it is acknowledged, that a small degree of poetic invention will support it." Brumoy has given a long and judicious dissertation on this question in the fifth volume of his Grecian Theatre, page 251, which at last he leaves undecided. But does there not appear to be a fundamental error in stating the question ? for character is as essentially necessary to tragedy as to comedy. How are the incidents that constitute a fable to be brought about, but by agents, that are compelled to act in such or such a manner, by their particular propensities and passions, which constitute character ? Are not Electra and Medea as strong characters as Lady Townly and Millamant ? and Othello and Macbeth as Thrafo or Menedemus ?

Quantus sit Doffennus ^u *edacibus in parasitis* ;
 Quam ^w *non astricto* percurrat pulpita *socco*.
 Gestit enim ^x nummum in loculos demittere ; post hoc
 Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad scenam ^y ventoso gloria curru,
 Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat :
 Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum
 Subruit, ac reficit : ^z valeat res ludicra, si me
 Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

^a Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam ;
 Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
 Indocti, stolidique, et ^b depugnare parati
 Si discordet eques, media inter carmina poscunt

Aut

NOTES.

In short, in a good tragedy, there must be an union both of character and action. But it is said that a good plot is not so essential to comedy as to tragedy : if so, the superior difficulty of writing the former disappears. In the rank and order of geniuses it must, I think, be allowed, that the writer of good tragedy is superior. And, therefore, I think the opinion, which I am sorry to perceive gains ground, that Shakespear's chief and predominant talent lay in comedy, tends to lessen the unrivalled excellence of our divine bard.

There still remains another remark to be made on this passage of Horace : How were the Romans to judge of the truth and nature of the characters in their comedies, when these characters were those of another nation, and their comedies being chiefly mere translations from the Greek, and therefore to them “ not known images of life !”

WARTON.

VER. 287. *Congreve*] He alludes to the characters of Brisk and Witwood. Dr. Johnson says, rather strangely, “ his comedies have the operation of tragedies.”

WARTON.

VER. 290. *Astrea*] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoress of several obscene Plays, &c.

POPE.

The stage how ^u loosely does Aftrea tread, 290
 Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
 And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
 To make poor Pinky ^w eat with vast applause!
 But fill their ^x purse, our Poet's work is done,
 Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun. 295

O you! whom ^y Vanity's light bark conveys
 On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
 With what a shifting gale your course you ply,
 For ever sunk too low, or born too high!
 Who pants for glory finds but short repose, 300
 A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
^z Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play,
 The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

^a There still remains, to mortify a Wit,
 The many-headed Monster of the Pit: 305
 A senseless, worthless, and unhonour'd crowd;
 Who, ^b to disturb their betters mighty proud,
 Clatt'ring

NOTES.

VER. 291. *Who fairly puts*] How came Mrs. Behn's name to be inserted among the *best* writers that have not succeeded?

WARTON.

VER. 296. *O you: whom Vanity's light bark conveys*] The Metaphor is fine; but inferior to the Original, in many respects.

“*Ventoso gloria curru,*”

has a happy air of Ridicule heightened by its allusion to the Roman Triumph.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Hurd imagines these lines are not spoken by the Poet in his own person, but are the sentiments of an objector, whom, according to his manner, Horace suddenly introduces as urging them. Pope, we see, did not consider the passage in this light. WARTON.

VER. 305. *The many-headed Monster*] This epithet Warton says is taken from Ben Jonson; I rather think, from Shakespear.

Aut ^c *ursum* aut *pugiles* : his nam plebecula gaudet.
 Verum ^d *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
 Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
 Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas ;
 Dum fugiunt ^e *equitum* turmæ, peditumque catervæ :
 Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis ;
 Effeda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves ;
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
^f Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus ; seu
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo,
 Sive ^g *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
 Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipsis,
 Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura :

Scriptores

NOTES.

VER. 310. *What dear delight*] In former Editions,
 For Farce the People true delight affords,
 Farce, long the taste of Mobs, but now of Lords.

WARTON.

VER. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.*] *From Plays to Operas, and from Operas to Pantomimes.*

WARBURTON.

VER. 316. *Pageants on pageants,*] Long before Horace wrote, Tully, in an Epistle to Marius, book 7. had ridiculed these absurd shews, spectacles, and processions on the stage. “ Quid enim delectationis habent sexcenti muli in Clytemnestra ? aut in equo Trojano craterarum tria millia ? aut armatura varia, peditatus & equitatus, ut in aliquâ pugnâ ? quæ popularem admirationem habuerunt, delectationem tibi nullam attulissent.”

WARTON.

Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
 Call for the Farce, ' the Bear, or the Black-joke.
 What dear delight to Britons Farce affords! 310
 Ever the taste of Mobs, but now ^d of Lords:
 (Taste, that eternal wanderer, which flies
 From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
 The Play stands still; damn action and discourse,
 Back fly the scenes, and enter foot ^e and horse; 315
 Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
 Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold, and Lawn;
 The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,
 Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.
 With ^f laughter sure Democritus had dy'd, 320
 Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide.
 Let Bear or ^g Elephant be e'er so white,
 The People, sure, the People are the sight!

Ah

NOTES.

VER. 319 *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion. POPE.

Of late years, and since this was written, these extravagancies have been carried to a greater length of folly and absurdity, which have nearly ruined the stage, and extinguished a taste for true dramatic poetry.

Yet let this verse ("and long may it remain!") shew there was one who held it in disdain long before our Author; Rowe thus complains, in the Epilogue to his first play:

Must Shakespear, Fletcher, and laborious Ben,
 Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin?

WARTON.

Scriptores autem ^h narrare putaret *asello*
Fabellam furdo. nam quæ ⁱ pervincere voces
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra?
^k *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus* aut *mare Tuscum*.
 Tantum cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
^l *Divitiæque peregrinæ*: quibus ^m oblitus actor
 Cum stetit in scena, concurrat dextera lævæ.
 Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil fane. Quid placet ergo?
ⁿ Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
 Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
 Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
 Ille per extensum funem mihi posse videtur
 Ire poeta; ^o meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,

Ut

NOTES.

VER. 328. *Orcas' stormy steep*,] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades. POPE.

VER. 331. *At Quin's high plume*,] More celebrated for acting inimitably well the characters of Zanga and Falstaff, than that of Cato. But still more justly celebrated for his original wit, his generosity and friendship for Thomson, whose distresses he once relieved in the most liberal and delicate manner. WARTON.

VER. 335. "*But has he spoken?*"] Æsopus, says Tully, lost his voice by straining it to speak loud enough to be heard amidst the noise of the theatre. We must always recollect the vast extent of the ancient theatres, and the multitude of the audience and spectators. WARTON.

VER. 342. *'Tis he, who gives*] These six following verses are much superior to the Original, and some of the most forcible in our language. They contain the very end and essence of dramatic poetry. The scenes of most of the ancient tragedies were laid at Thebes or Athens.

This is a perfect and just idea of true and genuine poetry; to the exclusion of mere moral couplets and didactic lines of Horace's
 and

Ah luckless ^h Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more; 325
 While all its ⁱ throats the Gallery extends,
 And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!
 Loud as the Wolves, on ^k Orcas' stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note, 330
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's ^l petticoat;
 Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the ^m lost Actor in the tawdry load.
 Booth enters,—hark! the Universal peal!
 “But has he spoken?” Not a syllable. 335
 “What shook the stage, and made the people stare?”
 * Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.
 Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach,
 Or praise malignly Arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t' instruct the times, 340
 To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes:
 'Tis he, ^o who gives my breast a thousand pains,
 Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns;
 Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art,
 With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart; 345
 And

NOTES.

and Boileau's Satires and Epistles; the former of whom positively and directly disclaims all right and title to the name of Poet, on the score of his ethic pieces alone. For,

—neque enim concludere versum

Dixeris esse fatis—

are words we hear often repeated, but whose meaning is not extended and weighed as it ought to be. If by such a decision the ranks of rhymers should be diminished, the greater is the dignity

Ut magus ; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

¶ Verum age, et his, qui se *lector*i credere malunt,
Quam *spectatoris* fastidia ferre superbi,
Curam impende brevem : si ^a munus Apolline dig-
num

Vis *complere libris* ; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.

¶ Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,
(Ut vineta egomet cadam mea,) cum tibi librum

Sollicito

NOTES.

of the few that remain in the field. We do not, it should seem, sufficiently attend to the difference there is betwixt a man of wit, a man of sense, and a true poet. Donne and Swift were undoubtedly men of wit and men of sense ; but what traces have they left of pure poetry ? It is remarkable that Dryden says of Donne, " He was the greatest wit, though not the greatest poet of this nation." Which of these characters is the most valuable and useful is entirely out of the question ; all we plead for is, to have their several provinces kept distinct from each other.

WARTON.

VER. 348. *this part of the Poetic state,*] " The excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal in number to the great men that we have produced in other walks. Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakespear ; waked with some bold and glorious, but irregular and often ridiculous, flights in Dryden ; revived in Otway ; maintained a placid pleasing kind of dignity in Rowe ; and even shone in his Jane Shore. It trod in sublime and classic fetters in Cato, but void of nature or the power of affecting the passions. In Southern it seemed a genuine ray of nature and Shakespear ; but, falling on an age still more Hottentot, was stifled in those gross and barbarous productions, tragi-comedies. It turned to tuneful nonsense in the Morning Bride : grew stark mad in Lee, whose cloak, a little the worse for wear, fell on Young ; yet in both was still a Poet's cloak. It recovered its senses in Hughes and Fenton, who were afraid it should relapse, and accordingly kept it down with a timid, but amiable hand, and then it languished. We have not mounted again above the two last."—Walpole's Observations.

And snatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

^P But not this part of the Poetic state,
Alone, deserves the favour of the Great:

Think of those Authors, Sir, who would' rely 350
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye.

Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taste their spring?

How shall we fill ^a a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfinish'd yet? 355

My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:

We ^r Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:

The

NOTES.

From this account of Dramatic Poets by the late Lord Orford, Dr. Warton very properly excepts the Tragedy of Douglas. I may be here permitted to pay a similar tribute to the excellent Tragedies of Miss Baillie, which abound in rich description, eloquent language, and genuine pathos.

VER. 350. *Think of those Authors, Sir,*] Augustus being greatly and exclusively fond of dramatic Poets alone, Horace puts in a word of recommendation for those of another species: The good Prince, to whom our Author was writing, was equally indifferent to Poets of all kinds and sorts, and asked, when some body was highly praising Milton, "Why did he not write his *Paradise Lost* in prose!"

WARTON.

VER. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library, then building by Augustus.

POPE.

VER. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books.

POPE.

To mention Merlin's Cave, for the Palatine Library, heightens the ridicule.

P 3

WARTON.

^{*} *Sollicito* damus, aut *fesso* : cum lædimur, [†] *unum*
 Si quis *amicorum* est ausus reprehendere *versum* :
 Cum loca jam [‡] recitata revolvimus *irrevocati* :
 Cum [¶] lamentamur non *apparere* labores
 Nostros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo* ;
 Cum [×] speramus eo rem venturam, ut, simul atque
Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arcessas, et egere vetes, et *scribere cogas*.
 Sed tamen est ^ʸ *operæ pretium* cognoscere, *quales*
Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique
Virtus, ^z *indigno* non committenda *poetæ*.

^a Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
 Choerilus, incultis qui versibus et male natis
 Rettulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
 Atramenta, fere scriptores carmine foedo

Splendida

NOTES.

VER. 366. *Repeat unask'd*;] Unavoidably weaker than the Original, loco jam recitata; public recitations before great audiences, collected for that purpose, being common at Rome, (see many Epistles in Pliny,) to which we have no custom that can answer in an imitation. Juvenal, in a well known passage, laughs at Statius's reciting his Thebaid:

“Curritur ad vocem jucundam,” &c.

WARTON.

VER. 379. *Laureat's weighty place*.] It became a fashion for all the admirers and followers of Pope to join with him in condemning Colley Cibber. Dr. Johnson wrote a very pointed Epigram on this subject, which was also equally severe on George the Second:

“Augustus still survives in Maro's strain,
 And Spenser's verse prolongs Eliza's reign;
 Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber sing;
 For Nature form'd the Poet for the King.”

WARTON.

The ^s season, when to come, and when to go, 360

To sing, or cease to sing, we never know ;

And if we will recite nine hours in ten,

You lose your patience, just like other men.

Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend

A ^t single verse, we quarrel with a friend ; 365

Repeat ^u unask'd ; lament, the ^w Wit's too fine

For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.

But most, when straining with too weak a wing,

We needs will write Epistles to the King ;

And ^x from the moment we oblige the town, 370

Expect a place, or pension from the Crown ;

Or dubb'd Historians by express command,

T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,

Be call'd to Court to plan some work divine,

As once for LOUIS, Boileau and Racine. 375

Yet ^y think, great Sir ! (so many Virtues shown ;)

Ah think, what Poet best may make them known ?

Or choose at least some Minister of Grace,

Fit to bestow the ^z Laureat's weighty place.

^a Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair, 380

Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care ;

And

NOTES.

VER. 380. *Charles, to late times, &c.*] In the third volume of the *Catholic Church History of England*, printed at Brussels, 1742, fol. there is a curious anecdote concerning this matter, taken from an Italian MS. of the Memoirs of Panzani, the Pope's Agent :
 " Before Panzani set out on his journey, (to England,) which was about the year 1635, her Majesty wrote a letter to Cardinal Barberini ;

Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema

Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,

Edicto vetuit, ne quis *se* præter Apellem

Pingeret, aut alius Lyfippo duceret æra.

Fortis ^b *Alexandri vultum simulantia.* quod si

Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud

Ad libros et ad hæc Mufarum dona vocares ;

Bœotum

NOTES.

Barberini; wherein, amongst other things, she desired he would use his interest with the famous Sculptor Cavalier Bernini, that he would cut two Bustos; one of the King, the other of herself: which were to be brought over by Panzani, alleging that her husband was uncommonly curious in works of that kind, and no present could be more acceptable to him. Bernini was one of a haughty temper, and had lately refused the like favour to the Cardinal Richlieu, who desired his own Busto from the same hand. But Barberini's reputation and address prevailed upon him to grant the request. I mention this Busto upon account of the extraordinary circumstances which attended it; some whereof are taken notice of by our Historians: But what I shall further relate, is not commonly known. It is reported, that when Bernini took a view of the original picture, according to which he was to form the King's Busto, he observed such melancholic lines, that they in a manner spoke some dismal fate that would befall the person it represented. And this he signified to those who were present." P. 38.

WARBURTON.

VER. 382. *And great Nassau*] "This prince," says Mr. Walpole "like most of those in our annals, contributed nothing to the advancement of the Arts. He was born in a country where taste never flourished, and nature had not given it to him as an embellishment to his great qualities. Reserved, unsociable, ill in his health, and sowered by his situation, he sought none of those amusements, that make the hours of the happy much happier. He had so little leisure to attend to, or so little disposition to men of wit, that when St. Evremond was introduced to him, the king said, coldly, "I think you was a major general in the French service."

WARTON.

And great ^b Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed ;
 So

NOTES.

VER. 384. *So well in paint*] The taste and knowledge of Charles I. in the fine arts are universally known and acknowledged; and his fondness for Shakespear and Fairfax's Tasso, shews his judgment in Poetry. WARTON.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit.*] This is not to be wondered at, since the *Sacerdotal* character has been separated from the *Regal*. This *discerning of Spirits* now seems to be the allotment of the ecclesiastical branch, which the following instance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, some how or other, surpris'd the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbishop Abbot was not to be deceived by dazzling appearances. In one of his *Rescripts* to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmasks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been sent over to England by the States. "You must take heed how you trust DOCTOR GROTIUS too far, for I perceive him to be so ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN THOSE PARTS, THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT MAY SERVE A TURN. At his first coming to the King, by reason of his good Latin tongue, he was so tedious and full of tittle tattle, that the KING's judgment was of him, that he was some PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDGMENT. And I MYSELF DISCOVERING that to be his habit, as if he did imagine that every man was bound to hear him so long as he would talk, did privately give him notice thereof, that he should plainly and directly deliver his mind, or else he would make the King weary of him. This did not take place, but that afterwards he fell to it again, as was especially observed one night at supper at the Lord Bishop of Ely's, whither being brought by Mr. Casaubon (as I think), my Lord intreated him to stay to supper, which he did. There was present Dr. Steward and another Civilian, unto whom he flings out some question of that profession; and was so full of words, that Dr. Steward afterwards told my Lord, *That he did perceive by him, that, like a SMATTERER, he had studied some two or three questions; whereof when he came in company he must be talking, to vindicate his skill; but if he were put from those, he would shew himself but a SIMPLE FELLOW.* There was present also Dr. Richardson, the King's professor of Divinity

‘ Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ ;*]

Nec magis expressi ^d vultus per ahenea signa,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec sermones ego mallet
Repentes per humum, ^e quam *res* componere *gestas*,
Terrarumque ^f situs et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impositas, et ^g *barbara regna*, tuisque
Auspiciis

NOTES.

Divinity in Cambridge, and another Doctor in that Faculty, with whom he falleth in also, about some of those questions, which are now controverted amongst the Ministers in Holland ; and being matters wherein he was studied, he uttered all his skill concerning them. MY LORD OF ELY SITTING STILL AT THE SUPPER ALL THE WHILE, AND WONDERING what a man he had there, who, never being in the place or company before, could overwhelm them so with talk for so long a time. I write this unto you so largely, that you may know the disposition of the man : and HOW KINDLY HE USED MY LORD OF ELY FOR HIS GOOD ENTERTAINMENT.” *Winwood’s Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 459. SCRIBL.

Seriously, *my Lord of Ely’s* case was to be pitied. But this will not happen every day : for as exposed as their Lordships may be to these kind of insults, happy is it, that the men are not always at hand, who can offer them. A second *Grotius*, for aught I know, may be as far off as a second Century of *my Lords of Ely*. —But it was enough that this *simple fellow* was an Arminian and a Republican, to be despised by Abbot and his Master. For, in the opinion of these great judges of merit, Religion and Society could not subsist without PREDESTINATION and ARBITRARY POWER.—However, this *discerning spirit*, it is certain, had not left L. when the grave Historian Anthony Wood was so hospitably entertained there ; who, in the journal of his life under the
POWER.

So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit :
 But Kings in Wit may want discerning Spirit. 385
 The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles;
 Which made old Ben and furly Dennis swear,
 " No Lord's anointed, but a ' Russian Bear."

Not with such ^d majesty, such bold relief, 390
 The Forms august, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble; as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.

Oh!

NOTES.

year 1671, tells the following story: " I and John Echard, the Author of the *Contempt of the Clergy*, dined with Archbishop Sheldon. After dinner, when the Archbishop had withdrawn and *selected* his company, I was called into the withdrawing room, and Echard was left behind to *go drink and smoke with the Chaplains*:" So well adjusted was this respect of persons; Echard, the wittiest man of the age, was very fitly left to divert the Chaplains; and Anthony Wood, without all per-adventure the dullest, was called in to enjoy the conversation of his Grace. WARBURTON.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit*] They may, nevertheless, be very good Kings. It is not for his verses, any more than for his victories, that the late King of Prussia will be celebrated by posterity: but for softening the rigours of a despotic government, by a code of milder laws than his crouching people had known before; and for building many villages and farm-houses, to encourage agriculture, and repair the wastes and ravages of war. He must therefore be pardoned for an absurd judgment, which he has passed on Homer, whom he could not read in the Original, where he says; " Ses chants et l'action ont peu ou point de liaison les uns avec les autres, ce qui leur a mérité le nom de rapsodies." Preface to the *Henriade*. WARTON.

VER. 387. *pension'd Quarles*;) Who has lately been more favourably spoken of by some ingenious critics; particularly by the author of *Thirty Letters*. WARTON.

Auspiciis totum ^h confecta duella per orbem,
 Claustraque ^h custodem pacis cohibentia Janum,
 Et ⁱ formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam :
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. sed neque par-
 vum

^k Carmen majestas recipit tua ; nec meus audet
 Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recusent.
 Sedulitas autem ⁱ stulte, quem diligit, urget ;
 Præcipue cum se numeris commendat et arte.
 Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
 Quod quis ^m deridet, quam quod probat et veneratur.
 Nil moror ⁿ officium, quod me gravat : ac neque ficto
 In ^o pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam,
 Nec prave factis decorari versibus opto :
 Ne ^p rubeam pingui donatus munere, et una
 Cum ^q scriptore meo capsa porrectus aperta,
 Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
 Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

VER. 397. *how dearly bought !*] All this is in the spirit of the most contemptuous irony.

VER. 409. *they say I bite.*] If any key had been wanting to the artful irony contained in this imitation, especially in the last sixteen lines, this one verse would have been sufficient to fix the Poet's intention. Neither Dr Warburton nor Dr. Hurd take the least notice of any irony being intended in this imitation. To what motive shall we ascribe this cautious silence ? WARTON.

Oh ! could I mount on the Mæonian wing, 394
Your ° Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing !
What † seas you travers'd, and what fields you fought !
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought !
How ¢ barb'rous rage subfided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword !
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, 400
‡ Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep ;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And † Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But ‡ Verse, alas ! your Majesty disdains ;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains : 405
The Zeal of † Fools offends at any time,
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praise, they say † I bite.
A vile † Encomium doubly ridicules : 410
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a ° woful likeness ; and if lies,
“ Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise : ”
Well may he † blush, who gives it, or receives ;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves 415
(Like † Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

POPE, in his celebrated letter to Lord Hervey, has the *hardi-
hood* to boast himself “*a man who never wrote a line in which*
“*the religion or government of his country, the ROYAL FAMILY,*
“*or their ministry, were disrespectfully mentioned.*” The case was
very much altered, when *he wrote this Imitation*, the drift of which
cannot be mistaken. I have before taken notice of the *circum-
stances* of the *times* when it was published, which the reader should
keep in mind, as they are the best comment on some passages of
particular severity.

No one, however, can be insensible of the great powers of lan-
guage, and consummate dexterity of satire, which this Epistle
evinces.

EPISTOLA II.

THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
^b Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
 Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum sic agat: "Hic et
 "Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
 "Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
 "Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
 "Literulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
 "Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
 "Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce bibenti.
 "Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo
 "Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
 "Res urget me nulla: meo sum pauper in ære
 "Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
 "Quivis ferret idem: semel hic cessavit, et (ut fit)
 "In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
 "Des nummos, excepta nihil te si *fuga* lædit."

Ille

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Dear Col'nel,*] Addressed to Colonel Cotterell of Rousham near Oxford, the descendant of Sir Charles Cotterell, who, at the desire of Charles the First, translated Davila into English. The second line of this Imitation, "You love," &c. is feeble and useless. Horace, without preface, enters at once in his second line on the story, "Si quis forte," &c. And the fifteenth line, "But, Sir, to you," is uncommonly languid and prosaic.

WARTON.

VER. 4. *"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:"]* A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is spoken in great purity.

VER. 20. *it is, to steal.]* The fault of the Slave-seller's Boy is only his having run away; but the young Frenchman has been guilty

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM'S and your country's
Friend!

You love a Verse, take such as I can send.

⁂ A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois :
" Observe his shape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
" My only son, I'd have him see the world : 6
" His French is pure ; his Voice too—you shall hear.
" Sir, he's your slave, for twenty pound a year.
" Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
" Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please :
" A perfect genius at an Op'ra-song— 11
" To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
" Take him with all his virtues, on my word ;
" His whole ambition was to serve a Lord ;
" But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part ? 15
" Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
" Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
" And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry :
" The fault he has I fairly shall reveal,
" (Could you o'erlook but that,) it is, to steal." 20
If,

NOTES.

guilty of stealing ; this makes his behaviour more unpardonable, and less likely to be overlooked by the purchaser : a circumstance that alters the nature of the allusion, and the probability of the bargain.

WARTON.

° Ille ferat pretium, poenæ securus, opinor.
 Prudens emisti vitiosum : dicta tibi est lex :
 Insequeris tamen hunc, et lite moraris iniquâ.

° Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi ; dixi
 Talibus officiis propè mancum : ne mea sævus
 Jurgares ad te quod epistola nulla veniret.
 Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
 Si tamen attentas ? quereris super hoc etiam, quod
 Expectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.

° Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
 Ærumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem
 Perdiderat : post hoc vehemens lupo, et sibi et hosti
 Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
 Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
 Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.

Clarus

NOTES.

VER. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Justice of Peace,
 who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. POPE.

Sir Godfrey Kneller.

WARBURTON.

VER. 27. *Consider then,*] Horace offers seven reasons by way
 of apology for not sending an epistle to his friend Florus ; that
 he told him he was naturally indolent ; that no man in his senses
 would write verses, if not compelled by necessity ; that he was
 now too old to be writing verses ; that it was impossible to gratify
 the different tastes of readers ; that it was also impossible to write
 amidst the noise and bustle of Rome ; that the profession of a
 poet is subject to many inconveniences, arising from envy, jea-
 lousy, and flattery ; that it is time to leave off trifling studies and
 pursuits, and fix his whole attention on morals and the duties of
 life.

WARTON.

VER. 33. *In ANNA'S Wars, &c.*] Many parts of this story
 are well told ; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the Ori-
 ginal.

WARBURTON.

Marlborough is placed here to answer Lucullus in the Original.
 The character of the latter is so well and elegantly drawn by Mid-
 dleton

' If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;
 Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash away, 25
 And punish'd him that put it in his way.

' Consider then, and judge me in this light;
 I told you when I went, I could not write;
 You said the same; and are you discontent
 With Laws, to which you gave your own assent? 30
 Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time!
 D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

' In ANNA'S Wars, a Soldier poor and old
 Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
 Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night, 35
 He slept, poor dog! and lost it, to a doit.
 This put the man in such a desp'rate mind,
 Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd }
 Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
 He leap'd the trenches, scal'd a Castle-wall, 40
 Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
 "Prodigious well:" his great Commander cry'd,
 Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.

Next

NOTES.

dleton in the first volume of the Life of Tully, as to make it one
 of the most pleasing parts of that celebrated work. WARTON.

VER. 37. *This put the man, &c.*] Much below the Original,

"Post hoc vehemens lupus, et sibi et hosti

"Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer."

The last words are particularly elegant and humorous.

WARBURTON.

Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,
 Accipit et bis dena super festertia nummum.
 Forte sub hoc tempus *castellum* evertere prætor
Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
 Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem :
 I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat : i pede fausto,
 Grandia laturus meritorum præmia : quid stas ?
 Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus, “ Ibit,
 “ Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit,” inquit,
 ‘ Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.
 Adjecere bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ :
 Scilicet ut possem *curvo* dignoscere *rectum*,

Atque

NOTES.

VER. 43. *Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.*] For the sake of a stroke of Satire, he has here weakened that circumstance, on which the turn of the story depends. Horace avoided it, though the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occasion to indulge his raillery.

WARBURTON.

VER. 45. *Its name*] An idle, expletive line. As also is verse 49, below, *Don't you remember* ; evidently taken from Dacier ; ne savez vous l'histoire du soldat de Lucullus ?

WARTON.

VER. 51. “ *Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat* ”] This has neither the force nor the justness of the Original. Horace makes his Soldier say,

“ ——— Ibit,

“ Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit ;”

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loss*, that pushed him upon danger ; many being sufficient to poverty, who cannot bear the sudden change of condition occasioned by losses. What betrayed our Poet into this inaccuracy of expression was, its suiting better with the *application*. But, in a great Writer, we pardon nothing. And such should not forget, that the expression is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application* : for then they reflect mutual light upon one another.

WARBURTON.

VER. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.*] This circumstance has a happier application in the *Imitation* than in the *Original* ; and properly introduces the 68th verse.

WARTON.

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter ;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter,) 45

“ Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd,) feeyonder walls !

“ Advance and conquer ! go where glory calls !

“ More honours, more rewards, attend the brave.”

Don't you remember what reply he gave ?

“ D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot ? 50

“ Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.”

‘ Bred up at home, full early I begun,

To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.

Besides, my Father taught me from a lad,

The better art to know the good from bad : 55

(And little fure imported to remove,

To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)

But knottier points we knew not half so well,

Depriv'd us soon of our paternal Cell ;

And

NOTES.

VER. 55. *The better art*] Dacier interprets the words, *curvo dignoscere rectum*, the study of geometry. This Warton thinks absurd. See note below.

VER. 55. *The better art to know the good from bad.*] Our Poet mistook, as many have done before and since his time, the true meaning of his author :

Scilicet ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,

Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum :

that is, to distinguish a *right line* from a *curve* : for geometry was the indispensable introduction to the philosophy of the Academic school. Creech was our Poet's guide :

And taught me how to sep'rate bad from good.

And the reader, who will make the comparison, will discover various obligations throughout these imitations to that translator.

WAKEFIELD.

VER. 57. *in Maudlin's learned grove.*] He had a partiality for this college in Oxford, in which he had spent many agreeable days with his friend Mr. Digby, who provided rooms for him at that College.

WARTON.

Atque inter silvas Academi *quærere* verum.
 Dura sed emovêre loco me tempora grato ;
 Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,
Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.
 Unde simul primùm me dimisere Philippi,
 Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*
 Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
 Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem,
 Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare *cicutæ*,
 Ni melius dormire putem, quam scribere versus ?
 * Singula de nobis anni *prædantur* euntes ;
 Eripuere *jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum* ;

Tendunt

NOTES.

VER. 60. *by suff'ers thought unjust,*] By orders from government for the removal of Papists to a certain distance from the metropolis. WAKEFIELD.

VER. 63. *mighty WILLIAM's*] Horace uses some very artful and apologetical terms, in the Original, in speaking of the part he had taken against Augustus. Dura tempora—belli æstus civilis—Augusti lacertis—dimisere—decisis pennis—for being totally plundered. WARTON.

VER. 64. *For Right Hereditary*] Admirable as these lines are, yet, from the nature of the subject, they cannot be so interesting as the events in Horace's life ; the inconveniency Pope laboured under from being a papist, and subject to penal laws, are not so striking as Horace's being taken from Athens by Brutus ; and having the command of a Roman legion given to him ; being present at the battle of Philippi ; and losing all his property for his attachment to Brutus and his republican friends. Dacier, like a true Frenchman, imagines, that a want of proper officers induced Brutus to give Horace this command in the army. Did he not recollect or know, that great numbers of young Romans, of spirit and ability, flocked to the standard of Brutus, and appeared forward in supporting the great cause of liberty ? WARTON.

And certain Laws, by suff'rers thought unjust, 60
 Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust :
 Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
 While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
 For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
 He stuck to poverty with peace of mind ; 65
 And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it ;
 Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.
 But, (thanks to Homer,) since I live and thrive,
 Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
 Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes, 70
 If I would scribble, rather than repose.

8 Years following years, steal something ev'ry day,
 At last they steal us from ourselves away ;
 In one our Frolics, one Amusements end,
 In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend : 75

This

NOTES.

VER. 69. *Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,*] Indeed, it would be very hard upon Authors, if the subscribing for a book, which does honour to one's age and country, and consequently reflects back part of it on the *Subscribers*, should be esteemed a debt or obligation.

WARBURTON.

VER. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital.

WARBURTON.

VER. 73. *At last they steal us from ourselves away ;*] i. e. Time changes all our passions, appetites, and inclinations.

WARBURTON.

VER. 74. *In one our Frolics,*] These two lines are languid in comparison of the brevity of the Original ;

—— jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum ;

Languid also is verse 80,

—— what would you have me do ?

Tendunt extorquere poëmata. quid faciam vis?

^h Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
 Carmine tu gaudes : his delectatur iambis ;
 Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et fale nigro.
 Tres mihi convivæ propè dissentire videntur,
 Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
 Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
 Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.

ⁱ Præter cætera me *Romæne* poëmata censes
 Scribere posse, inter tot curas, totque labores?
 Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
 Omnibus

NOTES.

and verse 85 is too quaint and proverbial. Also in verse 88, instead of the single word, *præterea*, he has given a whole line. But, on the other hand, the verses 90 and 91, are very forcible.

WARTON.

VER. 83. *and that Pindaric lays?*] Of our modern Lyric Poetry, the English is *Pindaric*, and the Latin, *Horatian*. The first is like boiled meats, of different tastes and flavours, but all insipid : The other, like the same meats potted, all of one spicy taste, and equally high-flavoured. The reason is, the English ode-makers only imitate Pindar's *sense* ; whereas the Latin employ the very *words* of Horace.

WARBURTON.

The note on this passage concerning our common modern lyric poetry, was written some years before Gray had so effectually vindicated this species of poetry from the objections here made to it.

WARTON.

VER. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated gluttons.—This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as *intimating* that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury.

WARBURTON.

But it does not appear to be at all *intimated*.

WARTON.

VER. 87. *Dartineuf detests.*] Dartineuf has been mentioned before.

“ Darty his Ham pie.”

Pope tires one by perpetually introducing the same people.

This subtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
 What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
 If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
 That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stands still?

^h But after all, what would you have me do? 80
 When out of twenty I can please not two;
 When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
 Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
 One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
 The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg; 85
 Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
 When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf detests.

ⁱ But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
 Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
 Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends, 90
 In crowds, and courts, law, bus'ness, feasts, and
 friends?

My counsel sends to execute a deed:
 A Poet begs me I will hear him read:

In

NOTES.

VER. 93. *A Poet begs, &c.*] Many are the poets who could not do justice to their works by reading them with propriety. Corneille, Dryden, and Thomson, were remarkably bad readers. On the contrary, Virgil, Racine, and Boileau, and above all Nat Lee, were most excellent reciters. Just reading is an uncommon talent. The Duke de la Rochefoucault would never become a member of the French Academy, lest he should expose himself by his pronunciation of the speech necessary on that occasion. I had once the pleasure of hearing Quin read the Second Book of Milton, with marvellous propriety and harmony. And the late Mr. Henderson excelled in recitation.

WARTON.

Omnibus officiis : cubat hic in colle Quirini,
 Hic extremo in Aventino ; visendus uterque.
 Intervalla vides humanè commoda. “ Verùm
 “ Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obftet.”
 Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor :
 Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum :
 Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris :
 Hâc rabiosa fugit canis, hâc lutulenta ruit fus.
 * I nunc, et versus *tecum* meditare canoros.
 Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes,*
 Ritè cliens Bacchi, fomno gaudentis et umbrâ.
 Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
 Vis canere, et contracta sequi vestigia vatum ?
 † Ingenium, sibi quod vacuas desumpsit *Athenas,*
 Et studiis annos *septem* dedit, infenuitque

Libris

NOTES.

VER. 94. *In Palace-yard*] I am sorry he omitted, intervalla humanè commoda ; which heightens the distress and inconvenience. In verse 101, a hackney-coach is better than, calidus redemptor. But verse 107, contains an image unnecessarily coarse and filthy. And verse 115, is little to the purpose. I will give the reader an opportunity of comparing, and if he is impartial, of preferring, this passage of Pope with one of Boileau on the same subject :

Qu'en tous lieux les chagrins m'attendent un passage
 Un cousin abusant d'un factieux parentage,
 Veut qu'encore tout poudreux, et sans me débouter,
 Chez vingt juges pour lui j'aïlle solliciter ;
 Il faut voir de ce pas le plus considerables,
 L'un demeure au Marais, & l'autre aux incurables
 Je recois vingt airs qui me glacent d'effroy,
 Hier, dit on, de vous en parla chez le roy —

Epistre 6. v. 45.

Compare also the sixth satire of Boileau, containing the Description of Les Embarras de Paris, from verse 3, to verse 82 ; particularly verse 45.

WARTON.

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
 At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry square— 95
 Before the Lords at twelve my Cause comes on—
 There's a Rehearfal, Sir, exact at one.—
 “ Oh but a Wit can study in the streets,
 “ And raise his mind above the mob he meets.”
 Not quite so well however as one ought ; 100
 A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought ;
 And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
 God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
 Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
 Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass ? 105
 And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
 Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Car ?

* Go, lofty Poet ! and in such a crowd,
 Sing thy sonorous verse—but not aloud.
 Alas ! to Grottoes and to Groves we run, 110
 To ease and silence, ev'ry Muse's son :
 Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
 Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
 How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar ? 114
 How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before ?

¹ The Man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
 To books and study gives sev'n years complete.

See !

NOTES.

VER. 112. *Blackmore himself,*] In the *Battle of the Books*, we are surprized to find Swift preferring Blackmore to Dryden.

WARTON.

VER. 113. *Tooting—Earl's Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London.

POPE.

Libris et curis, *statu taciturnius exit*

Plerumque, et rifu populum quatit; hic ego r r m

Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis,

Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner?

Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius fermone meros audiret honores:

Gracchus

NOTES.

VER. 123. *court, and city roars,*] Not so strong as the original metaphor;

“Fluctibus in mediis, et tempestatibus urbis.”

Milton wrote his *Paradise Lost* in London, as did Thomson his three last Seasons, and his charming *Castle of Indolence*; and Armstrong his *Art of Preserving Health*, a fine classical poem, omitted in the Collection of English Poets. WARTON.

VER. 132. *And shook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.*] It is the silly consolation of blockheads in all professions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excel, does it not by his superior knowledge, but his wit; and so they keep themselves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *outwitted*.—The miserable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade, M. de Voltaire has well exposed, where, speaking of a great *French* Lawyer, of the like genius and talents with our admirable countryman, he says, “Il faisoit ressouvenir la France de ces tems, où les plus austères Magistrats, consommés comme lui dans l’étude des Loix, se delassoient des fatigues de leur état, dans les travaux de la littérature. Que ceux qui méprisent ces travaux amiables; que ceux qui mettent je ne sai quelle miserable grandeur à se renfermer dans le cercle étroit de leurs emplois, sont à plaindre! ignorent ils que CICÉRON, après avoir rempli la première place du monde, plaidoit encore les causes des Citoyens, écrivoit sur la nature des Dieux, conféroit avec des Philosophes; qu’il alloit au Théâtre; qu’il daignoit cultiver l’amitié d’Esopus et de Roscius, et *laissoit aux petits esprits, leur constante gravité, qui n’est que la masque de la médiocrité?*”

The miserable malice of the human heart has been always backward to confess that great Parts and great Science were to be found together. The eminent Person, here mentioned, hath long triumphed over so vile a prejudice. BACON was not so happy. The blemishes in his moral character disabled him from

See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun! 119

The boys flock round him, and the people stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air! }

And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part? 125

Composing songs, for Fools to get by heart?

™ The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents. these congenial souls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you split, 131
And shook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.

“ 'Twas,

NOTES.

stemming and subduing it. Indeed, *Envy* was ever unwilling to allow any man to excel in more than one accomplishment. As to the particular application of this wayward judgment, it is sometimes right and sometimes wrong. Thus, for instance, when the Public would not allow the great Lawyer, *Cooke*, to be a Classic Scholar and a Wit too, (though he had given so many delectable specimens of both,) they were perhaps in the right. But when they assumed (though they spoke by the Organ of Q. Elizabeth herself) that Bacon, a great Philosopher, was yet no Lawyer, they were certainly in the wrong. WARBURTON.

VER. 132. MURRAY, *as a Wit*] Alluding to the common cant of that time, as if this eminent and accomplished person was more of a polite scholar than a profound lawyer; as if law and literature were incompatible; a notion that might easily be confuted by the examples of Lords Somers and Hardwicke, Mr. Yorke and Judge Blackstone, and many others. WARTON.

VER. 132. *as a Wit*] Not long since, we are informed by the Editor of the “*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*,” that a poor schoolmaster in Scotland was publicly obliged to renounce “the unprofitable and ungodly art of Poetry!”

Gracchus ut hic illi foret ; huic ut Mucius ille.

Quî minus argutos vexat furor iste poëtas ?

ⁿ *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos* ; mirabile visu,
Cælatumque novem Musis opus. aspice primùm,
Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-
spectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem*.

Mox etiam (si fortè vacas) sequere ; et *procul* audi

Quid ferat, et quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Cædimur et totidem plagis consumimus hostem,

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo Alcæus puncto illius ; ille meo quis ?

Quis, nisi Callimachus ? si plus adposcere visus ;

Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine crescit.

Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum*,

Cùm scribo, et supplex populi suffragia capto :

Idem,

NOTES.

VER. 135. *all poetic merit,*] The words of the Original alluded to, contain a beautiful metaphor of a work, Cælatum Musis Novem, polished and finished by the hands of the Muses themselves. Bentley has wantonly and tastelessly altered the word to *Sacratum* ; as he has done the word *alterius*, ver. 176, to *alternis*, and the word *contracta*, ver. 80, to *non tacta* ; and in ver. 90, he has changed *vexat* for *versat* ; and in ver. 87, *frater* for *pactus* ; and would have *procul* repeated, ver. 199.

Pauperies immunda *procul, procul* —

WARTON.

VER. 140. *but Stephen,*] Mr. *Stephen Duck*, a modest and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themselves his betters in poetry, had not) of being esteemed by Mr. Pope. — Queen Caroline, who moderated in a Sovereign between the two great Philosophers, Clarke and Leibnitz, in the most sublime points in Metaphysics and Natural Philosophy, chose this man for her favourite Poet.

WARBURTON.

By the interest of Mr Spence, who had a sincere regard for Stephen Duck, whose life he wrote, and published his poems, he obtained the living of Byfleet in Surry. He was unfortunately drowned at Reading, 1756.

WARTON.

“ ’Twas, Sir, your law,”—and “ Sir, your elo-
“ quence,”

“ Yours, Cowper’s manner—and yours, Talbot’s
“ sense.”

“ Thus we dispose of all poetic merit, 135
Yours Milton’s genius, and mine Homer’s spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he’ll swear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match’d one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we strut through Merlin’s Cave, to see
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me. 140
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we please.
“ My dear Tibullus!” if that will not do,
“ Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you :
“ Or, I’m content, allow me Dryden’s strains, 145
“ And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.”
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race ;
And

NOTES.

VER. 145 *allow me Dryden’s strains,*] The older he grew, the better Dryden wrote. We may apply to him, what Oppian says of the spirited horses of Cappadocia ;

χραίπνοτεροι δὲ πελάσιν ὅσω μάλα γήρασκεσι.

Lib. i. Cynegyctic, ver. 201.

It has been imagined that Horace laughs at Propertius in that line of the Original,

“ Quis, nisi Callimachus?”

WARTON.

VER. 146. *And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.*] An imitation of Dryden, at Virg. Ecl. iii. 162.

Tell that, and rise a Phæbus for thy pains.

VER. 147. *Much do I suffer,*] Multa fero, in the Original, has been idly interpreted to mean, “ I carry with me a great many compliments, soothing speeches,” &c.

WARTON.

Idem, finitis studiis, et mente receptâ,
Obturem patulas *impune legentibus* aures.

° Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina : verum
Gaudent scribentes ; et se venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant ; quidquid scripsere beati.
At qui *legitimum* cupiet fecisse poëma,
Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti :
Audebit, quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,
Et *sine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,
Verba movere loco ; quamvis *invita* recedant,
Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ :
° *Obscurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque

Proferet

NOTES.

VER. 154. *They treat themselves*] Literary history scarce affords a more ridiculous example of the vanity and self-applause of authors, than what is related of Cardinal Richlieu, (in the *Mélanges d'Histoire* of M. de Vigneul Marville,) whose tragedy of *Europa* having been censured by the French Academy, who did not know the author, the Cardinal, in a fit of indignation, tore the copy into a thousand pieces, scattered it about his chamber, and retired full of rage to his bed. But at midnight, called for light and for his attendant, and with great pains and difficulty gathered up the fragments of his beloved play, and carefully pasted them together.

WARTON.

VER. 162. *Nay tho' at Court*] Not happily turned from intra penetralia Vestæ — But he could not forbear a fling at the Court. In ver. 164. why, “ in downright charity ? ”

WARTON.

VER. 167. *Command o'd words that long have slept, to wake,*] Warburton says, “ *The imagery is here very sublime. It turns the Poet to a Magician, evoking the dead from their sepulchres :*

“ *Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris ! !* ”

Horace has *not the same force,*

“ *Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum ! !* ”

And much must flatter, if the whim should bite
 To court applause by printing what I write : 150
 But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
 To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

° In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
 They treat themselves with most profound respect ;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue,
 Each prais'd within, is happy all day long, 156
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men, who write such Verse as we can read ?
 Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place, 161

Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace :
 Such they'll degrade ; and sometimes, in its stead,

p In downright charity revive the dead ;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears, 165
 Bright through the rubbish of some hundred years ;
 Command old words that long have slept, to wake,
 Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake ;

Or

NOTES.

VER. 167. *old words*] Mr. Harte told me, he had often talked on this subject with his friend Pope, and the following was the result of their conversations : “ That language of ours may be called Classical English, which is to be found in a few chosen writers inclusively from the times of Spenser till the death of Mr. Pope ; for false refinements, after a language has arisen to a certain degree of perfection, give reasons to suspect that a language is upon the decline. The same circumstances have happened formerly, and the event has been almost invariably the same. Compare Statius and Claudian with Virgil and Horace ; and yet the former was, if one may so speak, immediate heir at law to the latter.

Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,
 Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
 Nunc fitus informis premit et deferta vetustas :
 Adsciscet *nova*, quæ genitor produxerit usus :

Vehemens

NOTES.

“ I have known some of my contemporary poets, (and those not very voluminous writers,) who have coined their one or two hundred words a man ; whereas Dryden and Pope devised only about threescore words between them ; many of which were compound-epithets. But most of the words which they introduced into our language, proved in the event to be vigorous and perennial plants, being chosen and raised from excellent off-sets. Indeed, the former Author revived also a great number of ancient words and expressions ; and this he did (beginning at Chaucer) with so much delicacy of choice, and in a manner so comprehensive, that he left the latter Author (who was in that point equally judicious and sagacious) very little to do, or next to nothing.

“ Some few of Dryden’s revived words I have presumed to continue ; of which take the following instances : as, *grideline*, *filamet*, and *carmine*, (with reference to colours and mixture of colours,) *cymar*, *eygre*, *trine*, ΕΥΦΗΚΑ, *paraclete*, *panoply*, *rood*, *dorp*, *eglantine*, *orisons*, *aspirations*, &c. I mention this lest any one should be angry with me, or pleased with me in particular places, where I discover neither boldness nor invention.—I owe also to Fenton the participle *meander’d* ; and to Sir W. Davenant the Latinism of *funeral ilicet*.

“ As to compound-epithets, those *ambitiosa ornamenta* of modern poetry, Dryden has devised a few of them, with equal diffidence and caution ; but those few are exquisitely beautiful. Mr. Pope seized on them as family diamonds, and added thereto an equal number, dug from his own mines, and heightened by his own polishing.

“ Compound-epithets first came into their great vogue about the year 1598. Shakespear and Ben Jonson both ridiculed the ostentatious and immoderate use of them, in their Prologues to *Troilus* and *Cressida*, and to *Every Man in his Humour*. By the above-named Prologues it appears that bombast grew fashion-

Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense,) 170
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But show no mercy to an empty line: 175
 Then

NOTES.

able about the same æra. Now in both instances an affected taste is the same as a false taste. The author of Hieronimo (who, I may venture to assure the reader, was one John Smith *) first led up the dance. Then came the bold and self-sufficient translator of Du Bartas †, who broke down all the flood-gates of the true stream of eloquence, (which formerly preserved the river clear, within due bounds, and full to its banks,) and, like the rat in the Low Country dikes, mischievously or wantonly deluged the whole land."

WARTON.

VER. 168. *brave Raleigh spake;*] The conclusion of his History of the World, is written with uncommon energy and elegance. Among other particulars, Aubrey, in his manuscript notes, relates, that he was accustomed to speak, though so great a master of style, in a broad Devonshire dialect. His voice was small. And he adds a remarkable anecdote, that, at a consultation held at Whitehall, among several considerable personages, just after Queen Elizabeth's death, Raleigh declared his opinion, that it was the wisest way for them to keep the staff in their own hands, and set up a commonwealth, and not to be subject to a needy, beggarly nation. This secret declaration of Raleigh was conveyed by one of the Cabal to King James, who never forgave Raleigh for uttering it.

WARTON.

VER. 174. *Prune the luxuriant, &c.*] Our Poet, at fifteen, got acquainted with *Walsh*, whose candour and judgment he has celebrated in his *Essay on Criticism*. Walsh encouraged him greatly; and

* John Smith writ also the Hector of Germany.

† Joshua Sylvester.

*Vehemens et liquidus, puroque fimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ :
Luxuriantia compefcet : nimis aspera fano
Levabit cultu : virtute carèntia tollet :
Ludentis speciem dabit, et torquebitur ; ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur.
Prætulerim fcriptor delirus inersque videri,
Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,*

Quam

NOTES.

and used to tell him, there was one road still open for diftinction, in which he might excel the reft of his countrymen ; and that was *correctnefs* ; in which the Englifh poets had been remarkably defective. For though we have had feveral great geniufes, yet not one of them knew how to *prune his luxuriancies*. This therefore, as he had talents that feemed capable of things worthy to be improved, fhould be his principal ftudy. Our young Author followed his advice, till habit made correcting the moft agreeable, as well as ufeul, of all his poetical exercifes : and the delight he took in it, produced the effect he fpeaks of, in the following lines :

“ Then polifh all with fo much *life* and *eafe*,
“ You think ’tis nature, and a knack to please.”

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect from correction ; and it has been obferved oftener to produce a heavy ftiffnefs ; which, by another image, the Ancients called *fmelling of the lamp*. And without doubt, this will be the confequence, when it is performed with pain, as it will be when it is difcharged as a task. But when it becomes, by habit, an exercife of amufement, the judgment, lying no harder on the fancy than to direct its fallies, will preferve the *life* ; and the fancy lightening the judgment, will produce the *eafe* here fpoken of.

WARBURTON.

VER. 176. *Then polifh all, &c.*] M. Voltaire, fpeaking, as I remember, of Mr. Pope, fays,— “ L’art d’être eloquent en vers eft de tous les arts le plus difficile, et le plus rare. On trouvera mille Genies qui fçauront aranger un ouvrage, et le verfifier d’une maniere commune ; mais le traiter en vrai Poete, c’eft un talent qui eft donné à trois ou quatre hommes fur la terre.”

WARBURTON.

Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to please :

“ But ease in writing flows from Art, not chance ;
“ As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.”

⁹ If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool ; 181
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease,
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

There

NOTES.

VER. 177. *You think 'tis nature,*] Inferior to the example Horace has here used for executing a difficulty with seeming ease, taken from a pantomime, who represents the rude and awkward and distorted gestures of a Cyclops, with apparent facility and grace, though these gestures cannot be performed without much real labour and previous discipline. The Cyclops of Euripides is alluded to ; the only satiric drama that has remained of the ancients. WARTON.

VER. 178. *But ease in writing, &c.*] That species of Writers, which Mr. Pope elsewhere calls

“ The mob of Gentlemen who wrote *with ease*,”

understood this quality of a poem to belong only to such as (a certain Wit says) were *easily written* ; whereas our Poet supposes it to be the last, and hardly attained, perfection of a laboured work. But the *Gentleman writing*, laughed at in the line above, and its opposite, which he somewhere calls *prose run mad*, are the two extremes of that perfect style, the idea of which he has here so well described from his own writings. As *ease* was the mode of the last age, which took *Suckling* for its pattern ; so the imitation of *Milton* has introduced a pompous hardness into the affected writings of the present. Which last character, Quintilian describes very justly, and accounts as well for its success,—“ *Evenit nonnunquam ut aliquid grande inveniatur, qui semper querit quod nimium est ; verum et raro evenit, et cætera vitia non pensat.*” I remember once on reading a poem of this kind with Mr. Pope, called *Night Thoughts*, where the Poet was always on the strain, and labouring for expression, he said pleasantly : *This is a strange*

Quam sapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,
 In vacuo lætus fessor plausorque *theatro* :
 Cætera qui vitæ fervaret munia recto
 More ; bonus fane vicinus, *amabilis* hospes,
Comis in uxorem ; *posset* qui ignoscere servis,
 Et signo læso *non insanire* lagenæ :
Posset qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem,
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque refectus,
 Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
 Et redit ad sese : Pol me occidistis, amici,
 Non servâstis, ait ; cui sic extorta voluptas,
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error.

Ni-

NOTES.

man ; he seems to think with the Apothecaries, that Album Grecum is better than an ordinary stool. He himself was never swelling or pompous : and if ever he inclined to hardness, it was not from attempting to say a common thing with magnificence, but from including a great deal in a little room. WARBURTON.

In point of correctness, of perspicuity of style, and propriety of sentiment, there cannot be, on the whole, any comparison betwixt Pope and Young. But the strokes of the true sublime in the Night Thoughts, the sallies of wit in the Universal Passion, and the strong character of Zanga in the Revenge, are sufficient to preserve Young from the contempt flung upon him in this note of Dr. Warburton. WARTON.

VER. 184. *There liv'd in primo*] Much of the grace and propriety of this story of the Madman at Argos is lost, by transferring the scene from the theatre to the parliament house, from poetry to politics. The original story of this sort of madness is mentioned by Aristotle, and also by Ælian. Var. Hist. c. xxv. l. 4. of a madman, named Thrasyllus, who used to go down to Piræum, and thought all the ships that arrived in that port were his own. Horace judiciously laid the scene of this insanity in the theatre. Pope's story was entirely fiction, and unsuited to the subject,

There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord ; 185
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighted fate,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate :
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife ;
 Not quite a madman, tho' a pasty fell, 190
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd ; in short, they
 cur'd :
 Whereat the gentleman began to stare— 194
 My Friends ! he cried, p-x take you for your care !
 That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote.

Well,

NOTES.

which was dramatic poetry. The reader shall have the pleasure of comparing it with Boileau's imitation of the same passage, in his 4th Satire, ver. 103.

“ Jadis certain bigot, d'ailleurs homme sensé,
 D'un mal assez bizarre eut le cerveau blessé,
 S'imaginant sans cesse, en sa douce manie,
 Des esprits bien heureux entendre l'harmonie.
 Enfin un médecin fort expert en son art,
 Le guérit par adresse, ou plutôt par hazard.
 Mais voulant de ses soins exiger le salaire,
 Moi, vous païer ? lui dit le Bigot en colère ;
 Vous, dont l'art infernal, par des secrets maudits,
 En me tirant d'erreur, m'ôte du Paradis ?

WARTON.

VER. 192. *Him, the damn'd Doctors, &c.*] The execution of this passage is admirably dextrous, and of exquisite urbanity. The efforts of Boileau on the same subject will form an agreeable com-

^r Nimirum sapere est abjectis utile nugis,
 Et tempestivum *pueris* concedere ludum ;
^s Ac non verba sequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
 Sed *veræ numerosque modosque* ediscere vitæ.
 Quocirca *mecum* loquor hæc, tacitusque recordor :

^t Si tibi nulla fitim finiret copia lymphæ,
 Narrares medicis : quod quanto plura parâsti,
 Tanto plura cupis, nulline faterier audes ?

^u Si vulnus tibi monstrata radice vel herba
 Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba

Proficiente

NOTES.

parison. But here we see an elegant indeed, yet servile, copyist ; whilst our countryman's imitation has all the novelty and spirit of original conception. WAKEFIELD.

VER. 202. *To rules of Poetry*] These four lines are far superior to the Original, particularly the third and the fourth. WARTON.

VER. 210. *compliments apart,*] This is languid and redundant ; by the two preceding lines, hinting at what passed in his mind, on leaving London until he got to Tickenham, very pleasing. *Feel the smart*, ver. 217, is ill expressed. WARTON.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels*] These lines are undoubtedly good ; but the introduction of the absurd practice of touching for the king's evil, and the satire on servile chaplains, seem forced. WARTON.

VER. 218. *When golden Angels cease, &c.*] The whole of this passage alludes to a dedication of *Mr.* afterwards *Bishop Kennet*, to the Duke of Devonshire ; to whom he was chaplain, ver. 229. therefore must be filled up thus :

If *Devonshire* lov'd sixpence more than he. BENNET.

And perhaps, therefore, ver. 222. thus :

Look in that breast, most dirty *Duke* ! be fair —.

The *Angel* was a golden coin, given as a fee by those who came to be touched by the royal hand for the Evil : and the second couplet of the quotation resembles the conclusion of *Persius's* fourth satire :

Tecum

‘ Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate :
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late.

There is a time when Poets will grow dull : 200

I’ll e’en leave verses to the boys at school :

To rules of Poetry no more confin’d,

I’ll learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,

Teach ev’ry thought within its bounds to roll,

And keep the equal measure of the Soul. 205

‘ Soon as I enter at my country door,

My mind resumes the thread it dropt before ;

Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,

Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grot.

There all alone, and compliments apart, 210

I ask these sober questions of my heart.

‘ If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,

You tell the Doctor ; when the more you have,

The more you want, why not with equal ease

Confess as well your Folly, as Disease ? 215

The heart resolves this matter in a trice,

“ Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice.”

“ When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,

You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil :

When servile Chaplains cry, that birth and place

Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace, 221

Look

NOTES.

Tecum habita, et nôris quàm sit tibi curta supellex.

Survey thy soul ; not what thou dost appear,

But what thou art ; and find the beggar there. *Dryden.*

WAKEFIELD.

VER. 220. *When servile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Kennet.

WARBURTON.

Proficiente nihil curarier : audieras, cui
 Rem Dî donârint, illi decedere pravam
 Stultitiam ; et, cum sis nihilo sapientior, ex quo
 Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus îsdem ?

At si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent,
 Si cupidum timidumque minus te ; nempe ruberes
 Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.

^w Si *proprium* est, quod quis libra mercatus et
 ære est,

Quædam (si credis *consultis*) mancipat *usus* :
 Qui te pascit ager, tuus est ; et villicus Orbî,
 Cum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
 Te dominum fentit.

^{*} das nummos ; accipis uvam,
 Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti : nempe modo isto
 Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,
 Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emptum,
 Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim* ?

^y Emptor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
 Emptum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat ; emptis

Sub

NOTES.

VER. 229. *If D*** lov'd*] Warton says, he searched in vain for the name to whom this blank belongs. “ Of all sorts of writing,” he justly observes, “ personal satire is not only the most unintelligible, but the most short-liv’d. How many of the characters to whom La Bruyere alludes, are unknown ; Theodas, is Santeuil ; Menalcas, Count de Brancas.

“ It was a long time before it was understood that M. de la Rochefoucault, in his 71st maxim, meant to point out the Chevalier de Rohan : in his 342d maxim, the D. d’Espernon ; and in his 393d, M. le Tellier ; and in maxim 200, the narrow conversation

Look in that breast, most dirty D—! be fair,
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
 You go to Church to hear these Flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit, 226
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If D*** lov'd sixpence, more than he.

“ If there be truth in Law, and Use can give 230
 A Property, that's yours on which you live.
 Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord:
 All * Worldly's hens, nay partridge, fold to town,
 His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own: 235
 He bought at thousands, what with better wit
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
 Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found!
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

“ Heathcote himself, and such large-acred men,
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln fen, 241
 Buy ev'ry stick of wood, that lends them heat,
 Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.
 Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.

The

NOTES.

sation of Boileau and Racine, who never talked on any subject but poetry and criticism.”

VER. 232. *Delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over-against Hampton-Court. WARBURTON.

Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum,
 Sed *vocat* usque suum, qua populus adfita certis
 Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia : tanquam
^z Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
 Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte su-
 prema,
 Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *usus*, at hæres
 Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam ;
 Quid *vici* profunt, aut *horrea* ? quidve Calabris
 Saltibus adjecti Lucani ; si metit Orcus
 Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro ?

^a Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla, ta-
 bellas,
 Argentum, vestes Gætulo murice tinctas,
 Sunt qui non habeant ; est qui non curat habere.

Cur

NOTES.

VER. 248. *hang in Fortune's pow'r—Loose on the point of ev'ry
 wav'ring hour.*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here sup-
 plied the Imitator with expression much superior to his Original.
 WARBURTON.

VER. 254. *All vast possessions,*] The next ten lines are far su-
 perior to the Original, both for their poetry and philosophy ;
 and for the artful introduction of the name of his excellent and
 amiable friend, Lord Bathurst. WARTON.

VER. 257. *Join Cotswold hills to Saperton's fair dale,*] *Saper-*
ton. His seat is near the *Cotswold* hills : and his favourite passion
 is well alluded to in ver. 260.

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak :
 for the *avenues of oaks* at Saperton are very magnificent.

Bennet.

WAKEFIELD.

The Laws of God, as well as of the land, 246

Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand :

Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r

² Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.

Ready, by force, or of your own accord, 250

By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.

Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what would'st thou
have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.

All vast possessions, (just the same the case

Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chase,) 255

Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?

Join Cotswood hills to Saperton's fair dale,

Let rising Granaries and Temples here,

Their mingled farms and pyramids appear,

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak, 260

Enclose whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!

Inexorable Death shall level all,

And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

^a Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,

Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Persian dye,

There are who have not,—and thank Heav'n there

are, 266

Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk

NOTES.

VER. 264. *Gold, Silver,*] These four lines are fine examples of the close, energetic, comprehensive, style of which he was so perfect a master.

WARTON.

^b Cur alter fratrum *cessare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*
 Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus ; alter
Dives et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
 Silvestrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum :
 Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum :
 NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, mortalis in unum—
 Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

^c Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poscet, acervo
 Tollam : nec metuum, quid de me judicet *hæres*,

Quod

NOTES.

VER. 273. *All Townshend's Turnips,*] Lord Townshend, Secretary of State to George the First and Second.—When this great Statesman retired from business, he amused himself in Husbandry ; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which arises from Turnips ; it was the favourite subject of his conversation.

WARBURTON.

He is said to have been slow in his parts, rough in his manners, and impatient of contradiction, but generous and humane at bottom ; and of strong, good judgment.

WARTON.

VER. 274. *like Bu—*] Bubb Doddington, afterward Lord Melcombe, whose curious Diary has discovered many despicable court-secrets and mean intrigues.

WARTON.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe,*] Employed in settling the Colony of Georgia.

POPE.

Here are lines that will justly confer immortality on a man who well deserved so magnificent an eulogium. He was at once a great *hero* and a great *legislator*. The vigor of his mind and body have seldom been equalled. The vivacity of his genius continued to a great old age. The variety of his adventures, and the very different scenes in which he had been engaged, makes one regret that his life has never been written. Dr. Johnson once offered to do it, if the General would furnish the materials. Johnson had a great regard for him, for he was one of the first persons that highly, in all companies, praised his *London*. His first campaign was made under Prince Eugene, against the Turks ; and this great General always spoke of Oglethorpe in the highest terms.

Neither

^b Talk what you will of Taste, my friend, you'll
find

Two of a face, as soon as of a mind.

Why, of two brothers, rich and restless one 270

Plows, burns, manures, and toils from fun to fun ;

The other flights, for women, sports, and wines,

All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grosvenor's mines :

Why one like Bu — with pay and scorn content,

Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament ; 275

One driv'n by strong Benevolence of soul,

Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole :

Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,

Who forms the Genius in the natal hour ;

That God of Nature, who, within us still, 280

Inclines our action, not constrains our will ;

Various of temper, as of face or frame,

Each individual : His great End the same.

^c Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,

A part I will enjoy, as well as keep. 285

My

NOTES.

Neither he nor Eugene loved Marlborough. He once told me, (for I had the pleasure of knowing him well,) that Eugene, speaking of Marlborough, said, "There is a great difference in making war *en maitre*, or *en avocat*." But his settlement of the Colony in Georgia gave a greater lustre to his character than even his military exploits. WARTON.

VER. 280. *That God of Nature, &c.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illustrating his own Philosophy ; and so giving a much better sense to his Original ; and correcting both the *Naturalism* and the *Fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in these words :

"Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat astrum,

NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ."

WARBURTON.

Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
 Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti
 Discrepet, et quantum discordet parcus avaro.
 Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumptum
 Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores ;
 Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim*.

^f Pauperies immunda procul procul absit : ego, utrum
 Nave ferar *magna* an *parva* ; ferar *unus et idem*.
 Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone secundo :
 Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris.
 Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,
 Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.

^g Non es avarus : abi. quid ? cætera jam simul isto
 Cum vitio fugere ? caret tibi pectus inani
 Ambitione ? caret mortis formidine et ira ?
 Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, fagas,
 Nocturnos lemures, protentaque Theffala rides ?
 Natales grate numeras ? ignoscis amicis ?

Lenior

NOTES.

VER. 302. *In pow'r, wit,*] The six words in the Original,

“ Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,”

are wonderfully close, emphatical, and compact ; but I think they could hardly be better expressed than by our Author. He has not, perhaps, succeeded so well in imitating another line below,

“ Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, fagas,”

a line of admirable brevity.

WARTON.

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is observable with what sobriety he has corrected the licentiousness of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that superstition, he would explode ; whereas the Imitator is only for removing the false terrors from the world of spirits ; such as the *diablerie* of *witchcraft* and *purgatory*.

WARBURTON.

My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place ;
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days :
I, who at some times spend, at others spare, 290
Divided between carelessness and care.

'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store ;
Another, not to heed to treasure more ;
Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid Want be far away. 295

^f What is't to me, (a passenger God wot,)
Whether my vessel be first rate or not ?
The Ship itself may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger,
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, 300
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

^g " But why all this of Avarice ? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone ; 305
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad ? the Avarice of pow'r ?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall ?
Not the black fear of death, that saddens all ?
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne, 310
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown ?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire ?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind ? 315

Lenior et melior sis accedente senectâ ?

Quid te exempta levat spinis de pluribus una ?

^h Vivere si recte nescis, decede peritis.

Lusisti fatis, edisti fatis, atque bibisti :

Tempus abire tibi est : ne potum largius æquo

Rideat, et pulset lasciva decentius ætas.

Has life no founness, drawn so near its end?
 Can'st thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
 Has age but melted the rough parts away,
 As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
 Or will you think, my friend, your bus'ness done,
 When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one? 321

^h Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
 You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your
 fill:

Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
 Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
 Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease, 326
 Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please*.

NOTES.

VER. 326. *Leave such to trifle*] It, perhaps, might have been better to have omitted these two last lines: the second of which has a quaint and modern turn; and the humour consists in being driven off the stage, *potum largius æquo*. The word *lufisti* in the Original, is used in a loose and naughty sense, says Upton. Also l. 4. 13. Od. and in Propertius,

“ ——— populus lufit Eriethonius.”

WARTON.

THE
SATIRES
OF
DR. JOHN DONNE,
DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,
VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et nosmet *Lucili* scripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit
Versiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius ?

HOR.

THE

SAVINGS

OF

DR. JOHN DOWNEY

BY

JOHN DOWNEY

OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF

YALE

NEW HAVEN

1851

THE wit, the vigour, and the honesty of Mr. Pope's Satiric Writings had raised a great clamour against him, as if the *Supplement*, as he calls it, to the *Public Laws*, was a violation of morality and society. In answer to this charge he had it in his purpose to shew, that two of the most respectable characters in the modest and virtuous age of Elizabeth, Dr. Donne and Bishop Hall, had arraigned Vice publicly, and shewn it in stronger colours, than he had done, whether they found it,

“ On the Pillory, or near the Throne.

In pursuance of this purpose, our Poet hath admirably *versified*, as he expresses it, two or three Satires of Dr. Donne. He intended to have given two or three of Bishop Hall's likewise, whose force and classical elegance he much admired; but as Hall was a better versifier, and, as a mere Academic, had not his vein vitiated like Donne's, by the fantastic language of Courts, Mr. Pope's purpose was only to correct a little, and smooth the versification. In the first edition of Hall's Satires, which was in Mr. Pope's library, we find that long Satire, called the First of the Sixth Book, corrected throughout, and the versification mended for his use. He intitles it, in the beginning of his corrections, by the name of *Sat. Opt.* This writer, Hall, fell under a severe examiner of his wit and reasoning, in the famous Milton. For Hall, a little before the unhappy breach between Charles I. and the long Parliament, having written in defence of Episcopacy, Milton, who first set out an advocate for Presbytery, thought fit to take Hall's defence to task. And as he rarely gave quarter to his adversaries, from the Bishop's theologic writings, he fell upon his Poetry. But a stronger proof of the excellency of these Satires can hardly be given, than that all he could find to cavil at, was the *title* to the three first Books, which Hall, ridiculously enough, calls TOOTHLESS SATIRE: on this, for want of better hold, Milton fastens, and sufficiently mumbles. WARBURTON.

Dryden was the first who recommended the plan pursued by Pope, in rendering Donne more harmonious, and who says, if his satires were *translated* into *numbers*, they would be admired.

SATIRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
 Perfectly all this town; yet there's one state
 In all ill things, so excellently best,
 That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the rest.
 Though Poetry, indeed, be such a sin,
 As, I think, that brings *Dearth* and *Spaniards* in;
 Though

NOTES.

VER. I. *Yes; thank my stars!*] Two noblemen of taste and learning, the Duke of Shrewsbury and the Earl of Oxford, desired Pope to melt down and cast anew, the weighty bullion of Dr. Donne's Satires; who had degraded and deformed a vast fund of sterling wit and strong sense, by the most harsh and uncouth diction. Pope succeeded in giving harmony to a writer, more rough and rugged than even any of his age, and who profited so little by the example Spencer had set, of a most musical and mellifluous versification; far beyond the versification of Fairfax, who is frequently mentioned as the greatest improver of the harmony of our language. The Satires of Hall, written in very smooth and pleasing numbers, preceded those of Donne many years; for his *Virgidemiarum* were published, in six books, in the year 1597; in which he calls himself the very first English Satirist. This, however, was not true in fact; for Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Allington Castle in Kent, the friend and favourite of Henry VIII. and, as was suggested, of Ann Boleyn, was our first writer of Satire worth notice. But it was not in his numbers only that Donne was reprehensible. He abounds in false thoughts, in far-fought sentiments, in forced unnatural conceits. He was the first corrupter of Cowley. Dryden was the first who called him a metaphysical poet. He had a considerable share of learning, and though he entered late into orders, yet he was esteemed
 a good

S A T I R E II.

Y^ES; thank my stars! as early as I knew
 This Town, I had the sense to hate it too:
 Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still
 One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,
 That all beside, one pities, not abhors; 5
 As who knows Sappho, smiles at other whores.
 I grant that Poetry's a crying sin;
 It brought (no doubt) th' *Excise* and *Army* in:
 Catch'd

NOTES.

a good divine. James I. was so earnest to prefer him in the church, that he even refused the Earl of Somerset, his favourite, the request he earnestly made, of giving Donne an office in the council. In the entertaining account of that conversation, which Ben Jonson is said to have held with Mr. Drummond, of Hawthornden in Scotland, in the year 1619, containing his judgments of the English Poets, he speaks thus of Donne, (who was his intimate friend, and had frequently addressed him in various poems:)
 "Donne was originally a poet; his grand-father, on the mother's side, was Heywood the epigrammatist; but for not being understood, he would perish. He esteemed him the first poet in the world for some things; his Verses of the Lost Ochadine, he had by heart; and that passage of the Calm, "that dust and feather, did not stir, all was so quiet." He affirmed, that Donne wrote all his best pieces before he was twenty-five years of age.

Donne was one of our Poets who wrote elegantly in Latin; as did Ben Jonson, Cowley, Milton, Addison, and Gray. The private character of Donne, the inconvenience he underwent on account of his early marriage, and his remarkable sensibility of temper, render him very amiable.

WARTON.

Though like the pestilence, and old-fashion'd love,
 Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
 Never, till it be starv'd out ; yet their state
 Is poor, disarm'd, like Papists, not worth hate.

One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as
 dead,
 Yet prompts him which stands next, and cannot
 read,

And faves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
 (Starving himself,) to live by's labour'd scenes.

As in some Organs, Puppits dance above,
 And bellows pant below, which them do move.

One would move love by rhymes ; but witchcraft's
 charms

Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms :
 Rams and slings now are silly battery,
 Pistolets are the best artillery.

And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
 Are they not like fingers at doors for meat ?
 And they who write, because all write, have still
 That 'scuse for writing, and for writing ill.

But he is worst, who beggarly doth chaw
 Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
 Rankly digested, doth these things out-spue,
 As his own things ; and they're his own, 'tis true,
 For if one eat my meat, though it be known
 The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.

But these do me no harm, nor they which use,
 to out-usure Jews,

Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is starving, all allow. 10

Yet like the Papist's, is the Poet's state,
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live :

The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead, 15
So prompts, and faves a rogue who cannot read.

Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.

Heav'd by the breath, th' inspiring bellows blow :

Th' inspiring bellows lie and pant below. 20

One sings the Fair ; but songs no longer move ;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love :

In love's, in nature's spite, the siege they hold,

And scorn the flesh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,
As needy beggars sing at doors for meat. 26

Those write because all write, and so have still
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed ! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit : 30

'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digestion makes it wit no more :

Sense, past through him, no longer is the same ;
For food digested takes another name.

I pass o'er all those Confessors and Martyrs 35
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,

Out-cant old Esdras, or out-drink his heir,

Out-usure Jews, or Irishmen out-swear ;

Wicked

T' out-drink the sea, t' out-swear the Letanie,
 Who with sins all kinds as familiar be
 As Confessors, and for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in hell must make;
 Whose strange sins Canonists could hardly tell
 In which Commandment's large receipt they dwell.

But these punish themselves. The insolence
 Of *Coscus*, only, breeds my just offence,
 Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
 And plodding on, must make a calf an ox)
 Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
 But scarce a Poet: jollier of this state,
 Than are new-benefic'd Ministers, he throws,
 Like nets or lime-twigs, wherefoe'er he goes
 His title of Barrister on ev'ry wench,
 And woos in language of the Pleas and Bench.**

Words, words which would tear
 The tender labyrinth of a Maid's soft ear:

More,

NOTES.

VER. 38. *Irishmen out-swear*;] The Original says,
 "out-swear the Letanie,"

improved by the Imitator into a just stroke of Satire. Dr. Donne's is a low allusion to a licentious quibble used at that time by the enemies of the English Liturgy: who, disliking the frequent invocations in the *Letanie*, called them the *taking God's Name in vain*, which is the Scripture periphrasis for *swearing*.

WARBURTON.

VER. 43. *Of whose strange crimes*] Such as Sanchez de Matrimonio has minutely enumerated and described. Such Canonists deserved this animadversion. In Pascal's fine Provincial Letters are also some strange and striking examples.

WARTON.

Wicked as Pages, who in early years
 Act sins which Prisca's Confessor scarce hears. 40
 Ev'n those I pardon, for whose sinful sake
 Schoolmen new tenements in Hell must make ;
 Of whose strange crimes no Canonist can tell
 In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.

One, one man only breeds my just offence ; 45
 Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave im-
 pudence :

Time, that at last matures a clap to pox,
 Whose gentle progress makes a calf an ox,
 And brings all natural events to pass,
 Hath made him an Attorney of an Ass. 50
 No young Divine, new benefic'd, can be
 More pert, more proud, more positive than he.
 What further could I wish the fop to do,
 But turn a wit and scribble verses too ;
 Pierce the soft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear 55
 With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year* ?

Or

NOTES.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The Original is more humorous :

“ In which Commandment's large *receit* they dwell.”

As if the *Ten Commandments* were so wide, as to stand ready to *receive* every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature*, or the *Gospels*, enjoins. A just ridicule on those *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within the Decalogue. Whereas their true original sense is much more confined ; being a short summary of moral duty fitted for a single people, upon a particular occasion, and to serve temporary ends.

WARBURTON.

VER. 48. *makes a calf an ox,*] An unaccountable blunder in our Author. As if an ox was in his *natural* state. WARTON.

More, more than ten Sclavonians scolding, more
 Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.
 Then sick with Poetry, and possesst with Muse
 Thou wast, and mad I hop'd ; but men which chuse
 Law practice for mere gain ; bold soul repute
 Worse than imbrothel'd strumpets prostitute.
 Now like an owl-like watchman he must walk,
 His hand still at a bill ; now he must talk
 Idly, like prisoners, which whole months will swear,
 That only suretyship hath brought them there,
 And to ev'ry suitor lye in every thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
 Bearing like asses, and more shameless farre
 Than carted whores, lie to the grave Judge ; for
 Bastardy abounds not in the King's titles, nor
 Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
 As these things do in him ; by these he thrives.

Shortly

NOTES.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas—*] The Original has here a very fine stroke of Satire,

“ Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.”

The frauds with which that work (so necessary for the welfare both of religion and the state) was begun ; the rapine with which it was carried on ; and the dissoluteness in which the plunder arising from it was wasted, had scandalized all sober men ; and disposed some, even of the best Protestants, to wish, that some part of that immense wealth, arising from the suppression of the Monasteries, had been reserved for charity, hospitality, and even for the service of religion.

WARBURTON.

VER. 74. *For not in Chariots Peter*] Pope might have applied the words of Horace to this *eternal* Peter, with as much propriety as he did to his friend Bolingbroke :

Prima dicte mihi, summâ dicende camænâ !

Or court a Wife, spread out his wily parts,
 Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich Widows' hearts;
 Call himself Barrister to ev'ry wench,
 And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench? 60
 Language, which Boreas might to Auster hold,
 More rough than forty Germans when they scold.

Curs'd be the wretch, so venal and so vain:
 Paltry and proud, as Drabs in Drury-lane.
 'Tis such a bounty as was never known, 65
 If PETER deigns to help you to your *own*:
 What thanks, what praise, if *Peter* but supplies!
 And what a solemn face, if he denies!
 Grave, as when pris'ners shake the head and swear
 'Twas only Suretyship that brought them there. 70
 His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
 He starves with cold to save them from the fire;
 For you he walks the streets through rain or dust,
 For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his trust;
 For you he sweats and labours at the laws, 75
 Takes God to witness he affects your cause,
 And lies to ev'ry Lord, in ev'ry thing,
 Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
 These are the talents that adorn them all,
 From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * * 80
 Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
 Nor more of Bastardy in heirs to Crowns.

In

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Like a King's Favourite*] A line from the Original,
 as also line 60; which shews that Donne, if he had properly at-
 tended to it, could have written harmoniously. WARTON.

Shortly (as th' sea) he'll compass all the land,
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand.
 And spying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their sins as he :
 For (as a thrifty wench scrapes kitchen-stuffe,
 And barrelling the droppings, and the snuffe
 Of wasting candles, which in thirty year,
 Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
 Piecemeal he gets lands, and spends as much time
 Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
 In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
 Assurances, big as gloss'd civil laws,
 So huge that men (in our times forwardness)
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 These he writes not ; nor for these written payes,
 Therefore spares no length (as in those first dayes
 When *Luther* was profest, he did desire
 Short *Pater-nosters*, saying as a Fryar

Each

NOTES,

VER. 105. *So Luther, &c.*] Our Poet, by judiciously transposing this fine similitude, has given new lustre to his Author's thought. The Lawyer (says Dr. Donne) enlarges his legal instruments, to the bigness of *gloss'd civil Laws*, when it is to convey property to himself, and to secure his own ill-got wealth. But let the same Lawyer convey property to you, and he then omits even the necessary words ; and becomes as concise and loose as the hasty postils of a modern Divine. So *Luther*, while a Monk, and by his Institution, obliged to say Mass, and pray in person for others, thought even his *Pater-noster* too long. But when he set up for a Governor in the Church, and his business was to direct others how to pray for the success of his new Model ; he then lengthened the *Pater noster* by a new clause. This representation of the first part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion ; as the other, where he tells us, that the *ad-*
dition

In shillings and in pence at first they deal ;
 And steal so little, few perceive they steal ;
 Till, like the Sea, they compass all the land, 85
 From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* strand :
 And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,
 Or when a Duke to *Jansen* punts at White's,
 Or City-heir in mortgage melts away ;
 Satan himself feels far less joy than they. 90
 Piecemeal they win this acre first, then that,
 Glean on, and gather up the whole estate.
 Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
 Indenture, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
 Large as the fields themselves, and larger far 95
 Than civil Codes, with all their Glosses, are ;
 So vast, our new Divines, we must confess,
 Are Fathers of the Church for writing less.
 But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
 The deeds, and dextrously omits, *ses heires* : 100
 No Commentator can more sily pass
 O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place ;
 Or, in quotation, shrewd Divines leave out
 Those words, that would against them clear the doubt.
 So Luther thought the Pater-noster long, 105
 When doom'd to say his beads and Even-song ;
 But

NOTES.

dition was the *poover and glory clause*, was to satirize his ambition ;
 and both together, to insinuate that from a Monk, he was become
 totally *secularized*.—About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a
 strong propensity to the Roman Catholic Religion, which ap-

Each day his Beads; but having left those laws,
 Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clause);
 But when he fells or changes land, h' impaires
 The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ses heires*,
 As flily as any Commenter goes by
 Hard words, or sence; or, in Divinity
 As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
 Shrewd words, which might against them clear the
 doubt.

Where are these spread woods which cloath'd
 heretofore

Those bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
 Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
 Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals
 Equally I hate. Means blest. In rich men's homes
 I bid kill some beasts, but no hecatombs;
 None starve, none surfeit so. But (oh) we allow
 Good works as good, but out of fashion now,

Like

NOTES.

pears from several strokes in these Satires. We find amongst his works, a short satirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare Books*, one article of which is intitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicae*, alluding to Luther's omission of the concluding *Doxology* in his two Catechisms; which shews the Poet was fond of his joke. In this *catalogue* (to intimate his sentiments of Reformation) he puts Erasmus and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa. I will only observe, that it was written in imitation of Rabelais's famous *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor*, one of the finest passages in that extravagant Satire, which was the Manual of the Wits of this time. It was natural therefore to think, that the *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor* would become, as it did, the subject of many imitations. The best of which are this of Dr. Donne's, and one of Sir Thomas Brown's.

—Dr.

But having cast his cowl, and left those laws,
Adds to Christ's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clause.

The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Those ancient woods that shaded all the ground? 110

We see no new-built palaces aspire,
No kitchens emulate the vestal fire.

Where are those troops of Poor, that throng'd of
yore

The good old landlord's hospitable door?

Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115

Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;

That both extremes were banish'd from their walls,

Carthusian fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals;

And all mankind might that just Mean observe,

In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve.

These

NOTES.

—Dr. Donne afterwards took orders in the church of England. We have a large volume of his sermons in the false taste of that time. But the book which made his fortune was his *Pseudo martyr*, to prove that Papists ought to take the oath of allegiance. In this book, though Hooker had then written his *Ecclesiastical Policy*, he has approved himself entirely ignorant both of the *Origin* and *End* of Civil Government. In the 168th page, and elsewhere, he holds, that when men congregate to form the *body* of Civil Society, then it is, that the *soul* of Society, SOVEREIGN POWER, is sent into it immediately from God, just as he sends the soul into the human embryo, when the two sexes propagate their kind. In the 191st page, and elsewhere, he maintains that the office of the civil Sovereign extends to the care of Souls. For this absurd and blasphemous trash, James I. made him Dean of St. Paul's; all the wit and sublimity of his genius having never enabled him to get bread throughout the *better* part of his life.

WARBURTON.

Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.

VER. 121. *These as good works, &c.*] Dr. Donne says,

—— “ But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of fashion now.”

The popish doctrine of *good works* was one of those abuses in Religion which the Church of England condemns in its Articles. To this the Poet's words satirically allude. And having throughout this satire given several malignant strokes at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then very dangerous, to abuse, he had reason to bespeak the Reader's candor, in the concluding lines,

—— “ But my words none draws
Within the vast reach of th' huge statutes jaws.”

WARBURTON.

These as good works, 'tis true, we all allow, 121

But oh! these works are not in fashion now:

Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,

Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.

Thus much I've said, I trust, without offence;

Let no Court Sycophant pervert my sense, 126

Nor fly Informer watch these words to draw

Within the reach of Treason, or the Law.

VER. 125. *Thus much I've said,*] These three additional lines are redundant. And two strong epithets in the last line of Donne, *vast* and *huge*, were too emphatical to be omitted. WARTON.

SATIRE IV.

WELL ; I may now receive, and die. My sin
 Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
 A Purgatory, such as fear'd Hell is
 A Recreation, and scant map of this.

My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath
 been

Poyson'd with love to see or to be seen,
 I had no suit there, nor new suit to show,
 Yet went to Court ; but as Glare which did go
 To Mafs in jest, catch'd, was fain to disburse
 Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curse,
 Before he scap'd ; so it pleas'd my destiny
 (Guilty of my sin of going) to think me

As

NOTES.

VER. 1. WELL ; *I may now receive, &c.*] Warton properly observes, that the beginning of this satire is much more pointed than Pope's paraphrastical lines. "Receive and die," means the last sacrament, according to the Roman Catholic custom, before death

All the ceremonies are accurately described, in Father Huddleston's account of the death of Charles the Second. I mention this, because he uses an expression, that explains a passage in Shakespear,

Unhouse'd, unanointed, *unaneal'd*. —

Huddleston's words are, "I desired his Majesty that he would, in the interim, give me leave to proceed to the Sacrament of Extreme Unction: He replied, with all my heart. I then *anoyled* him."

VER. 7. *The Poet's hell,*] He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expression of his Original. WARBURTON.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the stage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!

I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at least beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my satires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.

With foolish pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commission from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;
Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it so.
But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Mass in jest (as story says)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd design of serving God;

So

NOTES.

VER. 13. *Had no new verses, nor new suit to show;*] Warburton says, this is an “*insinuation, that Court-Poetry, like Court-clothes, only comes thither in honour of the Sovereign; and serves but to supply a day's conversation!!*”

VER. 14. *the Dev'l would*] This addition is mean. And line below, 26. is perhaps the greatest violation of *harmony* Pope has ever been guilty of, by beginning the Verse with the word *Noah*. And line 17, *his fine was odd*, seems to be very exceptionable.

As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, lustfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witless, and as false, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I suffer'd this ; towards me did run
A thing more strange, than on Nile's slime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came :
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name :
Stranger than seven Antiquaries studies,
Than Africk Monsters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than strangers : one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Massacre had sure been slain,
If he had liv'd then ; and without help dies,
When next the 'Prentices 'gainst strangers rise ;
One whom the wach at noon lets scarce go by ;
One, to whom the examining Justice sure would cry,
Sir, by your Priesthood, tell me what you are ?

His cloathes were strange, tho' coarse, and black,
tho' bare.

Sleeve-

NOTES.

VER. 19. *So was I punish'd,*] Thus in former editions :

Such was my Fate, whom Heav'n adjudg'd,

Pope made many alterations in this Satire, and seems to have taken pains in correcting it. Line 65, and succeeding ones, stood thus :

Well met, he cries, and happy sure for each,
For I am pleas'd to learn, and you to teach.

Line 86 stood as follows :

Obliging Sir, I love you I profess,
But wish you lik'd Retreat a little less,

Spirits

So was I punish'd, as if full as proud
 As prone to ill, as negligent of good, 20
 As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
 As vain, as idle, and as false, as they }
 Who live at Court, for going once that way!
 Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
 A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name; 25
 Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
 Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
 A verier monster, than on Africk's shore
 The fun e'er got, or slimy Nilus bore,
 Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous shelves contain,
 Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign. 31
 The watch would hardly let him pass at noon,
 At night would swear him dropt out of the Moon.
 One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
 A popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take, 35
 And the wise Justice, starting from his chair,
 Cry, By your Priesthood tell me what you are?
 Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
 Tho' coarse, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:
 The

NOTES.

Spirits like you, belive me, should be seen,
 And like Ulysses visit Courts and men;
 So much alone, to speak plain truth between us,
 You'll die of spleen—excuse me, nunquam minus.

Line 154, ran thus:

Shows Poland's Interest, takes the Primate's Part.

Dr. Johnson speaks, methinks, too slightly of these Imitations of *Donne*, when he says, "That Pope seems to have known their *imbecillity*."

WARTON.

Sleeveless his jerkin was, and had it been
 Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
 Become Tuffaffaty ; and our children shall
 See it plain rash a while, then nought at all.

The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, speaks all
 tongues,

And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
 Made of th' accents, and best phrase of all these,
 He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
 Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste ;
 But pedants motly tongue, souldiers bumbast,
 Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
 Are strong enough preparatives to draw
 Me to hear this, yet I must be content
 With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement :
 In which he can win widows, and pay scores,
 Make men speak treason, couzen subtlest whores,
 Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
 Jovius, or Surlius, or both together.

He names me, and comes to me ; I whisper, God,
 How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
 This fellow, chuseth me ! He faith, Sir,
 I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
 For the best Linguist ? and I feelily
 Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.

Nay,

NOTES.

VER. 68. "*The King's,*" said I.] "This sneer," said the ingenious Mr. Wilkes, "is really indecent. The good Bishop who published an edition of his works, ought, in the *mild limbo* of his Commentary, to have softened the severity of this passage."

WARTON.

The fuit, if by the fashion one might guefs, 40
 Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Befs*,
 But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd ;
 So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd !
 Our fons fhall fee it leifurely decay,
 Firft turn plain rafh, then vanifh quite away. 45

This thing has travell'd, fpeaks each language too,
 And knows what's fit for ev'ry ftate to do ;
 Of whose beft phrafe and courtly accent join'd,
 He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
 Talkers I've learn'd to bear ; Motteux I knew, 50
 Henley himfelf I've heard, and Budgel too.
 The Doctor's Wormwood ftyle, the Hafh of tongues
 A Pedant makes, the ftorm of Gonfon's lungs,
 The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
 And (all thofe plagues in one) the bawling Bar : 55
 Thefe I could bear ; but not a rogue fo civil,
 Whofe tongue will compliment you to the devil.
 A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel fcores,
 Make Scots fpeak treason, cozen fubtleft whores,
 With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie, 60
 And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He fpies me out ; I whisper, Gracious God !
 What fin of mine could merit fuch a rod ?
 That all the fhots of dulnefs now muft be
 From this thy blunderbufs difcharg'd on me ! 65
 Permit (he cries) no ft ranger to your fame
 To crave your fentiment, if —'s your name.
 What *Speech* eft deem you moft ? " The *King's*," faid I.
 But the beft *words* ? — " O, Sir, the *Dictionary*."

Nay, but of men, most sweet Sir? Beza then,
 Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
 Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
 He stopt me, and said, Nay your Apostles were
 Good pretty Linguists; so Panurgus was,
 Yet a poor Gentleman; all these may pass
 By travail. Then, as if he would have fold
 His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
 That I was fain to say, If you had liv'd, Sir,
 Time enough to have been Interpreter

To

NOTES.

VER. 71. "*Onslow*,] By an affected gravity, and a solemn and important air, he presided for many years over the House of Commons; but not with the ability, knowledge, patience, prudence, and amiable manners, of the *present* Speaker, Mr. Addington, 1795. It is a curious fact in the History of English Liberty, that the very first person who was raised by the Commons to the dignity of their Speaker, was a member who had been imprisoned by Edward the Third, for attacking his Ministers and his Mistress in Parliament.

WARTON.

VER. 73. "*But Hoadly for a period*] Party occasioned this censure on a Writer, whose style, it must be confessed, was *sometimes*, but not *always*, (as for instance, in his *Treatise* on the *Sacrament*,) *languid* and *diffuse*: but who, having spent his life in defending the British Constitution, the Revolution, and the Succession of the House of Hanover, certainly did, by no means, deserve to be styled, as he hath lately been, "That *Republican* Prelate, Bishop Hoadly." The late excellent Bishop of London, Dr. Lowth, thought very differently of him, and calls him, in his admirable *Life of Wickham*, "The great *Advocate* of *Civil* and *Religious* Liberty."

WARTON.

No name is more obnoxious to the Roman Catholics, than that of Hoadly, whose manly and liberal principles were as remote from *Republicanism*, as from Popery and arbitrary Power.

VER. 73. *a period of a mile.*] *A stadium of Euripides* was a standing joke amongst the Greeks. By the same kind of pleasantry, Cervantes

You miss my aim ; I mean the most acute, 70

And perfect *Speaker*?—" Onflow, past dispute."

But, Sir, of writers? " Swift for closer style,

" But Ho***y for a period of a mile."

Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass :

Good common linguists, and so Panurge was ; 75

Nay troth th' Apostles (tho' perhaps too rough)

Had once a pretty *gift of Tongues* enough :

Yet these were all poor Gentlemen ! I dare

Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.

Thus other talents having nicely shown, 80

He came by sure transition to his own :

Till

NOTES.

Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long* ; which, because the humour, as well as the measure of the expression, was excessive, all his translators have judiciously agreed to omit ; without doubt paying due attention to that sober rule of Quintilian, *licet omnes hyperbole sit ultra fidem, non tamen debet esse ultra modum.* SCRIBL.

VER. 75. *so Panurge was ;*] It is surprizing that Rabelais, whose book is the most cutting satire on the Pope, the Church, and the principal events of his time, should have escaped severe censure and punishment. Garagantuas is decisively Francis I. and Henry II. is Pantagruel ; and Charles V. Pierocole. Swift, who formed himself on Rabelais, has exactly copied the famous speech of Panurge, in the Tale of the Tub, where Lord Peter, giving to Martin and John a piece of dry bread, tells them, it contains beef, partridge, capons, and the best wine of Burgundy. Rabelais, like Swift, loved *politics*. See his Letters from Rome, when he accompanied the Cardinal Bellay, Embassador of Francis I. to Pope Paul III. Rabelais imitated, in many passages, the *Literæ Virorum Obscurorum.* WARTON.

VER. 78. *Yet these were all poor Gentlemen !*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his Original. Donne makes his threadbare Traveller content himself under his poverty, with the reflection,

To Babel's Bricklayers, sure the Tower had stood.

He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness. I said, Not alone
My loneness is; but Spartanes fashion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaste;
No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.

He like to a high-stretcht Lutestring squeaks, O Sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of Kings. At Westminster,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:

Your

NOTES.

tion, that even Panurge himself (the great Traveller and Linguist in Rabelais) went a begging. There is infinite wit in this passage of Donne, yet very *licentious*, in coupling the *Apostles* and *Panurge* in this buffoon manner. WARBURTON.

By adding the words, "a pretty gift of Tongues," Pope has made it still more *licentious*. WARTON.

VER. 95. *Aretine has made;*] Alluding to the infamous Sonnets which this celebrated Italian wit composed to accompany the *Sixteen* obscene Figures that were designed by Julio Romano, who, as well as Titian, was his friend; and engraved by Marc Antonio Raimondi. By writing which, Aretine lost the favour and countenance of Leo the Tenth, and Clement VII. but was afterwards restored to the favour of the Medici Family, and wrote some books of devotion. The lines written for his epitaph shew his character sufficiently:

Qui giace l'Aretin poeta Tosco,
Che disse mal d'ogn'un fuor che dio,
Scusandosi col dir non lo conosco.

Mazzuchelli, vol. i. p. 1012.

WARTON.

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourself so able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguist half so good, 85
I make no question but the Tow'r had stood.

“ Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made :
 “ Why then for ever bury’d in the shade ?
 “ Spirits like you, should see and should be seen,
 “ The King would smile on you—at least the
 Queen,”

Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers so cajole us —
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus solus* :
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I say
No lessons now are taught the Spartan way :
'Tho' in his pictures Lust be full display'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made ;
And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,
None should, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd lutestring, and replies ;
“ Oh, 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things 100
“ To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings !”
Then, happy Man who shows the Tombs ! said I,
He dwells amidst the Royal Family ;
He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk, 105
And

NOTES.

VER. 104. *from King to King*] Much superior to the Original, where is a vile conceit.

"The way to it is King's-street,"

WARTON.

Your ears shall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
 Kings only : The way to it is King's-street.
 He smack'd, and cry'd, He's base, mechanic, coarse,
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
 Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you see,
 I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
 Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
 Your only wearing is your Grogaram,
 Not so, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
 He would not fly; I chaff'd him : but as Itch
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt Iron ground
 Into an edge, hurts worse; So, I (fool) found,
 Crossing hurt me. To fit my fullness,
 He to another key his style doth dress;
 And asks what news; I tell him of new playes,
 He takes my hand, and as a Still, which stayes
 A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
 As loth to enrich me, so tells many a ly.
 More than ten Hollensheads, or Halls, or Stows,
 Of trivial household trash : He knows, he knows
 When the *Queen* frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
 A subtle Statesman may gather of that;
 He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
 Hasts to an Offices reversion;

Who

NOTES.

VER. 116. *Wild to get loose,*] Donne in this Satire imitates the
Impertinent of Horace. Sat. ix. l. 1. And Horace copied the
 character from Theophrastus. There was an edition in folio,
 1737, with this title, *The Impertinent, or a Visit to the Court, a*
Satire, by Mr. Pope.—And no mention is made of Donne in this
 Edition.

WARTON.

And get by speaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Ease and Bread.

“ Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic ! strangely low,

“ And coarse of phrase,—your English all are so.

“ How elegant your Frenchmen ?” Mine, d’ye mean ?

I have but one, I hope the fellow’s clean. 111

“ Oh ! Sir, politely so ! nay, let me die,

“ Your only wearing is your Padua-foy.”

Not, Sir, my only, I have better still,

And this you see is but my dishabille— 115

Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,

Mistake, confound, object at all he spoke.

But as coarse iron, sharpen’d, mangles more,

And itch most hurts when anger’d to a fore ;

So when you plague a fool, ’tis still the curse, 120

You only make the matter worse and worse.

He past it o’er ; affects an easy smile

At all my peevishness, and turns his style.

He asks, “ What News ?” I tell him of new Plays,

New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas. 125

He hears, and as a Still with simples in it,

Between each drop it gives, stays half a minute,

Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,

By little, and by little, drops his lies. 129

Mere household trash ! of birth-nights, balls, and shows,

More than ten Hollinheads, or Halls, or Stows.

When the *Queen* frown’d, or smil’d, he knows ; and what

A subtle Minister may make of that :

Who sins with whom : who got his Pension rug,

Or quicken’d a Reversion by a drug : 135

Who wastes in meat, in clothes, in horfe, he notes,
 Who loveth whores
 He knows who hath sold his land, and who doth beg
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 Shells to transport ;
 shortly boys shall not play
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay
 Toll to some Courtier ; and wiser than all us,
 He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
 He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, spue, spit,
 Look pale and sickly, like a Patient, yet

He

NOTES.

VER. 144. *Why Turnpikes*] In this recapitulation of modern abuses, he has imitated his Original with great spirit. Amongst those which Dr. Donne mentions, is

“ A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egge-
 Shells to transport ;”

by this, he means MONOPOLIES, the most unpopular abuse of power in his time. It continued down, through the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year 1633 the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court with a magnificent mask. And one of their *Antimasks* was an ingenious ridicule on the abuse of Monopolies ; which Mr. Whitlocke thus describes : “ In this Antimasque of Projectors,” (says he) “ came a fellow with a bunch of Carrots on his head, and a Capon upon his fist, describing a Projector who begged a patent of Monopoly, as the first inventor of the art to feed Capons fat with Carrots, and that none but himself might make use of that invention, &c. Several other Projectors were in like manner personated in this Antimasque ; and it pleased the spectators the more, because by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitness and ridiculousness of these projects against the Law ; and the Attorney Nov, who had most knowledge of them, had a great hand in this Antimasque of the *Projectors*.” This exorbitancy became so general, that Ben Jonson makes a cheating procurer of Monopolies the chief character in one of his plays ; just as he had done a cheating Alchymist in another.

WARBURTON.

Whose place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
 And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore :
 Who, having lost his credit, pawn'd his rent,
 Is therefore fit to have a Government :
 Who in the secret, deals in Stocks secure, 140
 And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor :
 Who makes a Trust of Charity a Job,
 And gets an Act of Parliament to rob :
 Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit nor Clown
 Can gratis see the Country, or the town : 145
 Shortly no lad shall chuck, or lady vole,
 But some excising Courtier will have toll.
 He tells what strumpet places sells for life,
 What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife :
 And last (which proves him wiser still than all) 150
 What Lady's face is not a whited wall.

As one of Woodward's patients, sick, and fore,
 I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more :

Trims

NOTES.

VER. 151. *What Lady's face, &c.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of scandal concludes thus,

“ And wiser than all us,
 He knows what Lady ——”

the Reader expects it will conclude—*what Lady is painted*. No, just the contrary,

“ what Lady is not painted :”

satirically insinuating, that this is a better proof of the goodness of his intelligence than the other. The Reader sees there is greater force in the use of these plain words, than in those which the Imitator employs. And the reason is, because the satire does not turn upon the *odiousness* of painting ; in which case, the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expression ; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the simple mention of the thing.

WARBURTON.

He thrusts on more, and as he had undertook,
 To say Gallo-Belgicus without book,
 Speaks of all states and deeds that have been since
 The Spaniards came to th' loss of Amyens.
 Like a big wife, at sight of loathed meat,
 Ready to travail : so I sigh, and sweat
 To hear this Makaron * talk : in vain, for yet,
 Either my humour, or his own to fit,
 He like a priviledg'd spie, whom nothing can
 Discredit, libels now 'gainst each great man.
 He names the price of ev'ry office paid ;
 He saith our wars thrive ill because delaid ;
 That offices are intail'd, and that there are
 Perpetuities of them, lasting as far
 As the last day ; and that great Officers
 Do with the Spaniards share, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circes prisoners, when
 They felt themselves turn beasts, felt myself then
 Becoming Traytor, and methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw,
 To suck me in for hearing him : I found
 That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow found
 By giving others their sores, I might grow
 Guilty, and he free : Therefore I did show

All

NOTES.

VER. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the
 effects of his use of oils in bilious disorders. WARBURTON.

* Whom we call an Ass, the Italians stile *Maccheroni*.

WARBURTON.

Trims Europe's balance, tops the statesman's part,
 And talks Gazettes and Post-boys o'er by heart. 155
 Like a big wife at sight of loathsome meat
 Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat.
 Then as a licens'd spy, whom nothing can
 Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man ;
 Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come, 160
 In sure succession to the day of doom :
 He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
 And says our wars thrive ill, because delay'd :
 Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
 That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port. 165
 Not more amazement seiz'd on Circe's guests,
 To see themselves fall endlong into beasts,
 Than mine, to find a subject stay'd and wife
 Already half turn'd traitor by surprize.
 I felt th' infection slide from him to me, 170
 As in the pox, some give it to get free ;
 And quick to swallow me, methought I saw
 One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lie
 Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by. 175
 To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
 Then, close as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
 Not Fannius' self more impudently near,
 When half his nose is in his Prince's ear.

I quak'd

NOTES.

VER. 178. *Not Fannius' self*] Alluding to the circumstance which Pope never forgot or forgave, of Lord Hervey having in-

All signs of loathing ; but since I am in,
 I must pay mine, and my forefathers sin
 To the last farthing. Therefore to my power
 Toughly and stubbornly I bear ; but th' hower
 Of mercy now was come ; he tries to bring
 Me to pay a fine, to 'scape a torturing,
 And says, Sir, can you spare me—? I said, Willingly ;
 Nay, Sir, can you spare me a crown ? Thankfully I
 Gave it, as ransom ; but as fiddlers, still,
 Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
 Thrust one more jig upon you : so did he
 With his long complimented thanks vex me.
 But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
 And the Prerogative of my Crown ; scant
 His thanks were ended, when I (which did see
 All the Court fill'd with more strange things than he)
Ran

NOTES.

sinuated something to his disparagement at Court. Pope, however, had no right to complain, considering the acrimony of his abuse, and his known principles. I have no doubt he was induced to versify this Satire, that he might more covertly point his satire against Courts and Kings.

VER. 184. *Bear me,*] These four lines are wonderfully sublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil in the region of *heat*. They both call out, as if they were half stifled by the sulphury air of the place,

“ O qui me gelidis — ”

“ Oh quickly bear me hence — ” WARBURTON.

The next twenty two lines are not only far superior to the Original, but, perhaps, equal to any Pope ever wrote, or to any in our language in rhyme. The 188th and 189th lines in the first Edition ran thus,

Here still reflection led on sober thought,
 Which Fancy colour'd and a Vision wrought.

It

I quak'd at heart ; and still afraid, to see 180
 All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he,
 Ran out as fast, as one that pays his bail
 And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, some God ! oh quickly bear me hence
 To wholesome Solitude, the nurse of sense : 185
 Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
 And the free soul looks down to pity Kings !
 There sober thought pursu'd th' amusing theme,
 Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.

A Vision hermits can to Hell transport, 190
 And forc'd ev'n me to see the damn'd at Court.

Not

NOTES.

It may indeed be urged, that these lines, though containing exquisite poetry, are not of an uniform tone with the rest of the piece. But such a frigid objection ought to vanish before so much excellence. WARTON.

VER. 184. *Bear me, some God, &c.*] Pope appears to have adopted his expression from *Hughes's* Thought in a Garden :

Delightful mansion ! blest retreat !
 Where all is silent, all is sweet !
 Here *Contemplation prunes her wings* :
 The raptur'd Muse more tuneful sings.

Nor is it improbable, that Pope retained in memory *Mrs. Chandler's* beautiful verses on Solitude :

Sweet *Solitude*, the Muse's dear delight,
 Serene thy day, and peaceful is thy night :
 Thou *nurse* of Innocence, fair Virtue's friend !
 Silent, tho' rapturous, pleasures thee attend.
 Nature in ev'ry object points the road,
 Whence *Contemplation wings* my soul to God.

WAKEFIELD.

“ *Contemplation prunes her wings*,” is from Milton.

Ran from thence with such, or more haste than one
Who fears more actions, doth haste from prison.

At home in wholesome solitariness

My piteous soul began the wretchedness
Of suitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he saw hell, did advance
Itself o'er me : such men as he saw there
I saw at court, and worse and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuser : Then,
Shall I, none's slave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns ; and my mistress Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puffed nobility ?
No, no, thou which since yesterday hast been,
Almost about the whole world, hast thou seen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as swells the bladder of our court ? I

Think

NOTES.

VER. 192. *Not Dante dreaming*] It is only within a few years that the merits of this *great* and *original* Poet were attended to, and made known in this country. And this seems to be owing to a translation of the very pathetic story of *Count Ugolino* ; to the judicious and spirited summary given of this poem, in the 31st section of the *History of English Poetry* ; and to Mr. Hayley's elegant translation of the three cantos of the *Inferno*. Notwithstanding the feeble and tasteless attacks of Voltaire, real judges will ever think that it abounds in many strokes of the true *sublime*, and the *pathetic*, though mix'd with the strongest traits of the *satiric*. With what vigour and vehemence has he justly lashed the profligacy, the tyranny, and the corruptions of the Church of Rome, being one of the *very first* writers that called her the *Great Harlot* in the *Apocalypse*, canto 19, of the *Inferno* ? Nor has he been less severe on cruel and despotic princes ; and in one place

Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal state
 Beheld such scenes of envy, sin, and hate.
 Base Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
 Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me : 195
 Shall I, the Terror of this sinful town,
 Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or smile or frown?
 Who cannot flatter, and detest who can,
 Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
 O my fair mistress, Truth ! shall I quit thee 200
 For huffing, braggart, puff'd Nobility?
 Thou, who since yesterday hast roll'd o'er all
 The busy, idle blockheads of the ball,
 Hast thou, oh Sun ! beheld an emptier fort,
 Than such as swell this bladder of a court ? 205
 Now

NOTES.

place makes Hugh Capet confess that his father was a *butcher* :
Figliuol d' un' Beccaio di Parigi. Purgat. canto 20 and own him-
 self the cause and origin of much mischief to Christendom :

I fui radice de la mala pianta,
 Che la terra Christiana tutta aduggia,
 Si che buon frutto rado se ne schianta.

I only just add, that Mr. Addison appears not to have read Dante, from his never *once* referring to him in his Criticisms on Milton, who was such an *admirer* and *imitator* of this great Italian Poet. Algarotti justly laments the loss of an inestimable treasure, a copy of Dante, which Michael Angelo had enriched with designs drawn with his pen, on the margin of each leaf. Dante was justly styled, *Il poeta dell' evidenza*.

These first stanzas of the 24th canto of the Inferno, printed in Doddsley's Musæum, No. 2. page 57. is by Mr. Spence Voltaire absurdly calls Il Inferno, "Ce Salmigondis." WARTON.

Think he which made your Waxen * garden, and
 Transported it from Italy, to stand
 With us at London, flouts our Courtiers ; for
 Just such gay painted things, which no sap, nor
 Taste have in them, ours are ; and natural
 Some of the stocks are † ; their fruits bastard all.

'Tis ten a Clock and past ; all whom the mues,
 Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the stews
 Had all the morning held, now the second
 Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
 In the *Presence*, and I (God pardon me)
 As fresh and sweet their Apparels be, as be
 Their fields they sold to buy them. For a king
 Those hose are, cry the flatterers ; and bring
 Them next week to the theatre to sell.
 Wants reach all states : me seems they do as well
 At stage, as courts ; all are players. Whoe'er looks
 (For themselves dare not go) o'er Cheapside books,
 Shall

NOTES.

* A show of the Italian Garden in Waxwork, in the time of
 King James the First. POPE.

† i. e. of wood.

WARBURTON.

VER. 206. *Court in wax !*] A famous shew of the Court of
 France, in Wax-work. POPE.

VER. 213. *At Figs', at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-
 house : Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young No-
 bility received instruction in those days : It was also customary for
 the Nobility and Gentry to visit the condemned criminals in New-
 gate. POPE.

VER. 218. "*That's Velvet*"] Much superior to the Original in
 brevity and elegance : the next line is a stricture on the act for
 licensing

Now pox on those who shew a *Court in wax* !
 It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs :
 Such painted puppets ! such a varnish'd race
 Of hollow gew-gaws, only drefs and face !
 Such waxen noses, stately staring things— 210
 No wonder some folks bow, and think them Kings.

See ! where the British youth, engag'd no more
 At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
 Pay their last duty to the Court, and come
 All fresh and fragrant to the drawing-room ; 215
 In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
 As the fair fields they fold to look so fine.
 " That's Velvet for a King !" the flatt'rer fwears ;
 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
 Our Court may justly to our stage give rules, 220
 That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
 And why not players strut in courtiers clothes ?
 For these are actors too, as well as those :
 Wants reach all states ; they beg but better drest,
 And all is splendid poverty at best. 225

Painted

NOTES.

licensing plays, which about this time occasioned great debates in the House of Lords, and a very spirited and remarkable speech of Lord Chesterfield in behalf of play-writers : " Wit," said he, " my Lords, is the *property* of those who have it ; and very often the *only property* they have. Thank Heaven, my Lords, we are otherwise provided for." The first play that was prohibited by this act, was *Gustavus Vasa*, by Brooke ; the next was the *Edward and Eleonora* of Thomson.

WARTON.

VER. 220. *our stage give rules,*] Alluding to the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain.

WARBURTON.

Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
 The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
 That there came weak ships fraught with Cutchanel)
 The men board them; and praise (as they think) well,
 Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
 Why good wits ne'er wear scarlet gowns, I thought
 This cause, These men, mens wits for speeches buy,
 And women buy all red which scarlets dye.
 He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
 She fears her drugs ill-lay'd, her hair loose set.
 Would not Heraclitus laugh to see Macrine
 From hat to shoe, himself at door refine,
 As if the Presence were a Mosque: and lift
 His skirts and hose, and call his clothes to shrift,
 Making them confess not only mortal
 Great stains and holes in them, but venial
 Feathers and dust, wherewith they fornicate:
 And then by Durer's rules survey the state
 Of his each limb, and with strings the odds tries
 Of his neck to his leg, and waste to thighs.
 So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
 Perfect as Circles, with such nicety

As

NOTES.

VER. 227. *Like frigates fraught*] Here is a very close resemblance to the picture of *Dalilah*, in *Samson Agonistes*:

“ ——— Who is this
 That so bedeck, ornate, and gay,
 Comes this way sailing like a stately ship
 Of Tarfus bound for th' iles
 Of Javan or Gadire,
 With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
 Sails filled, and streamers waving?

WARTON.

Painted for sight, and effenc'd for the smell,
 Like frigates fraught with spice and cochine'l,
 Sail in the Ladies : how each pyrate eyes
 So weak a vessel, and so rich a prize!
 Top-gallant he, and she in all her trim, 230
 He boarding her, she striking sail to him :
 " Dear Countess ! you have charms all hearts to hit !"
 And " Sweet Sir Fopling ! you have so much wit !"
 Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
 For both the beauty and the wit are bought. 235
 'Twould burst ev'n Heraclitus with the spleen,
 To see those anticks, Fopling and Courtin :
 The Prefence seems, with things so richly odd,
 The mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god.
 See them survey their limbs by Durer's rules, 240
 Of all beau-kind the best proportion'd fools !
 Adjust their clothes, and to confession draw
 Those venial sins, an atom, or a straw ;

But

NOTES.

VER. 240. *by Durer's rules,*] The best Painter Germany ever produced ; he was patronized and beloved by Maximilian I. and by Charles V. and, what was of more consequence to an artist, by Raphael himself, who sent him several designs, and his own portrait. He formed himself on no other painter, had a manner of his own, which indeed was hard ; he wanted *grace*, and had not studied the *antique*, and copied only *common nature* and the *forms* before him. He attended not to *Costume*. His Madonna's were drest like German ladies, and his Jews had beards and mustacchios. See a most judicious Criticism on the Works and Talents of Albert Durer, by a living painter of great genius and learning, Mr. Fuseli, in the *third* volume of that entertaining publication, intitled, *Anecdotes of some distinguished Persons*, p. 234. WARTON.

As a young Preacher at his first time goes
 To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
 Him not so much as good-will, he arrests,
 And unto her protests, protests, protests,
 So much as at Rome would serve to have thrown
 Ten Cardinals into the *Inquisition* ;
 And whispers by *Jesu* so oft, that a
 Pursuevant would have ravish'd him away
 For saying our Lady's Pfalter. But 'tis fit
 That they each other plague, they merit it.
 But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
 Who in the other extreme only doth
 Call a rough carelessness, good fashion :
 Whose cloak his spurs tear, or whom he spits on,
 He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
 To him ; he rushes in, as if Arm, arm,
 He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
 As theirs which in old hangings whip Christ, still
 He strives to look worse ; he keeps all in awe ;
 Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd,

NOTES.

VER. 256. *or Gonson*] Sir John Gonson, the famous police magistrate, was as celebrated in his day, in the annals of Justice, as one of his successors in office, Sir John Fielding, has been since. His portrait is introduced in Hogarth's *Harlot's Progress*.

VER. 262. *The Captain's honest,*] Much resembling Noll Bluff, in Congreve's *Old Batchelor*, who was copied from *Thrafo*, and also from Ben Jonson.

WARTON.

But oh ! what terrors must distract the soul
 Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole ; 245
 Or should one pound of powder less bespread
 Those monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
 Thus finish'd, and corrected to a hair,
 They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
 So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, 250
 With band of Lily, and with cheek of Rose,
 Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
 Neatness itself impertinent in him.
 Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest :
 Prodigious ! how the things *protest, protest* : 255
 Peace, fools, or Gonson will for Papists seize you,
 If once he catch you at your *Jesu ! Jesu !*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
 Just as one Beauty mortifies another. 259
 But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
 Whose air cries Arm ! whose very look's an oath :
 The Captain's honest, Sirs, and that's enough,
 Tho' his soul's bullet, and his body buff.
 He spits fore-right ; his haughty chest before,
 Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door : 265
 And with a face as red, and as awry,
 As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapestry,
 Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curse,
 Has yet a strange ambition to look worse ;
 Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe, 270
 Jests like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted,

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd so
 As men from gaols to execution go,
 Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
 With the seven deadly sins?) being among
 Those *Askaparts* *, men big enough to throw
Charing-Cross for a bar, men that do know
 No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
 Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
 I shook like a spied Spie—Preachers which are
 Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
 Drown the sins of this place, but as for me
 Which am but a scant brook, enough shall be
 To wash the stains away: Although I yet
 (With *Maccabees* modesty) the known merit
 Of my work lessen, yet some wise men shall
 I hope, esteem my Writs Canonical.

NOTES.

* A Giant famous in Romances.

POPE.

VER. 273 *As men from Jails*] A line so smooth that our Author thought proper to adopt it from the Original. There are many *such*, as I have before observed, which shew, that if Donne had taken equal pains, he need not have left his numbers so much more rugged and *disguising*, than many of his contemporaries, especially one so exquisitely melodious as Drummond of Hawthornden; who, in truth, more than Fairfax, Waller, or Denham, deserves to be called the first polisher of English Versification. Milton read him much. And Pope copied him, not only in his Pastorals, as before observed, but in his *Eloisa*. A well-written Life of Drummond is inserted in the fifth volume of the new Edition of the *Biographia Britannica*, with many curious particulars imparted by Mr. Park.

WARTON.

VER. 274. *For, hung with deadly sins,*] The room hung with old Tapestry, representing the seven deadly sins.

POPE.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it so
 As men from Jails to execution go ;
 For, hung with deadly fins, I see the wall,
 And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all : 275
 Each man an *Afskapt*, of strength to tofs
 For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-crofs.
 Scar'd at the grizly forms, I fweat, I fly,
 And fhake all o'er, like a discover'd fpy. 279

Courts are too much for wits fo weak as mine :
 Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine !
 From fuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
 Whofe Satire's facred, and whofe rage fecure :
 'Tis mine to wafh a few light ftains, but theirs
 To deluge fin, and drown a Court in tears. 285
 Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
 In time to come, may pafs for Holy Writ.

NOTES.

VER. 286. *my Wit*,] The private character of Donne was very amiable and interefting ; particularly fo, on account of his fecret marriage with the daughter of Sir George More ; of the difficulties he underwent on this marriage ; of his conftant affection to his wife, his affliction at her death, and the fenfibility he displayed towards all his friends and relations. WARTON.

His life is written by Ifaac Walton.

“ He was born,” fays Mr. Ellis, “ at London in 1573, and educated at home till the eleventh year of his age. His academical refidence then became divided between Oxford and Cambridge, and his ftudies between poetry and law. He accompanied the Earl of Effex in an expedition againft Cadiz, was fecretary fome time to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord keeper of the Great Seal; and having taken orders, was promoted to be King's Chaplain, preacher of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and Dean of St. Paul's. He died in 1631.”

In fpeaking of the firft Englifh Satirifts, Warton has faid nothing of Marfton, who wrote the “ Scourge of Villany.”

EPILOGUE
TO THE
SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES,

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

The following words of Quintilian might not be an improper motto for these Dialogues :

“ Ingenii plurimum est in eo, et acerbitas mira, et urbanitas, et vis summa ; sed plus stomacho, quam consilio dedit. Præterea ut amari sales, ita frequenter amaritudo ipsa ridicula est.”

EPICURE

TO THE

SATIRE

IN TWO DIALOGUES

WRITTEN IN MODERN

The following words of Epicurus might be an inscription
to the temple of his philosophy:
"I desire nothing but in God, or rather, I desire
nothing but the good, which is the only true
good, and which is the only true happiness."

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. **N**OT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
 And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
 You

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
 Because you think your reputation made :
 Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
 That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
 Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
 Or, like St. Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.
 P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.
 F. Correct ! 'tis what no genius can admit.
 Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth, &c.*] These two lines are from Horace ; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem ; being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer,

“ 'Tis all from Horace,” &c.

POPE,

By long habit of writing, and almost constantly in one sort of measure, he had now arrived at a happy and elegant familiarity of style,

You grow correct that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a Wit.

Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—

5

Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?

'Tis

NOTES.

style, without flatness. The satire in these pieces is of the strongest kind; sometimes, direct and declamatory, at others, ironical and oblique. It must be owned to be carried to excess. Our country is represented as totally ruined, and overwhelmed with dissipation, depravity, and corruption. Yet this very country, so emasculated and debased by every species of folly and wickedness, in about twenty years afterwards, carried its triumphs over all its enemies, through all the quarters of the world, and astonished the most distant nations with a display of uncommon efforts, abilities, and virtue. So vain and groundless are the prognostications of poets, as well as politicians. It is to be wished, that a genius could be found to write an *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-one*, as a counter-part to these two Dialogues, which were more diligently laboured, and more frequently corrected than any of our Author's compositions. I have often heard Mr. Doddsley say, that he was employed by the Author to copy them fairly. Every line was then written twice over; a clean transcript was then delivered to Mr. Pope, and when he afterwards sent it to Mr. Doddsley to be printed, he found every line had been written twice over a second time. Swift tells our Author, these Dialogues are equal, if not superior, to any part of his works. They are, in truth, more Horatian, than the professed *Imitations* of Horace. They at first were intitled, from the year in which they were published, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight*. They were afterwards called, *fantastically* enough, *Epilogue to the Satires*, as the Epistle to Arbuthnot was intitled *Prologue to the Satires*. It is remarkable that the first was published the very same morning with Johnson's admirable *London*; which Pope much approved, and searched diligently for the Author, who lived then in obscurity. *London* had a second edition in a week. Pope has himself given more notes and illustrations on these Dialogues than on any other of his poems.

WARTON.

VER. 2. *see nothing in't.*] He used this colloquial (I will not say barbarism, but) abbreviation, to imitate familiar conversation.

WARTON.

'Tis all from Horace ; Horace long before ye
Said, " Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory ;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
" To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter."

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice ; 11
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of *Vice* :
Horace would say, Sir Billy *serv'd the Crown*,
Blunt could *do bus'ness*, H—ggins *knew the Town* ;
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex*, 15
In rev'rend Bishops note some *small Neglects*,

And

NOTES.

VER. 9, 10. *And taught his Romans, in much better metre,*
" *To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter.*"]

The general turn of the thought is from Boileau,

" Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,
Qu'on est assis à l'aïse aux sermons de Cotin."

VER. 12. *Bubo observes,*] Some guilty person, very fond of
making such an observation. POPE.

Bubo is said to mean Mr. Doddington, afterward Lord Mel-
combe. WARTON.

Pope has before classed together " Sir Will, and Bubo." See
note on that line, Prologue to the Satires.

VER. 13 *Horace would say,*] The business of the friend here
introduced is to dissuade our Poet from *personal* invectives. But
he dexterously turns the very advice he is giving into the bitterest
satire. Sir Billy was Sir William Young, who, from a great flu-
ency, was often employed to make long speeches till the minister's
friends were collected in the House. WARTON.

VER. 14. *H—ggins*] Formerly Gaoler of the Fleet prison, en-
riched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and ex-
pelled. POPE.

He was the father of the Author of the absurd and prosaic
Translation of *Ariosto* ; an account of him is given in the *Anec-*
dotes of Hogarth. WARTON.

And own, the Spaniard did a *waggish thing*,
 Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King.
 His sly, polite, insinuating style
 Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile:
 An artful Manager, that crept between 21
 His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of *Screen*.
 But 'faith your very Friends will soon be fore;
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—

And

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 26. in the MS.

There's honest *Tacitus* * once talk'd as big,
 But is he now an *independant Whig*?

* Mr. Thomas Gordon, who was bought off by a place at Court.

NOTES.

VER. 15. *In Sappho touch*] In former Editions,
 Sir George of some slight gallantries suspect.

WARTON.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the
 Captain of a Spanish Ship on one Jenkins, a Captain of an Eng-
 lish one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the
 King his Master.

POPE.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] This circumstance has been
 ludicrously called by Burke, "the Fable of Captain Jenkins's
 Ears!" See Coxe's Memoirs.

VER. 22. *Screen*.

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
 Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit." PERS.

A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in
 power.

POPE.

VER. 24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was gene-
 rally given to those in opposition to the Court. Though some of
 them (which our Author hints at) had views too mean and in-
 terested to deserve that name.

POPE.

And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought 25

The Great man never offer'd you a groat.

Go see Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—

And never laugh—for all my life to come?

Seen him I have, but in his happier hour

Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r; 30

Seen

NOTES.

VER. 26. *That Great men*] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first Minister. POPE.

VER. 27. *Go see Sir ROBERT*] We must not judge of this minister's character from the *Dissertation on Parties*, nor from the eloquent *Philippics*, for *eloquent* they were, uttered against him in both Houses of Parliament. Hume has drawn his portrait with candour and impartiality. And some of his most vehement antagonists, particularly the great Lord Chatham, lived to allow the merits of that *long* and *peaceful* ministry, which so much extended the commerce, and consequently enlarged the riches of this country. WARTON.

The noblest monument that has been raised to the memory of Sir Robert Walpole, has been by Mr. Coxe, who, from sources of authentic information, has most ably illustrated the eventful period of our History, during the administration of Sir Robert. There is not a circumstance or character connected with the History of the time, but what has received new light from that accurate and elegant historian.

VER. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] The pleasant, amiable character of Sir Robert in private life, is here most admirably touched. Lady M. W. Montagu's portrait of this eminent statesman, in his character as a private man, gives also a most pleasing idea of him:

On seeing a Portrait of Sir Robert Walpole.

Such were the lively eyes, and rosy hue,

Of Robin's face, when Robin first I knew,

The gay companion, and the favorite guest,

Lov'd without awe, and without fear caress'd,

His cheerful smile, and open honest look,

Added new graces to the truths he spoke.

Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
 Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
 Would he oblige me? let me only find,
 He does not think me what he thinks mankind.

Come,

NOTES.

VER. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] This, and other strokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to Sir Robert Walpole on all occasions, were in acknowledgment of a certain service he had done a friend of Mr. Pope's at his solicitation. Our Poet, when he was about seventeen, had a very ill fever in the country; which, it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition he wrote to Southcot, a Priest of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his last leave of him. Southcot, with great affection and sollicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down post to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the desired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an interest in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in England, informed him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon, which he had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehension that his promotion would give umbrage to the English Court; to which he (Southcot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's service, was become very obnoxious. The person to whom this was written happening to acquaint Mr. Pope with the case, he immediately wrote a pleasant letter to Sir R. Walpole in the Priest's behalf: He acquainted the Minister with the grounds of his solicitation, and begged that this embargo, for his, Mr. P.'s sake, might be taken off; for that he was indebted to Southcot for his life; which debt must needs be discharged either here or in purgatory. The Minister received the application favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the obstruction. In consequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful sense of his civility. WARBURTON.

To the account given in this note may be added, that in gratitude for this favour conferred on his friend, Pope presented to Mr. Horatio Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole, a set of his Works in quarto, richly bound; which are now in the library at Wolterton. WARTON.

Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out. 36

F. Why,

NOTES.

VER. 31. *Seen him, uncumber'd*] These two verses were originally in the Poem, though omitted in all the first editions. POPE.

VER. 34. *He does not think me*] In former Editions,

He thinks me Poet of no venal kind.

WARTON.

VER. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This request appears somewhat absurd: but not more so than the *principle* it refers to. That great Minister, it seems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was usually given as a proof of his penetration, and extensive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it the mark of a bounded capacity; which, from a few of Rochefoucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of those he commonly conversed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his Species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who should make the same conclusion, would be heartily laughed at.

WARBURTON.

Just before Atterbury went into exile, a large fine dropt to him as Dean of Westminster, but he could have no right to receive it, without the seal being set to the lease in a full chapter. Sir Robert Walpole earnestly inquired, if a chapter could *not be* held in the Tower, that the Bishop might receive the benefit of this fine. A chapter was accordingly there held, and the Bishop received a thousand pounds for his share of the fine. This anecdote, which is well authenticated, does great credit to the liberality and good temper of Sir Robert Walpole.

WARTON.

The circumstance, concerning which so much has been said, that Sir Robert considered every one as equally *venal*, and that all had their price, is satisfactorily explained by Mr. Coxe:

“Although it is not possible to justify him entirely, yet this part of his conduct has been greatly exaggerated. The political axiom attributed to him, that *all men* have their price, and which has been so often repeated in verse and prose, was perverted by leaving out the word *those*. Flowery oratory he despised; he ascribed to the interested views of themselves or their relatives, the declaration of the pretended Patriots, of whom he said,

“All

F. Why, yes: with *Scripture* still you may be free;
 A Horfe-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;
 A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*
 Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig: 40
 A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
 Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
 These nothing hurts; they keep their Fashion still,
 And wear their strange old Virtue, as they will.

If any ask you, "Who's the Man so near 45
 "His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his ear?"

Why,

NOTES.

"All those men have their price," and in the event many of them justified his observation *." Memoirs of Sir R. W. page 250.

VER. 37. *Why, yes: with Scripture, &c.*] A scribler, whose only chance for reputation is the falling in with the fashion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preservation of a transitory name. But a true Genius could not do a foolisher thing, or sooner defeat his own aim. The sage Boileau used to say on this occasion, "Une ouvrage severe peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais une ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux personnes severes."

WARBURTON.

VER. 37. *Why, yes: with Scripture still you may be free;*] Thus the Man, commonly called *Mother Osborne* (who was in the Minister's pay, and wrote Coffee-house Journals) for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two against J. C.

WARBURTON.

VER. 39. *A Joke on JEKYL,*] Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity. He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of one who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty. He died a few months after the publication of this Poem.

POPE.

* From Lord Orford, and the late Lord John Cavendish.

Why, answer, LYTTTELTON, and I'll engage
 The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
 But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,
 You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny's* case. 50
 Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest FLEURY,
 But well may put some Statesmen in a fury.

Laugh

NOTES.

VER. 47. *Why, answer, LYTTTELTON,*] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of liberty. POPE.

VER. 51. *Sejanus,*] This profligate minister prevailed on the Senate to order a book of Crematius Cordus, in praise of Brutus and Cassius, to be burnt. This prohibition naturally increased the circulation of the work. "*Libros cremandos,*" says Tacitus, "*cenfuere patres; sed manserunt occultati, etenim punitis ingeniis, gliscit auctoritas.*" "The punishing of wits enhances their authority," says Lord Bacon; "and a *forbidden* writing is thought to be a certain spark of truth, that flies up in the faces of them who seek to tread it out." WARTON.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolsey,*] The one the wicked minister of Tiberius; the other of Henry VIII. The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137. POPE.

VER. 51. FLEURY,] Cardinal; and Minister to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-fashion, at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty. POPE.

VER. 51. *honest FLEURY,*] Fontenelle who had been acquainted with the Cardinal before his ministry, visiting him and finding him in his usual serenity and gaiety of temper, said to him, "Is it possible that your Eminence still continues to be happy?" The short Billets which the Cardinal wrote to Fontenelle, and which are preserved in the 11th Vol. of his Works, are full of wit, elegance, and pleasantry.

A curious account is given of the rise and fortunes of Cardinal Fleury, in the first volume of St. Simon's Memoirs. WARTON.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
 These you but anger, and you mend not those.
 Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are
 fore, 55

So much the better, you may laugh the more.
 To Vice and Folly to confine the jest,
 Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest;
 Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
 At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen. 60

Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule,
 And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
 Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
 Come, harmless Characters that no one hit; 65
 Come Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit!

The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
 The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
 The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
 And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense, 70
 That

NOTES.

VER. 66. *Henley—Osborn,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. POPE.

VER. 68. *The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Young!*] Sir William Young. We cannot, now, conceive the reason of Pope's coupling so constantly, as he does, the names of Bubo, and Sir William Young.—We have

“ The first lampoon, Sir Will or Bubo makes.”

I have thought it possible he might here mean Dr. Young, to whom Dodington (Bubo) was a kind and constant Friend.

VER. 69 *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to some Court sermons, and florid panegyrical speeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style; and was lastly served up in an Epitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author. POPE.

That first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
 The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
 O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
 So Latin, yet so English all the while,
 As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, 75
 All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!

Then

NOTES.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,*] Our moral Bard was no great adept in Theology, nor did he enter into the depths of *Pulpit Eloquence*. This rendered his judgment of things, on certain occasions, but slight and superficial. It is plain here he gibeth at this master-stroke of Pulpit Eloquence: but Master Doctor Thomas Playfere might have taught him better. This eminent Court Divine, in his *Spital sermon, preached in the year 1595*, layeth open the whole Mystery. "The voice of a Preacher (saith he, himselfe a powerful Preacher) ought to be the voice of a *Crier*, which should not pipe to make the People dance, but mourne to make them *weep*. Hence it is, that in the oulde law, none that was blinde, or had anie blemishe in his eye, might serve at the Aulter; because for that impediment in his eye he could not well shew his inwarde sorrowing by his outward *weeping*. And when they offered up their first-borne, who was ordinarily in every family their Priest, or their *Preacher*, they offered also with him a paire of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. That paire of turtle-doves did signify a paire of *mournfull eyes*: those two younge pigeons did signifie likewise *two weeping eyes*: And at that offering they prayed for their first-borne, that afterwards he might have such eyes himselfe. For indeed, as Austin witnesseth, *THERE IS MORE GOOD TO BE DONE with sighing than with speaking, with weeping than with words. Plus gemitibus quam sermonibus, plus fletu quam affatu.*" SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 71. *F—'s*] Foxe's.

VER. 73. *O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,*] Dr. Bland of Eton was a very bad writer, Dr. Middleton a remarkable good one; perhaps, our best: but he was the friend of Pope's enemy, Lord Hervey: *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* BENNET.

VER. 75. *Pride of Middleton*] The life of Tully, the most important of his works, procured Dr. Middleton a great reputation,
 and

Then might I sing, without the least offence,
And all I sung should be the *Nation's Sense* ;

Or

NOTES.

and a great sum of money, which he generously gave to his nieces. It is a most pleasing and useful work, and gives a comprehensive view of a most interesting period in the Roman History, and of the characters principally concerned in those important events. It may be worth observing, that he is much indebted, without acknowledging it, to a curious book little known, intitled, *G. Bellendini, Scoti, de Tribus Luminibus Romanorum, Libri 16. Parisiis. Apud Tassanum du Bray: 1634. Folio*; dedicated to King Charles. It comprehends a history of Rome from the foundation of the city to the time of Augustus, drawn up in the very words of Cicero, without any alteration of any expression. In this book Middleton found every part of Cicero's own history in his own words, and his works arranged in chronological order, without farther trouble. The impression of this work being shipped for England, was lost in the vessel, which was cast away, and only a few copies remained that had been left in France. I venture to say, that the style of Middleton, which is commonly esteemed very *pure*, is blemished with many *vulgar* and *cant* terms; such as, "*Pompey had a month's mind; on that score; these advances; this squeamishness*;" &c. He has not been successful in the translations of those many Epistles of Tully which he has inserted; which, however curious, yet break the thread of the narration. Mongault and Melmoth have far exceeded him in their excellent translations of those pieces. WARTON.

The book mentioned by Warton, Bellendenus, has been edited by a profound scholar, and eloquent writer, Dr. Samuel Parr, whose animated preface, &c. is in the hands of every scholar. He speaks with a warmth that does honour to his heart, respecting Dr. Middleton's conduct, in not avowing to whom he was so much indebted.

VER. 75. *and Bland,*] He had been master of Eton College, and a friend of Sir Robert Walpole. He translated into Latin, with much purity and elegance, the Soliloquy of Cato in the beginning of the fifth act of that Tragedy. WARTON.

VER. 76. *All Boys may read, and Girls may understand!*] i. e. full of school phrases and Anglicisms. WARBURTON.

VER. 78. *Nation's Sense* ;] The cant of Politics at that time.

WARBURTON.

Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
 Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn, 80
 And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,
 All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children blest!

So

NOTES.

VER. 80. CAROLINA] Queen consort to king George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution.

POPE.

VER. 80. *Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA's Urn,*] How finely has this been done by Handel, in that exquisite Funeral service, performed over her remains in Westminster; a strain worthy of her virtues, and which will be answered by tenderest emotions of sympathy, by all who hear it, who have a soul for music. "When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness of her—she delivered the poor that cried, the fatherless, and him, that had none to help him."

VER. 81. *And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest,*] Dryden has a passage similar to the former couplet in his *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*, part i.

Or fled she with his life, and left this *verse*
 To hang on her departed patron's *hearse*?

And a verse, resembling the last of this quotation, a little earlier in the same poem:

All parts fulfill'd of subject, and of son:

as *Cowley* also, on the death of the Earl of Balcarras:

Perform'd all parts of Virtue's vigorous life. WAKEFIELD.

VER. 82. *and all her Children blest!*] No subtle commentary can torture these words to mean any thing but the most poignant sarcasm on the behaviour of this great personage to her son on her death-bed. A very severe copy of verses was circulated at the time, said to be written by Lord Chesterfield, which ended thus:

"And unforgiving, unforgiven died!"

So that our Author's own Note is at *variance* with his *Text*, as is a Letter written to Mr. Allen.

WARTON.

So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—

And

NOTES.

VER. 82. *all her children blest !*"] Her memory has been vindicated in the most satisfactory manner by Mr. Coxe :

"The enemies of Queen Caroline have represented her as being of an unforgiving temper; and even reproached her with want of maternal tenderness. It was maliciously suggested, that she fomented the misunderstanding between the King and the Prince of Wales; but, on the contrary, she exerted her utmost influence to abate the petulance of the Son, and the irritability of the Father.

"The tongue of slander has ever reproached her with maintaining her implacability to the hour of her death, and refusing her pardon to the Prince, who had humbly requested to receive her blessing. To this imputation Lord Chesterfield alludes, in a copy of verses circulated at that time :

"And unforgiving, unforgiven dies !"

Pope also has consigned to posterity this aspersions :

"and *all her children blest !*"

"I am happy to have it in my power to remove this stigma from the memory of this great Princess. *She sent her blessing* to her Son, and a *message of forgiveness*, and told Sir Robert Walpole she would have seen him with pleasure, but prudence forbade the interview, as it might embarrass and irritate the King."

Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, p. 497.

In the disgusting and disgraceful couplet written by Pope, which Warton has printed, it was,

"Here lies wrapt up in *forty thousand* towels,
The only proof that Caroline had bowels."

I am informed by Mr. Coxe, that forty thousand, should have been four and twenty.

As a contrast to the severe irony of Pope, on Queen Caroline, I shall conclude this account with the following pathetic lines,

And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave 85
Be grac'd through Life, and flatter'd in his Grave

F. Why so? if Satire knows its Time and Place
You still may lash the greatest—in Disgrace:

For

NOTES.

lines, said to have been presented by Lord Landfdowne to her, with his works, in his old age, 1732. They were written in a blank leaf, and are indeed beautiful and affecting:

A Muse expiring, who with earliest voice
Made Kings, and Queens, and Beauty's charms, her choice,
Now on her death-bed, the last homage pays,
O Queen, to thee! accept her dying lays.
So, at th' approach of Death the cygnet tries
To warble one more note, and singing dies.
Thus sung the Muse, in her last moments fir'd
With Carolina's praise, and then expir'd.

VER. 84. *No Gazetteer more innocent than I.*] The Gazetteer is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office; and his business is to write the Government's news-paper, published by authority. Sir Richard Steele for some time had this post; and he describes the condition of it very well, in the *Apology for himself and his writings*: "My next appearance as a writer was in the quality of the lowest Minister of State, to wit, in the office of *Gazetteer*; where I worked faithfully according to order, without ever erring against the rule observed by all Ministers, to keep that paper very innocent and very insipid. It was to the reproaches I heard every Gazette-day against the writer of it, that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what People say, which I do not deserve." WARBURTON.

VER. 87. *Why so? if Satire*] About this time a great spirit of liberty was prevalent. All the men of wit and genius, who indeed were all in the opposition, joined in increasing it. Glover wrote his *Leonidas* with this view; Nugent, his *Odes to Mankind*, and to Mr. Pulteney; King, his *Miltonis Epistola*, and *Templum Libertatis*; Thomson his *Britannia*, his *Liberty*, and his Tragedy of *Agamemnon*; Mallet, his *Mustapha*; and Brooke, his *Gustavus Vasa*; our Author, his *Imitations of Horace*, and these two *Dialogues*; and Johnson, his *London*. WARTON.

For Merit will by turns forsake them all ;
 Would you know when? exactly when they fall. 90
 But let all Satire in all Changes spare
 Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.
 Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
 All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
 These may some gentle ministerial Wing 95
 Receive, and place for ever near a King !
 There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport,
 Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court ;
 There,

NOTES.

VER. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.*] A title given that Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was so to King George I.; he was so to King George II. This Lord was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity. POPE.

Pope alludes to Charles Hamilton, third Son of the Duke of Hamilton, who was created Earl of Selkirk in 1687.

VER. 97. *There, where no Passion, &c.*] The excellent writer *De l'Esprit des Loix* gives the following character of the *Spirit* of Courts, and the *Principle* of Monarchies: “ Qu'on lise ce que les Historiens de tous les tems on dit sur la Cour des Monarques; qu'on se rapelle les conversations des hommes de tous les Pais sur le miserable caractère des COURTISANS; ce ne sont point des choses de speculation, mais d'une triste expérience. L'ambition dans l'oisiveté, la bassesse dans l'orgueil, le desir de s'enrichir sans travail, l'averfion pour la vérité; la flatterie, la trahison, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ses engagements, le mepris des devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'esperance de ses foibleffes, et plus, que tous cela, LE RIDICULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, sont, je crois, le Caractère de la plupart des Courtisans marqué dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il est très mal-aisé que les principaux d'un Etat soient malhonnêtes gens, et que les inferieurs soient gens-de-bien, que ceux-la soient trompeurs, & que ceux-ci consentent à n'être que dupes. Que si dans le Peuple il se trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme, le

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friends disgrace
 grace

Once break their rest, or stir them from their Place :

But past the Sense of human Miseries, 101

All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes ;

No cheek is known to blush, no heart to throb,

Save when they lose a Question, or a Job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast their
 glory, 105

Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,

And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be
 vexed,

Confid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.

Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things

As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings ; 110

And

NOTES.

le Cardinal de Richelieu dans son *Testament politique* insinue, qu'un Monarque doit se garder de s'en servir. Tant il est vrai que la Vertu n'est pas le ressort de ce Gouvernement."

WARBURTON.

This testament, which Voltaire laboured to prove to be spurious, has lately been shewn to be genuine.

The passage in our Author far exceeds a celebrated one in *Pastor Fido*, where *Guarini* thus characterizes courts and courtiers.

Scena 1.

L'ingannare, il mentir, la frode, il furto,

E la rapina di pieta vestita,

Crescer col danno e precipizio altrui,

E far a se di l' altrui biasmo onore,

Son le virtù di quella gente infida.

WARTON.

VER. 107. *And, when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vexed,*]
 The three sovereigns, I presume, were Mary, William, and Anne ;
 the *gracious prince* George the First. WAKEFIELD.

And at a Peer, or Peerefs, fhall I fret,
 Who ftarves a Sister, or forfwears a Debt ?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaft ;
 But fhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loft ?
 Ye Gods ! fhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke, 115
 Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke ?
 A Fav'rite's Porter with his Mafter vie,
 Be brib'd as often, and as often lie ?
 Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's fhill ?
 Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will ? 120
 Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things,)
 To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings ?
 If

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. In fome Editions,
 Who ftarves a Mother——

NOTES.

VER. 111. *or Peeref, fhall I fret,*] I have been informed that thefe verfes related to Lady M. W. Montagu and her Sister the Countefs of Mar. Lady Mary was certainly extravagant, speculated in money-matters, and perhaps might have been under temporary difficulties. Pope was willing to lay hold of every report againft her ; but if there ever was an idea of her having neglected her Sister, it could not have been true, for they correſponded always with the greateft tendernels and affection ; and Lady Mar could not have been in any great degree of penury, for when Lord Mar was baniſhed, his Scotch eftate, which had been fettled on his wife, was freely given her by George I. for the maintenance of herſelf and daughter. She lived at Paris, where ſhe correſponded with her Sister, who invites her perpetually to a life of gaiety and expence, very unfuitable to a ſtate of indigence.

VER. 115 *Cibber's Son,—Rich*] Two Players : look for them in the Dunciad. POPE.

VER. 119. *Shall Ward, &c.*] Almoſt all theſe worthies have been ſpoken of before.

VER. 122. *To pay their Debts,*] This ſevere line relates to a fact of too delicate a nature to be explained. WARTON.

If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,
And so may'st thou, illustrious Passeran!

But

NOTES.

VER. 123. *If Blount*] Author of an impious foolish book called *The Oracles of Reason*, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died.

POPE.

VER. 123. *If Blount dispatch'd himself,*] He was the younger son of Sir Henry Blount, who wrote an admirable account of a *Voyage to the Levant*, 1636; and younger brother of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, who wrote the *Censura Authorum*. And this *Charles Blount* was not only the Author of *The Oracles of Reason*, but of an infidel treatise, intitled, *Anima Mundi*, and of the *Life of Apollonius Tyanæus*, in folio, 1680; with notes said to be taken from the manuscript of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It was his sister-in-law, with whom he was in love, when he destroyed himself.

WARTON.

VER. 124. *Passeran!*] Author of another book of the same stamp, called, *A Philosophical Discourse on Death*, being a defence of suicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, banished from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmost misery, yet feared to practise his own precepts; of which there went a pleasant story about that time. Amongst his pupils, to whom he read in moral philosophy, there was, it seems, a noted *Gamester*, who lodged under the same roof with him. This useful citizen, after a run of ill-luck, came one morning early into the Philosopher's bed chamber with two loaded pistols; and, as Englishmen do not understand raillery in a case of this nature, told the Piedmontese, on presenting him with one of his pistols, "that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that as to himself, having lost his last stake, he was become an *useless* member in society, and so was resolved to quit his *station*; and that as to him, his *guide, philosopher, and friend*, surrounded with miseries, the outcast of government, and the sport even of that *Chance* which he adored, he doubtless would rejoice for such an opportunity to bear him company." All this was said and done with so much resolution and solemnity, that the Italian found himself under a necessity to cry out Murder; which brought in Company to his relief.—This unhappy man at last died a penitent.

But shall a Printer, weary of his life, 125
 Learn, from their Books, to hang himself and Wife?
This,

NOTES.

VER. 125. *But shall a Printer, &c.*] A fact that happened in London a few years past. The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these Authors. POPE.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1732, it is related, that Richard Smith, a bookbinder, and prisoner for debt in the King's Bench, and Bridget his wife, were found hanging in their chamber, about two yards distant from each other; and below in their kitchen, their little child, two years old, shot through the head, in its cradle. They were neatly dressed in clean linen, a curtain was drawn between the man and woman, a pistol loaded lying near him, and a knife by her. They left two letters, one for the landlord about his rent, and the other to Mr. Brindley, endeavouring to justify the manner and causes of their death; and begging their dog and cat might be taken care of. Voltaire also has given this account in an Essay on English Suicides. *Mélanges*, vol. iv. WARTON.

One of the letters written by these mistaken and unfortunate people, is very curious, though we cannot but deplore the perverted mode of reasoning, which, in their statement, these poor people, to whom Pope alludes, employed. The letter to the Landlord is,

“ To Mr. BRIGHTED.

“ Sir,

“ The necessity of my affairs has obliged me to give you this trouble; I hope I have *left* more than is sufficient for the money I owe you. I beg of you that you will be pleased to send these inclosed papers, as directed, immediately by some porter, and that without shewing them to any one. Your humble servant,

“ RICHARD SMITH.

“ P. S. I have a *suit of black cloaths* at the Cock in Mint-street, which lies for 17 s. 6d.

“ If you can find any * *chap* for my dog and ancient cat, it would be kind. I have here sent a shilling for the porter.”

* Buyer.

This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear ;
 Vice, thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care :
 This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
 And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin*. 130

Let modest FOSTER, if he will, excell
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well ;
 A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
 Outdo Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life :

Let

NOTES.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Warburton says, this alludes to the *Forms of Prayer* composed in the times of public calamity and distress ; where the fault is generally laid upon the *People*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the People, till it was restrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. POPE.

VER. 131. *Let modest FOSTER,*] Warburton says, this confirms an observation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, *That there be very few Bishops that act a sermon so well, as divers Presbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do !!* Hist. of Civ. Wars, p. 62.

SCRIBLERUS.

He was an eloquent and persuasive Preacher, and wrote an excellent Defence of Christianity against *Tindal*. Dr. Warburton's note is a direct *contradiction* to the sentiment of his friend, who meant to pay a deserved compliment to a worthy and amiable dissenting Teacher, and who quoted him with approbation to *Bolingbroke*. WARTON.

VER. 133. *A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,*] The bishop of Landaff at this time was *Dr. Matthias Mawson*, master also of Benet College in Cambridge ; of whom a very respectable account, founded on facts, is given in Master's history of that College ; a much more competent witness in this case than Pope, who was probably influenced on this occasion by some Tory prejudice. WAKEFIELD.

VER. 133. *a Quaker's Wife,*] Mrs. Drummond, celebrated in her time. WARTON.

Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame, 135
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame.

Virtue may choose the high or low Degree,

'Tis just alike to *Virtue*, and to me ;

Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,

She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing. 140

Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,

And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth :

But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore ;

Let *Greatness* OWN HER, and she's mean no more,

Her

NOTES.

VER. 134. *Outdo Landaffe*] A Prelate of irreproachable character, who is said never to have offended Pope ; and whose son is no small ornament to his Profession, Dr. Harris of Doctors Commons. WARTON.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Bishopric in Wales, as poorly supplied. POPE.

VER. 135. *Let humble ALLEN,*] Mr. Pope, on the republication of this Poem, in a letter to Mr. Allen, writes thus—"I am going to insert, in the body of my works, my two last poems in quarto. I always profit myself of the opinion of the public, to correct myself on such occasions ; and sometimes the merits of particular men, whose names I have made free with, for examples either of good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before, till I had made experiment of it, I mean *Humility*. I must therefore in justice to my own conscience of it, bear testimony to it, and change the epithet I first gave you of *low-born*, to *humble*. I shall take care to do you the justice to tell every body, this change was not made at your's, or at any friend's request for you, but my own knowledge, you merited it," &c. *Twit. Nov. 2.* WARBURTON.

VER. 144. *Let Greatness OWN HER, and she's mean no more,*] The Poet, in this whole passage, was willing to be understood as alluding to a very extraordinary story told by *Procopius*, in his *Secret History* ; the sum of which is as follows :

The

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,
Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless;
In

NOTES.

The Empress THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beasts, which the *Green Faction* kept for the entertainment of the people. For the Empire was, at that time, divided between the two Factions of the *Green* and *Blue*. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora, and her two Sisters, his place of *Master of the Bears* was disposed of to a stranger: and his widow had no other way of supporting herself than by prostituting her three daughters (who were all very pretty) on the public Theatre. Thither she brought them in their turns, as they came to years of puberty. Theodora first attended her Sisters in the habit and quality of a slave. And when it came to her turn to mount the stage, as she could neither dance nor play on the flute, she was put into the lowest class of Buffoons, to make diversion for the Rabble; which she did in so arch a manner, and complained of the indignities she suffered in so ridiculous a tone, that she became an absolute favourite of the people. After a complete course of infamy and prostitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and distress: from whence (as it was no wonder) she was willing to remove. And to Constantinople she came; but after a large circuit through the East, where she worked her way by a free course of prostitution. JUSTINIAN was at this time consort in the Empire with his Uncle *Justin*; and the management of affairs entirely in his hands. He no sooner saw Theodora than he fell desperately in love with her; and would have married her immediately, but that the Empress *Euphemia*, a Barbarian, and *unpolite*, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And she, although she rarely denied him any thing, yet obstinately refused giving him this instance of her complaisance. But she did not live long: and then nothing but the ancient LAWS, which forbade a Senator to marry with a common prostitute, hindered Justinian from executing this extraordinary project. These he obliged Justin to revoke; and then, in the face of the sun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (says the Historian) and an encouragement to the most abandoned licence. And now, no sooner was THEODORA (in the Poet's phrase) OWNED *by Greatness*, than she, whom not long before it was

In golden Chains the willing World she draws, 147
 And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,
 Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
 And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead. 150
 Lo!

NOTES.

was thought *unlucky* to meet, and a *pollution* to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a single magistrate (says Procopius) that expressed the least indignation at the shame and dishonour brought upon the state; not a single Prelate that shewed the least desolation for the public scandal. They all drove to Court so precipitately, as if they were striving to prevent one another in her good graces. Nay, the *very soldiers* were emulous of the honour of becoming the Champions of her virtue. As for the common People, who had so long been the spectators of her servility, her buffoonry, and her prostitution, they all in a body threw themselves at her feet, as slaves at the footstool of their Mistress. In a word, there was no man, of what condition soever who shewed the least dislike of so monstrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's first care was to fill her Coffers, which she soon did, with immense wealth. To this end, Justinian and she pretended to differ in their party principles. The one protected the *blue*, and the other the *green* Faction; till in a long course of intrigue, by sometimes giving up the one to plunder and confiscation, and sometimes the other, they left nothing to either. See *Procop. Anec.* c. ix.—x. WARBURTON.

Upon this note Gibbon observes, vol. iv. p. 26. "Without Warburton's critical *Telescope*, I should never have seen, in this general picture of triumphant vice, any personal allusion to *Theodora*." Her infamous conduct may be read in the 4th vol. of the *Menagiana*. What Bayle says of J. Scaliger may be justly applied to many of Warburton's notes. "Les commentaires qui viennent de lui sont pleines de conjectures hardies, ingenieuses, et fort savantes; mais il n'est gueres apparent que les auteurs ayent songés à tout de qu'il leur fait dire. On s'éloigne de leur sens aussi bien, quand on a beaucoup d'esprit, quand on en a pas." *Repub. des Lett.* 1684. WARTON.

VER. 148. *And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws,*] i. e. She disposed of the honours of both. WARBURTON.

VER. 149. *scarlet head,*] Alluding to the *scarlet Whore* of the *Apocalypse*. WARBURTON.

Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
 Old Englands Genius, rough with many a Scar,
 Dragg'd in the Dust! his arms hang idly round,
 His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
 Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold, 155
 Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
 See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
 And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
 Hear her black Trumpet through the Land proclaim,
 That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME. 160
 In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
 'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
 See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
 See all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!
 The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore, 165
 Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
 All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
 At Crimes that 'scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
 While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
 “ Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy.”

Yet

NOTES.

VER. 151. *Lo! at the wheels*] A groupe of allegorical persons worthy the pencil of *Rubens*! and described in expressions worthy of *Virgil*! This is perhaps the noblest passage in all his works, without any exception whatever. WARTON.

VER. 162. *'Tis Av'rice all,*] “ So far from having the virtues, we have not even the vices of our ancestors,” says Bolingbroke.

WARTON.

VER. 170. “ *Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy.*”] From the conclusion of this Satire, which is highly poetical and animated, one might suppose that there was neither honesty, honour, public spirit,

Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
Show, there was one who held it in disdain.

NOTES.

spirit, or virtue, in the nation. We should however always keep in mind the agitated state of Parties, at the time. Tories, Jacobites, disappointed Whigs, all under the name of *Patriot*, united in *one cry* against the administration of Walpole, who *most truly* deserved that distinguished appellation, and by whose firmness, wisdom, and integrity, under Providence, the Protestant succession was in great measure sustained, in the most trying periods, and with it our laws and liberties.

But whatever may be said of the political, of the poetical part, particularly the description of vice, and the noble conclusion, there can be but one opinion. More dignified and impressive numbers, more lofty indignation, more animated appeals, and more rich personifications never adorned the page of the Satiric Muse.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'TIS all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith
it may;

And for that very cause I print to-day.

How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,

In rev'rence to the sins of *Thirty-nine*?5
Vice

NOTES.

VER. I. *'Tis all a Libel*] The liberty of the Press was about this time thought to be in danger; and Milton's noble and nervous discourse on this subject, intitled, *Areopagitica*, was reprinted in an octavo pamphlet, with a preface written by Thomson, the poet. "If we think to regulate printing," says Milton, "thereby to rectify manners, we must regulate all recreations and pastimes, all that is delightful to man. No music must be heard, no song be set or sung, but what is grave and Doric.—He who is made judge to sit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be waisted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common measure, both studious, learned, and judicious."

WARTON.

VER. I. *Paxton*] Late solicitor to the Treasury.

WARBURTON.

Vice with such Giant strides comes on amain,
 Invention strives to be before in vain ;
 Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
 Some rising Genius fins up to my Song.

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty lash ; 10
 Ev'n Guthry faves half Newgate by a Dash.
 Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.

P. How, Sir ! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice ?
 Come on then, Satire ! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
 Spread thy broad wing, and fouse on all the kind.
 Ye Satesmen, Priests, of one Religion all ! 16
 Ye Tradesmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall !
 Ye Rev'rend Atheists. F. Scandal ! name them, Who ?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.

Who

NOTES.

VER. 8. *Feign what I will, &c.*] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himself with great art. You attack personal characters, say his enemies. No, replies he, I paint merely from my *invention* ; and then, to prevent a likeness, I aggravate the features. But alas ! the growth of vice is so monstrously sudden, that it rises up to a *resemblance* before I can get from the press.

WARBURTON.

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name.

POPE.

VER. 13. *How, Sir ! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice ?*] It is pity that the liveliness of the reply cannot excuse the bad reasoning : The *dice*, though they rhyme to *vice*, can never stand for it ; which his argument requires they should do. For *dice* are only the *instruments* of fraud ; but the question is not, whether the *instrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, should be exposed, instead of the *person*.

WARBURTON.

Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20

I never nam'd ; the Town's enquiring yet.

The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you !

The bribing Statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you stoop too low.

P. I fain

NOTES.

VER. 21. *the Town's enquiring yet.*] So true is Swift's observation on *personal* satire ; “ I have long observed, that twenty miles from London nobody understands *hints*, *initial letters*, or *town-facts* and *passages* ; and in a few years not even those who live in London.” See verse 238 below, for two *asterisks*, not filled up or known. WARTON.

If the Town “ *be inquiring yet*,” it is plain, Pope made his *bare surmise*, the foundation of the severest satire.

VER. 22. *F. You mean—P. I don't.*] The same friend is here again introduced making such remonstrances as before. And several parts of the dialogue here are more rapid and short, and approach nearer to common conversation, than any lines he had ever before written ; and are examples of that style mentioned by Horace,

“ —parcentis viribus, atque

Extenuantis eas consultò.”

WARTON.

VER. 24. *The bribing Statesman*] Corruption was the universal cry at this period, and it had been repeated so long, that people began to think the *removal* of Sir Robert Walpole would introduce a sort of happiness into the political world, like that of the “ millenium :”

No taxes, no corruption, no bribery.

Dodington, who was upon terms of the greatest kindness and intimacy with the Walpoles, to secure his election at Portsmouth, had no scruple in making Sir Robert Walpole (to whom he had before addressed his poetical Epistle, as to the Saviour of the Nation) the burden of his song, in the following ballad, which, in the MS. he says, was made in his road to Portsmouth, with a view to the Election there 1741.

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with what ;
 Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not ?
 Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
 Like Royal Harts, be never more run down ?
 Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30
 As beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires ?

Suppose

NOTES.

STANZAS, 1740, on the road to Portsmouth.

Now, Britain, is the Crisis of thy fate,
 Against *Corruption* make a glorious stand ;
 Unite thy Sons ere yet it be too late,
 The *scar'd Corruptor* deluges the land.

View the heap'd pile with undesiring eyes,
 Thy danger from thy baseness flows alone ;
 Be honest,—by his spell the *Sorcerer* dies,
 And what he meant thy ruin, proves his own.

Survey thy King,—just, valiant, and sincere.
 Is this a prince we must be *brib'd* to serve ?
 Ah no ! the *bribe* betrays the *wretch's* fear,
 And shows he's conscious what his crimes deserve.

Since then the difference of their souls we see,
 One form'd for glory, one to bribe and rob,
 Let George's Friends be honest all and free,
 The *servile* and *corrupt*, be friends to BOBB.

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, &c.*] Alluding to the old Game laws ; when our Kings spent all the time they could spare from human slaughter, in Woods and Forests. WARBURTON.

VER. 31. *As beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires ?*] The expression is rough, like the subject, but without reflection : For if *beasts of Nature*, then not beasts of their own making ; a fault too frequently objected to country Squires. However, the Latin is nobler ; *Feræ naturæ*, Things uncivilized, and free. *Feræ*, as the Critics say, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, *Afinus silvestris*.

SCRIBLERUS.

Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To fave a Bishop, may I name a Dean?

F. A Dean, Sir? No: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade. 35

P. If not the Tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be
spoil'd,

Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*;
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job, 40
Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great? 45
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still

NOTES.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man*] In a former Edition there was the following note on this line: "For as the reasonable De la Bruyere observes, *Qui ne fait être une Erasme, doit penser à être Eveque*." Dr. Warburton omitted it after he got a seat on the Bench. WARTON.

VER. 39, *wretched Wild* ;] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train, and hanged. POPE.

Still better, Ministers ; or if the thing 50
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.

F. Stop ! stop !

P. Must Satire, then, not rise nor fall ?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that *Wild*, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike ? why the man was hang'd ten years ago :
Who now that obsolete Example fears ? 56
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.

F. What always *Peter* ? Peter thinks you mad,
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad :
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE. 61

F. Strange spleen to S—k !

P. Do I wrong the Man ?
God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can.

When

NOTES.

VER 51. *why lay it on a King*] Warburton says, “ He is serious in the forgoing subjects of Satire, but ironical here ; and only alludes to the common practice of Ministers, in laying their own miscarriages on their Masters.” I fear Pope meant more.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery ; and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench. POPE.

VER. 58. *What always Peter ?*] His friend might well, I think, ask this question.

VER. 61. *As S—k,*] Pope rests the justice of his Satire, in drawing his “ Pen in *virtue's* cause,” and boasts that

“ No rich or noble knave,
Shall go in quiet to his grave.”

Were such characters as Sherlock, Hoadly, &c. to be thus classed ?

When I confess, there is who feels for Fame, 64
 And melts to Goodness, need I SCARB'ROW name?
 Pleas'd let me own, in *Esher's* peaceful Grove,
 (Where *Kent* and Nature vie for PELHAM's Love,)
 The Scene, the Master, op'ning to my view,
 I sit and dream I see my CRAGGS anew!

Ev'n

NOTES.

VER. 62. *Do I wrong the Man?*] In publicly and wantonly holding up to ridicule, an amiable man, an exemplary and learned dignitary of the Church, can Pope seriously ask, whether or not, "*he wrongs the Man.*"

VER. 65. SCARB'ROW] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal attachments to the King appeared from his steady adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse, and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties. POPE.

His Character is ably and elegantly drawn by Lord Chesterfield, and the manner of his lamented death, minutely and pathetically related by Dr. Maty, in the Memoirs of Lord Chesterfield's Life. WARTON.

VER. 65. SCARB'ROW *name?*] Nothing has a more beautiful effect in pointed Satire, than an artful and happy introduction of appropriate praise. The instance here is very beautiful, as it interposes a sort of pleasing landscape, naturally and unaffectedly; on which, and on the amiable characters of Craggs and Scarborough, the mind has a pleasure in dwelling.

VER. 66. *Esher's peaceful Grove,*] The house and gardens of Esher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcastle. The Author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character, than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. POPE.

VER. 67. *Kent and Nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this consists the compliment to the Artist.

Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert ;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart :

70

Manners

NOTES.

VER. 71. *Secker is decent,*] To say of a prelate, whose life was exemplary, and his learning excellent, that he was only *decent*, is surely to *damn with faint praise*. His lectures and his sermons are written with a rare mixture of simplicity and energy, and contain (what sermons too seldom possess) a great knowledge of life and human nature. Dr. Lowth, Dr. Kennicott, and Mr. Merrick, frequently acknowledged his uncommon skill in Oriental learning; but the Author of Warburton's Life has lately thought proper to deny him this praise. The characters of *Benson* and *Rundel* are justly drawn. It was *Gibson*, Bishop of London, who prevented the latter, though strongly patronized by Lord Chancellor Talbot, from being an English Bishop, on account of some unguarded expressions he had used relating to *Abraham's* offering of his son *Isaac*.
 WARTON.

VER. 71. *Secker is decent, &c.*] Notwithstanding the candid and acute remarks of Warburton, this praise of *Secker* is undoubtedly parsimonious, and the poet almost incurs the censure, which he passed on Addison,

Damns with faint praise.

His notion of *decent* is proved with tolerable precision from his Moral Essays, ii. 163. where, after saying that *Chloe*, the subject of his satire, *wanted*, what *Rundel* had, *a heart*, he subjoins :

Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
 Content to dwell in *decencies* for ever.

He means, therefore, to allow *Secker moderate*, but not *leading*, excellencies of character; to exhibit him as free from informal improprieties, rather than a great proficient in sublimer virtue. Nor were the political principles of *Secker* likely to permit a very warm encomium from the prejudiced feelings of our poet.

Concerning *Rundel* the reader may find more in Pope's and Swift's Letters, and in Whiston's Memoirs of himself. Swift's poem on the Bishop is excellent.
 WAKEFIELD

Rundel's letters were published by Dallaway.

Manners with Candour are to *Benson* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.

But does the Court a worthy man remove?

That instant, I declare, he has my Love:

75

I shun

NOTES.

VER. 73. *Berkley, &c.*] Dr. Berkley was, I believe, a good Man, a good Christian, a good Citizen, and all, in an eminent degree. He was besides very learned; and of a fine and lively imagination; which he unhappily abused by advancing, and, as far as I can learn, throughout his whole life persisting in, the most outrageous whimsey that ever entered into the head of any ancient or modern madman; namely, the impossibility of the real or actual existence of matter; which he supported on principles that take away the boundaries of truth and falsehood; expose reason to all the outrage of unbounded Scepticism; and even, in his own opinion, make mathematical demonstration doubtful. To this man may be eminently applied that oracle of the Stagirite, which says, *To follow Reason against the SENSES, is a sure sign of a bad understanding.*

But if (though at the expence of his moral character) we should suppose, that all this was only a wanton exercise of wit; how his metaphysics came to get him the character of a great genius, unless from the daring nature of his attempt, I am at a loss to conceive. His pretended demonstration, on this capital question, being the poorest, lowest, and most miserable of all sophisms; that is, a sophism which begs the question, as the late Mr. Baxter has clearly shewn: a few pages of whose reasoning have not only more sense and substance than all the elegant discourses of Dr. Berkley, but infinitely better entitle him to the character of a great Genius. He was truly such: and a time will come, if learning ever revive amongst us, when the present inattention to his admirable Metaphysics, established on the Physics of Newton, will be deemed as great a dishonour to the Wisdom of this age as the neglect of Milton's Poetry was to the Wit of the past.

WARBURTON.

VER. 74. *But does the Court, &c.*] Surely such a contumacious and incidental benevolence is not very honourable to any man. His expressions are unguarded and incorrect.

WAKEFIELD.

I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline ;
 Thus SOMMERS once, and HALLIFAX, were mine.
 Oft, in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat,
 I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great :
 CARLETON's calm Sense, and STANHOPE's noble
 Flame, 80
 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same :
How

NOTES.

VER. 77. SOMMERS] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the seals in 1700. The Author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt Minister ; who, to qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of Learning and Politeness. POPE.

“ One of those divine men,” says Lord Orford finely. “ who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption, and folly. All the traditional accounts of him, the historians of the last age, and its best authors, represent him, as the most incorrupt lawyer, and the honestest statesman ; as a master orator, a genius of the finest taste, and as a patriot of the noblest and most extensive views ; as a man, who dispensed blessings by his life, and planned them for posterity. He was at once the model of Addison, and the touchstone of Swift : The one wrote from him, the other for him.” WARTON.

VER. 77. HALLIFAX,] A Peer, no less distinguished by his love of Letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the change of Q. Anne's ministry POPE.

VER. 79. SHREWSBURY,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of State, Ambassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer. He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. POPE.

VER. 80. CARLETON] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle,) who was Secretary of State under William III. and President of the Council under Q. Anne. POPE.

VER. 80. STANHOPE] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, spirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. POPE.

How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour!

How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!

How

NOTES.

VER. 80. STANHOPE's *noble Flame*,] Who confessed to old Whiston, that, in his opinion, it was almost impossible for a Minister of State to be an honest man. WARTON.

VER. 82. *How pleasing ATTERBURY's*] Pleasing indeed it must have been, whether we consider his learning, his eloquence, his taste, his tender domestic feelings as a Father, his kindness as a Friend. Atterbury is held up, as factious, ambitious, &c. That he was attached to the House of Stuart, and afterwards entered into the schemes with the party, there can be no doubt; but I think it hard to attribute this to *disappointed ambition*, from not attaining the ecclesiastical eminence he aspired to. Might he not have been actuated solely by conscience, and a sense of what he thought his duty? His firmness of conduct, his manly tenderness, his accomplishments, and his sufferings throw a kind of beautiful lustre on his character, whatever might have been his political creed, or conduct. His letter on his banishment, where he says, "Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon;" who can read without being affected to tears? I cannot help saying, when I think of his "softer hour;" "*Ambition should be made of sterner stuff*"

When we consider what has been esteemed the *harsher* and more violent part of his character, we feel an additional tenderness, at the idea of kindnesses, friendship, paternal feelings, &c. We are interested, as when in Julius Cæsar we see Brutus, whose stern character we had been almost afraid to approach, taking the instrument, from the boy's hand, and, in the midst of his harassed and bitter feelings, saying,

"Gentle Knave, good night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee!"

JULIUS CÆSAR.

I will add Coxe's account of his Education, &c.

"Francis Atterbury was born at Middleton near Newport Pagnell, in Buckinghamshire, 1662. He was educated at Westminster, and elected student of Christ Church Oxford. He was distinguished at an early age for taste and classical attainments. On taking orders, he acquired high reputation, for his talents in preaching, and supporting, against Hoadley and Wake, the doctrines of the high Church.

"He

How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit : 85

ARGYLL,

NOTES.

"He was first patronized by Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bishop of Exeter; appointed by the Tory administration of Queen Anne, Dean of Christ Church; and in 1713, at the recommendation of the Earl of Oxford, advanced to the Bishoprick of Rochester, and Deanery of Westminster.

"He was inimical always to the succession of the Hanover line. On the accession of George the First, he received evident marks of coldness from the new Sovereign. He aspired to the highest honours of the Church, and would have succeeded under Queen Anne; but, on her death, his uniform opposition to the Government of his new Sovereign, precluded him from all expectation of preferment."

VER. 83. *How skin'd the Soul,*] Among these, Atterbury was his chief intimate. The turbulent and imperious temper of this haughty prelate was long felt and remembered in the college over which he presided. It was with difficulty Queen Anne was persuaded to make him a bishop; which she did at last, on the repeated importunities of Lord Harcourt; who pressed the Queen to do it, because truly she had before disappointed him, in not placing Sacheverell on the bench. After her decease, Atterbury vehemently urged his friends to proclaim the Pretender; and on their refusal, upbraided them for their timidity with many oaths; for he was accustomed to swear, on any strong provocation. In a Collection of Letters, lately published by Mr. Duncombe, it is affirmed, on the authority of Elijah Fenton, that Atterbury, speaking of Pope, said, there was,

Mens curva in corpore curvo.

This sentiment seems utterly inconsistent with the warm friendship supposed to subsist between these celebrated men. But Dr. Herring, in the 2d vol. of this collection, p. 104. says, "If Atterbury was not worse used than any honest man in the world ever was, there were strong contradictions between his public and private character."

WARTON.

VER. 84. PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD] I have heard a lady of exquisite wit and judgment, say of these two celebrated men, "The latter was always striving to be witty, and the former could not help being so."

The



Engraved by C. Picart, from a Drawing by Gardner.

AUGUSTA, PRINCESS OF WALES,

*From a Picture by Zincke,
in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe.*

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors, May 1. 1807.



AUGUSTA, PRINTERS OF WALES

Printed by J. H. Jones

at the Press of the University of Wales

Printed by J. H. Jones



Engraved by C. Picart, from a Drawing by Gardner.

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES,

From a Picture by Hudson,

lately in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe,

now at Carleton House.

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors, May 1. 1807.

ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
 And shake alike the Senate and the Field :
 Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,
 The Master of our Passions, and his own.
 Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
 Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their
 Train ;

91

And if yet higher the proud List should end,
 Still let me say ! No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet

NOTES.

The two lines on *Argyle* are said to have been added, on the Duke's declaring in the House of Lords, on occasion of some of Pope's satires, that if any man dared to use his name in an invective, he would run him through the body, and throw himself on the mercy of his Peers, who, he trusted, would weigh the provocation.

Bolingbroke's Letter to Wyndham is one of the most curious of his works, and it gave a deadly and incurable blow to the folly and madness of Jacobitism. WARTON.

VER. 84. CHESTERFIELD *forget,*] His character was much sunk by the publication of the loose and libertine Letters to his Son. WARTON.

VER. 88. WYNDHAM,] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure; but since a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper. POPE.

VER. 88. Or WYNDHAM, *just to*] In former Editions,

Or WYNDHAM arm'd for Freedom—— WARTON.

VER. 88. *Freedom and the Throne,*] We must always remember that the sacred appellation of Patriot, is always adopted by disappointment, but it seems almost ludicrous that it should be so perpetually in the mouth of the *high Tory Party*, such as Bolingbroke, &c.

VER. 92. *And if yet higher, &c.*] He was at that time honoured with the esteem and favour of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. WARBURTON.

Yet think not, Friendship only prompts my lays ;
 I follow *Virtue* ; where she shines, I praise : 95
 Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
 Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory.
 I never (to my sorrow I declare)
 Din'd with the MAN of Ross, or my LORD MAY'R.
 Some,

NOTES.

Frederic Prince of Wales ; who possessed many of what the King of Prussia called, *ces qualités sociables qui s'allient si rarement avec la morgue et la grandeur des Souverains* WARTON.

VER. 93. *Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend*] i. e. Unrelated to their *parties*, and attached only to their *persons*.

WARBURTON.

VER. 99 *the MAN of Ross,*] Kirle, the celebrated Man of Ross, was educated at Baliol College Oxford, where there is a curious Tankard, inscribed with his name, which he left as a present to the College ; it is often shewn as a curiosity, in consequence of the splendor given to his name, by Pope's numbers.

The Tankard stands about 10 inches high from the ground, being supported by three legs, in the shape of Lions.

The handle is formed by the figure of a Dolphin, and the cover lifted up by a figure of an Hedge hog, which was Kirle's Crest.

Upon the cover of the Tankard, the arms of Baliol College.

In the centre, the Arms of the Donor, above which are the words "*Poculum Charitatis* : " and underneath, the following Inscription :

" *Ex dono Johannis Kirle de Rosse, in Agro Herefordiensi et hujus Collegii Sono Commensalis.* "

The date of the year, in which the gift was made, is, contrary to the usual form, omitted.

VER. 99. *my LORD MAY'R.*] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public spirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magistrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and signal services to his Country, erected a statue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man. WARBURTON.

Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not
grave) 100

Have still a secret Bias to a Knave:

To find an honest man I beat about,

And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse. 105

But random Praise—the task can ne'er be done;

Each Mother asks it for her booby Son,

Each Widow asks it for *the Best of Men*,

For him she weeps, for him she weds agen.

Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the ground; 110

The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.

Enough for half the Greatest of these days,

To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise.

Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?

Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend? 115

What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS scarce could gain,

And what young AMMON wish'd, but wish'd in vain.

No

NOTES.

VER. 102. *To find an honest man, &c.*] In this search, in which he was very sincere, it would have been well if he had not sometimes trusted to the reports of others, who had *less penetration, but more passions* to gratify. WARBURTON.

VER. 112. *Enough for half the Greatest*] Dr. Warton asks, whether this is not *too high language*? He might well ask. Pope puts me in mind here, of what we read of the beautiful, but fearful serpent, in a rich African landscape, that lifts his head above the tall grass, as if he thought himself the lord of the Earth.

VER. 116 *What RICHLIEU wanted,*] A curious and uncommon fact is mentioned by the learned Abbé Longuerue, Part ii. p. 5. That Cardinal Richlieu had, from time to time, fits of in-

No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command ;
 No Pow'r when Virtue claims it, can withstand :
 To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honest line ; 120
 O let my Country's Friends illumine mine !
 —What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no
 fin,

I think your Friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
 The way they take is strangely round about : 125

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow ?

P. I only call those Knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—

Spirit of *Arnall*! aid me while I lie.

COBHAM'S

NOTES.

sanity, during which no person was permitted to approach him but a few confidants, and especially Bois-Robert. He gave, says Segrais, p. 170. one hundred and twenty thousand crowns a year in pensions to men of learning and science. The history of his founding the French Academy is well known; which is frequently said to have polished and fixed the French language. But Malherbe, their first correct writer, died before the institution of this Academy.

WARTON.

VER. 116. *LOUIS scarce could gain,*] By this expression finely insinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himself in those passages where he flatters his Master. Of which he gives us an instance in Ver. 231. where the topic of adulation is exceeding childish and extravagant.

WARBURTON.

“ ‘The *relentless* despotism of Louis,” says a certain eloquent writer, “ was proudly arrayed in manners, gallantry, splendor, magnificence, and even covered over with the imposing robes of science and literature.”—But the despotism was notwithstanding *relentless*.

WARTON.

VER. 121. *O let my Country's Friends i'lluminate mine!* Warburton calls this a pretty expression, alluding to the old practice of *illuminating MSS. with gold and vermillion!!!*

VER. 128. *Come then, I'll comply*] Here is a most happy imitation of *Perfius*, and of *Boileau*;

—Per

COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave, 130
 And LYTTELTON a dark designing Knave,
 ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—
 But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
 Has

NOTES.

—Per me equidem sunt omnia protinus alba,
 Nil moror ; euge omnes, omnes, bene miræ eritis res:
 Hoc juvat ? *Perfius*, Sat. I. v. 110.

And thus Boileau, Sat. ix. v. 287.

Puisque vous le voulez, je vais changer de stile,
 Je le declare donc, Quinault est un Virgile.
 Pradon comme un soleil en nos ans a paru
 Pelletier ecrit mieux qu' Ablancourt ni Patru.
 Cotin a ses sermons trainant toute la terre,
 Fend les flots d'auditeurs pour aller à sa chaire.

But Pope has plainly the superiority by the artful and ironical compliments paid to his friends. WARTON.

VER. 129 *Spirit of Arnall!*] Look for him in his place,
 Dunc. B. ii. Ver. 315. POPE.

VER. 129. *Spirit of Arnall!*] Arnall was one of the writers for Sir Robert Walpole, and got by his writing, &c. a very large sum, an account of which may be seen in the notes to the Dunciad. Some of his letters now before me, for the sight of which I am indebted to Mr. Coxe, shew him to have been a shrewd and sensible man. What is curious in *one*, he talks very highly of his *honour* and *veracity*. He was vain-glorious and important in his own ideas; as Pope, with much less reason: what he got, he spent as fast as it came, and many of his letters to Sir Robert shew great poverty and distress. They are full of earnest petitions for preferment, money, &c. He had a silver Ink-stand, which he was proud of displaying, and boasted it was a present from his FRIEND WALPOLE! His distress at last, brought on by his own imprudence, induced him, it is supposed, to commit suicide.

Communicated by Mr. Coxe.

VER. 130. POLWARTH] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patrick Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty. POPE.

Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife. 135

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?

Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
Oh All-accomplish'd ST. JOHN! deck thy shrine?

What? shall each spurgall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay, 141

Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;

Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt?

Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules 146

Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;

Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said

His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchet's Lead.

It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day, 150
To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay:

But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,

Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;

The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,

And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest: 155

Which

NOTES.

VER. 143. *To break my Windows*] Which was done when Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Bathurst were one day dining with him at Twickenham. All the great persons celebrated in these Satires were in violent opposition to government. It is rather singular that he has not mentioned Mr. Pitt, one of the most able and most formidable; especially with his friends Lyttelton, Cobham, and Pulteney.

WARTON.

Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold Sir! for God's sake, where's th' Affront to
you?

Against your worship when had S—k * writ?

Or P—ge † pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?

Or grant the Bard whose distich all commend 160

[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend*]

To W—le ‡ guilty of some venial sin;

What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown.

And

NOTES.

VER. 159. *Or P—ge*] Judge Page, who is said to have treated delinquents too roughly. WARTON.

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verse taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. POPE.

VER. 161. *In Pow'r*] Lord Melcombe was the Author of this line, in an Epistle to Sir Robert Walpole. WARTON.

Mr. Wyndham, to whom I am so much indebted, informs me, that Lord Melcombe took the very same Epistle he had written to Sir Robert, and some years afterwards, when circumstances were changed, addressed it to Lord Bute.

VER. 164. *The Priest, &c.*] Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests. POPE.

Meaning Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a Panegyric on Queen Caroline. The two following unpublished lines of our Author, have been communicated to me by a learned friend, on a picture of this Queen, drawn by Lady Burlington:

Peace! flattering Bishop, lying Dean!

This Portrait only saints the Queen!

A comet happening to appear when Cardinal Mazarine lay on his death-bed, some of his many abject flatterers insinuated, that it
had

* Sherlock.

† Page.

‡ Walpole.

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend, 166
 Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
 Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
 Since the whole House did afterwards the same. 170

Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply,
 As Hog to Hog in huts of Westphaly;
 If one through Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
 Has what the frugal dirty foil affords,
 From him the next receives it, thick or thin, 175
 As pure a mess almost as it came in;
 The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
 Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
 From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
 The last full fairly gives it to the House. 180

F. This

NOTES.

had reference to *him*, and his destiny. The Cardinal pleasantly answered, "Gentlemen, the comet does me too much honour." Tenison preached a very fulsome funeral Eulogium of Nell Gwyn.

WARTON.

VER. 166. *And how did, &c.*] This seems to allude to a complaint made Ver. 71. of the preceding Dialogue. POPE.

VER. 166. *florid Youth*] Lord Hevey, alluding to his painting himself.

VER. 172. *As Hog to Hog*] "Our modern Authors write plays as they feed hogs in *Westphaly*, where but one eats pease or acorns, and all the rest feed upon his, and one another's *excrements*." *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, vol. ii. p. 497. Though those remarks were not published in the life-time of Pope, yet the Author of them, Mr. Thyer, informs us, that Mr. Longueville, in whose custody they were, communicated them to Atterbury, from whom Pope might hear of them. It is impossible any two writers could casually hit upon an image so very peculiar and uncommon.

WARTON.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach —

P. So does Flatt'ry mine ;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed, 185
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read ;
In

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185 in the MS.

I grant it, Sir ; and further, 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres scarce could read.

NOTES.

VER. 182. *So does Flatt'ry mine ;*] Fontenelle has written a pleasant Dialogue between Augustus and Peter Aretine, the Italian Satirist, who laughs immoderately at the Emperor, for the gross flattery he so cordially received from his poets, particularly Virgil, at the beginning of the Third Georgic. And Aretine, among other delicate strokes of ridicule, tells him, “ On louoit une partie de votre vie, aux depens de l'autre.” But Fontenelle ends like a true Frenchman, and assures Augustus, “ he will no longer be quoted as a model for Kings, since Louis XIV. has appeared.” Such is the language held of a man, who could banish Fenelon, burn the Palatinate, and drive away or destroy so many of his protestant subjects ; who kept in pay 440,000 men. It is grievous to reflect, that for incurring the displeasure of *such* a man, *Racine* had the weakness to be so much affected, as to bring on, by vexation and grief, a disease that was fatal to him. *Racine* and *Boileau* relinquished, after a small progress, the History of Louis XIV. which they were appointed to write. *Boileau* honestly owned to his friends, that he did not well know what reasons to allege in justification of the war against Holland in 1672. The pride, profusion, ambition, and despotism of Louis XIV. laid the foundation of the ruin of France, and all the miseries we have lived to see.

WARTON.

VER. 185. *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst.

POPE.

Dr. Warton says very justly, we are wearied with the perpetual repetition of these names, and those of *Ward, Waters, Dennis, &c.*

In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite ;
 But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write ;
 And must no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
 Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own ? 190
 Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
 Unless, good Man ! he has been fairly in ?
 No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse,
 Without a staring Reason on his brows ?
 And each Blasphemer quite escape the rod, 195
 Because the insult's not on Man, but God ?

Ask you what Provocation I have had ?
 The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
 When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
 Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and should be yours.
 Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence, 201
 Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense ;
 Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy Mind ;
 And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no Slave :
 So impudent, I own myself no Knave : 206
 So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
 Yes, I am proud ; I must be proud to see
 Men not afraid of God, afraid of me :

Safe

NOTES.

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.*] From Terence : " Homo sum : humani nihil a me alienum puto."

POPE.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud, &c.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet insinuates a subject of the deepest humiliation.

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, 210
Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal; 216
To rouse the Watchmen of the public Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.
Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains, 220
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,

Spin

NOTES.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud, &c.*] This seems fabricated from the materials of *Boileau*, Discours au Roi, ver. 99.

En vain d'un lâche orgueil leur esprit revêtu
Se couvre du manteau d'une austère vertu :
Leur cœur, qui se connoit, et qui fuit la lumière,
S'il se moque de Dieu, craint Tartuffe et Molière. WAKEFIELD.

VER. 211. *Yet touch'd and sham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The passions are given us to awake and support Virtue. But they frequently betray their trust, and go over to the interests of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cause of Virtue, shames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the use and importance of *Satire*.
WARBURTON.

VER. 219. *And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.*] The good *Eusebius*, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the *Ox* and the Christian *Priesthood*. Hence the dignified Clergy, out of mere humility, have ever since called their *thrones* by the name of *stalls*. 'To which a great Prelate of Winchester, one W. Edinton, modestly alluding, has rendered his name immortal by this ecclesiastical aphorism, who would otherwise have been forgotten; *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Winchester is the better manger*. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of those here condemned, who *slumber in their stalls*.

SCRIBLERUS.

Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!

The MUSE's wing shall brush you all away:

All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings, 224

All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings.

All,

NOTES.

VER. 220 *Ye Insects!*—*The MUSE's wing shall brush you all away:*]

This it did very effectually; and the memory of them had been now forgotten, had not the Poet's charity, for a while, protracted their miserable Being. There is now in his Library at Mr. Allen's, a complete collection of all the horrid Libels written and published against him;

“ The tale reviv'd, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blacken'd, when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd Person, and the pictur'd shape.”

These he had bound up in several volumes, according to their various sizes, from folios down to duodecimos; and to each of them hath affixed this motto out of the book of Job:

Behold, my desire is, that mine adversary should write a book. Surely I should take it upon my shoulder, and bind it as a crown to me.
Ch. xxxi. ver. 35, 36. WARBURTON.

VER. 220. *Ye tinsel Insects!*] Poets have frequently been party-men, ancient as well as modern. *Euripides* was of *Alcibiades's* faction, for war; *Aristophanes*, for peace. Hence arose their mutual animosity. The *Inferno* of *Dante* is as much a political poem as the *Absalom* and *Achitophel* of *Dryden*. The *Æneid* is also of this kind; and so is the *Pharsalia* of *Lucan*, and the *Henriade* of *Voltaire*. WARTON.

VER. 222. *Cobwebs*] Weak and slight sophistry against virtue and honour. Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the Sun. POPE.

VER. 223. *The MUSE's wing shall brush you all away:*] An exquisite verse, of which Mr. Gray has made excellent use in his Ode on Spring:

*Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age—*

WAKEFIELD.

VER. 225. *Gods of Kings.*] When James the First had once bespeached his Parliament, Bishop Williams, Keeper of the Great Seal,

All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.

When black Ambition stains a public Cause,
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not Waller's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.

231

Not

VARIATIONS.

After VER. 227. in the MS.

Where's now the Star that lighted Charles to rise?
—With that which follow'd Julius to the Skies.
Angels, that watch'd the Royal Oak so well,
How chanc'd ye nod, when luckless Sorel fell?
Hence, lying Miracles! reduc'd so low
As to the regal touch, and papal toe;
Hence haughty Edgar's title to the Main,
Britain's to France, and thine to India, Spain!

NOTES.

Seal, added—that, *after his Majesty's DIVINUM ET IMMORTALE DICTUM, he would not dare mortale aliquid addere.* On which, Wilson the Historian observes—*This is not inserted to shew the PREGNANCY and GENIUS of the man, but the temper of the times.*

WARBURTON.

VER. 228. *When black Ambition, &c.*] The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England; and (Ver. 229.) of Louis XIV. in his conquest of the Low Countries.

POPE.

VER. 230. *Not Waller's Wreath*] “Such a series of verses,” says Dr. Johnson, “as the Panegyric on Cromwell, had hardly appeared before in the English language.” I cannot forbear adding, that I am surprized Waller should never name Milton, who was of the same party, and which he had so many opportunities of doing in his works. But Waller was not of Milton's school.

WARTON.

VER. 231. *Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star.*] See his Ode on Namur; where (to use his own words) “Il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche que le Roy porte ordinairement à son Chapeau, et qui est en effet une espece de Comete, fatale à nos ennemis.”

POPE.

(Such as on HOUGH's unfully'd Mitre shine, 240
 Or beam, good DIGBY, from a Heart like thine ;)
 Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
 And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings ;
 Let *Flatt'ry* sick'ning see the Incense rise,
 Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies : 245
 Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
 And makes immortal, Verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last Pen for Freedom let me draw,
 When Truth stands trembling on the edge of Law ;
 Here,

NOTES.

VER. 240, 241. HOUGH and DIGBY] Dr. John Hough, Bishop of Worcester ; and the Lord Digby. The one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false measures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cause of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. POPE.

VER. 240. (*Such as on HOUGH's unfully'd mitre shine,*] Dr. John Hough, successively Bishop of Oxford, Lichfield, and Worcester, was born in 1655, and died May 8, 1743, at the very advanced age of ninety two, after an episcopacy of fifty-three years.

WAKEFIELD.

VER. 240. *on HOUGH's unfully'd*] In the fifty-seventh *Persian* Letter, is an elegant and well-written eulogium on this excellent prelate, by Lord Lyttelton. These Letters have been too much depreciated and neglected. WARTON.

VER. 249. *When Truth stands trembling*]

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still,
 My country ! and while yet a nook is left
 Where English minds and manners may be found,
 Shall be constrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
 Be fickle, and thy year, most part, deform'd
 With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,
 I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies
 And fields without a flower, for warmer France
 With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves
 Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bow'rs.

Lines

Here, Last of Britons! let your Names be read;
 Are none, none living? let me praise the Dead,
 And for that Cause which made your Fathers shine,
 Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.

Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
 And write next winter more *Essays on Man*. 255

VARIATIONS.

VER. 255. in the MS.

Quit, quit these themes and write *Essays on Man*.

NOTES.

Lines of the tender and benevolent Cowper, which I here insert, in order to put us again in good humour with our country, after having just seen her placed in a disagreeable light.

WARTON.

VER. 253 *of their degen'rate Line*] Such was the language at that time, used by our Author and his friends and associates. Lord Chesterfield ends the account of his friend Hammond, author of the *Love Elegies*, with these words: "He looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon these glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wisdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates; in these sentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in these times; in these sentiments he died; but in these times too, ut non erepta a diis immortalibus vita, sed donata, mors videatur.

In every age, and in every nation, there is a constant *progression* of manners; "For the manners of a people seldom stand still, but are either *POLISHING* or *SPOILING*." WARTON.

VER. 254. *pray end what*] We must own that these Dialogues, excellent as they are, exhibit many and strong marks of our Author's petulance, party-spirit, and self-importance; and of assuming to himself the character of censor-general; who, alas! if he had possessed a thousand times more genius, integrity, and ability, than he actually enjoyed, could not have altered or amended the manners of a *rich* and *commercial*, and consequently of a *luxurious* and *dissipated* nation. But we make ourselves unhappy, by hoping to possess *incompatible* things; we want to have *wealth* without *corruption*, and *liberty* without *virtue*! WARTON.

VER. *ult.*] This was the last Poem of the kind printed by our Author, with a resolution to publish no more; but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could, a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks; but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual. The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies; but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience.

POPE.

Could Pope, with his good sense, unless self-love had blinded him, seriously believe, that his pen could effect such mighty purposes, even if the objects of his Satire were so notorious, that every good and wise man would have been on his side, and nothing was dictated by private spleen, and political asperity! Alas, we might say, in the language of Poor Cowper,

“ Leviathan is not so tam’d;
Laugh’d at, he laughs again, and stricken hard
Turns to the stroke his adamantine scales.”

ON RECEIVING FROM
 THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY
 A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
 Descend in all her sober charms ;
 " And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
 " Take at this hand celestial arms :
 " Secure the radiant weapons wield ; 5
 " This golden lance shall guard Desert,
 " And

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whose great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleasure in celebrating. WARBURTON.

VER. 1. *Yes, I beheld, &c.*] To enter into the spirit of this Address, it is necessary to premise, that the Poet was threatened with a prosecution in the House of Lords, for the two foregoing Poems, *the Epilogue to the Satires*. On which, with great resentment against his enemies, for not being willing to distinguish between

Grave Epistles bringing Vice to light,

and licentious Libels, he began a *third Dialogue*, more severe and sublime than the first and second ; which being no secret, matters were soon compromised. His enemies agreed to drop the prosecution, and he promised to leave the third Dialogue unfinished and suppressed. This affair occasioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas.

WARBURTON

“ And if a Vice dares keep the field,
 “ This steel shall stab it to the heart.”

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
 Receiv'd the weapons of the sky ; 10
 And dipt them in the fable Well,
 The Fount of Fame or Infamy.

“ What *Well*? what *Weapon*? (Flavia cries)
 “ A standish, steel and golden pen!
 “ It came from Bertrand's, not the skies ; 15
 “ I gave it you to write again.

“ But, Friend, take heed whom you attack ;
 “ You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers)
 “ Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
 “ L—— and all about your ears. 20

“ You'd write as smooth again on glass,
 “ And run, on ivory, so glib,
 “ As not to stick at fool or ass,
 “ Nor stop at Flattery or Fib.

“ *Athenian Queen!* and *sober charms!* 25
 “ I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't :
 “ 'Tis

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Bertrand's,*] A famous toy-shop at Bath.

WARBURTON.

VER. 23. *fool or ass,*] The *Dunciad*.

WARBURTON.

VER. 24. *Flattery or Fib.*] The *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*.

WARBURTON.

" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms ;

" In Dryden's Virgil see the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,

" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,

30

" I'll list you in the harmless roll

" Of those that sing of these poor eyes."

NOTES.

VER. 27. *these arms ;*] Such toys being the usual presents from lovers to their mistresses.

WARBURTON.

VER. 28. *see the print.*] When she delivers Æneas a suit of heavenly armour.

WARBURTON.

VER. 30. *neither Truth nor Lies,*] i. e. If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic Poem*.—He was then meditating on such a work.

WARBURTON.

VER. 32. *Of those that sing of these poor eyes.*] Among the many swains who sung of "these poor eyes," was Lord Chesterfield, in his well known Ballad :—

" When *Fanny* blooming fair,
First met my ravish'd sight,
Struck with her face and air,
I gaz'd with strange delight."

This beautiful Lady was fourth daughter of Earl Ferrers, who had at that time a house at Twickenham. Notwithstanding her numerous admirers, she died at Bath, *unmarried*, in the year 1762. At Clarendon Park, near Salisbury, the seat of her *Sister's Son*, Henry Bathurst esq., there is a full length painting, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; and if she was as handsome as she is there represented, Lord Chesterfield's passionate address might be easily accounted for. The writer of this note had looked at it for some time with admiration, without knowing whose portrait it was, when the hospitable and benevolent Owner of the mansion said, "That is the celebrated *Fanny* blooming fair." Her sister, married to Mr. Bathurst's father, is painted at full length in the same room.

Lady

Lady Frances is dressed in a *Turkish* habit, probably introduced by Lady M. W. Montagu to England at the time, as she lived at Twickenham. The dress is beautiful, and gives great effect to the attitude and countenance. The sketch of Earl Ferrers' House and Gardens is in the back ground.

I shall here present the Reader with a valuable Literary Curiosity, a Fragment of an unpublished Satire of Pope, intituled, ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY; communicated to me by the kindness of the learned and worthy Dr. Wilson, formerly fellow and librarian of Trinity College, Dublin; who speaks of the Fragment in the following terms:

“ This Poem I transcribed from a rough draft in Pope’s own hand. He left many blanks for fear of the Argus Eye of those who, if they cannot find, can fabricate treason; yet, spite of his precaution, it fell into the hands of his enemies. To the hieroglyphics, there are direct allusions, I think in some of the notes on the Dunciad. It was lent me by a grandson of Lord Chetwynd, an intimate friend of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who gratified his curiosity by a boxful of the rubbish and sweepings of Pope’s study, whose executor he was, in conjunction with Lord Marchmont.”

WARTON.

1740.

A P O E M.

O WRETCHED ^a B - - -, jealous now of all,
 What God, what mortal, shall prevent thy fall?
 Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
 And see what succour from the Patriot Race.
^b C - - -, his own proud dupe, thinks Monarchs things
 Made just for him, as other fools for Kings; 6
 Controls, decides, insults thee every hour,
 And antedates the hatred due to Pow'r.
 Thro' Clouds of Passion P - -'s views are clear,
 He foams a Patriot to subside a Peer; 10
 Impatient sees his country bought and sold,
 And damns the market where he takes no gold.

Grave,

NOTES.

VER. 1. *O wretched B - - -,*] There is no doubt but that this interesting fragment was the beginning of the very Satire to which Warburton alludes in the last Poem.

Pope was afraid to go on in his career of personal acrimony, Paul Whitehead, having thrown out an indecent sarcasm against Dr. Sherlock, was threatened with a prosecution. This was meant as a *hint* to Pope; and it is very plain his satiric progress was interrupted, for his alarm evidently appears. In this Poem, (which certainly was part of his plan, as a continuation of the *Epilogue*,) he seems,

“Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike.”

I have added some explanatory names.

^a Britain.^b Cobham.

Grave, righteous ^c S - joggs on till, past belief,
He finds himself companion with a thief.

To purge and let thee blood, with fire and fword,
Is all the help stern ^d S - - wou'd afford. 16

That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
Good ^e C - - hopes, and candidly fits still.

Of ^f Ch - s W - - who speaks at all,
No more than of ^g Sir Har-y or Sir P - - . 20
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long.

^h G - - r, C - m, B - t, pay thee due regards,
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards,

with wit that must

And ⁱ C - - - d who speaks so well and writes, 25
Whom (saying W.) every S. *harper bites*,

must needs

Whose wit and equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on.

As for the rest, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, that something must be done. 30

Then urg'd by ^k C - - t, or by C - - t stopt,
Inflam'd by ^l P - -, and by P - - dropt ;

They follow rev'rently each wond'rous wight,
Amaz'd that one can read, that one can write :

So

^c Sandys. ^d Shippen. ^e Perhaps the Earl of Carlisle.

^f Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.

^g Sir Henry Oxenden and Sir Paul Methuen.

^h Lords Gower, Cobham, and Bathurst.

ⁱ Lord Chesterfield.

^k Lord Carteret.

^l William Pulteney, created in 1742 Earl of Bath.

So geese to gander prone obedience keep, 35
 Hiss if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep.
 Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
 Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine;
 Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
 Content but for five shillings in the pound, 40
 Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
 And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.

Rise, rise, great ^l W - -, fated to appear,
 Spite of thyself a glorious minister!
 Speak the loud language Princes 45
 And treat with half the
 At length to B - - kind, as to thy
 Espouse the nation, you

What can thy ^m H
 Dress in Dutch 50
 Tho' still he travels on no bad pretence,
 To show

Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,
 Veracious ⁿ W - - - and frontless ^o Young;
 Sagacious ^p Bub, so late a friend, and there 55
 So late a foe, yet more sagacious ^q H - - - ?

Hervey

^l Walpole.

^m Either Sir Robert's brother Horace, who had just quitted his embassy at the Hague, or his son Horace, who was then on his travels.

ⁿ W. Winnington.

^o Sir William Young.

^p Dodington.

^q Probably Hare, bishop of Chichester.

Hervey and Hervey's school, ^aF -, H - - y, ^rH - - n,
Yea, moral ^sEbor, or religious Winton.

How! what can ^tO - - w, what can D - - -

The wisdom of the one and other chair, 60

^uN - - - laugh, or ^xD - - s sager,

Or thy dread truncheon ^yM.'s mighty peer?

What help from ^zJ - - s opiates canst thou draw,

Or ^aH - - k's quibbles voted into law?

^bC. that Roman in his nose alone, 65

Who hears all causes, ^cB - -, but thy own,

Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate

Made fit companions for the Sword of State.

Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,

The fowzing Prelate, or the sweating Peer, 70

Drag out with all its dirt and all its weight,

The lumb'ring carriage of thy broken State?

Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,

The drivers quarrel, and the master stares.

The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries 75

To save thee in th' infectious office *dies*.

The

^a Fox and Henley, ^r Hinton.

^s Blackburn, Archbishop of York, and ^t Hoadley, bishop of Winchester.

^u Onslow, Speaker of the House of Commons, and the Earl of Delawar, Chairman of the Committees of the House of Lords.

^y Newcastle.

^x Dorset; perhaps the last word should be *sneer*.

^z Duke of Marlborough.

^a Jekyll. ^a Hardwick.

^b Probably Sir John Cummins, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. ^c Britain.

The first firm P - - y soon resign'd his breath,
 Brave ^d S - - w lov'd thee, and was ly'd to death.
 Good ^e M - m - t's fate tore ^f P - - th from thy side,
 And thy last sigh was heard when ^g W - - m died. 80
 Thy

NOTES.

VER. 80. *W—m died.*] Sir William Wyndham died this year ; his death was a severe blow to the Party, and none felt it perhaps more than Bolingbroke, whose friendship for him appears to have been ardent and sincere. The following extract of a letter from Bolingbroke, to Sir Charles Wyndham on this occasion will be read with interest, as it particularly shews the sentiments of the Party at this time :

Lord BOLINGBROKE to Sir CHARLES WYNDHAM.

“ DEAR SIR,

Argeville, August 8th, 1740.

“ I feel as I ought to do, the kindness you shew me in sending a servant on purpose, with a letter that gives me as much comfort as I am capable of receiving, since the loss we have sustained by the death of your Father and my Friend. You are in the right, and I love you the better for the sentiment : it is reputation to be descended from so great and so good a man ; and surely it is some to have lived thirty years with him in the warmest and most active friendship. Far from any need of making excuses, that you did not write the cruel news to me when you sent to my Lady Denbigh, I have thanks to return you for sparing me, as you spared yourself. The news came to me with less surprize, but not with less effect. My unhappiness, for such it will be as long as I am able to feel pleasure and pain, began however a little later. It is a plain truth, free from all affectation or compliment, that as your Father was dearer to me than all the rest of the world, so must every thing be that remains of him : you, Sir, especially, who are as dear to my heart as you could be, if, being the same worthy man you are, you was my own son. The resolutions you have taken both as to public and private life, are such as become the son

^d Earl of Scarborough. In another place Pope spells his name with a *w*. Ep. to the Sat. Dial. 2. l. 65.

^e Marchmont.

^f Polwarth, son to Lord Marchmont.

^g Wyndham.

Thy Nobles ^h Sl - s, thy ⁱ Se - - s bought with gold,
Thy Clergy perjur'd, thy whole People sold.

An atheist ∪ a ⊕^{'''}'s ^k ad

Blotch thee all o'er, and sink . . .

Alas! on one alone our all relies, 85

Let him be honest, and he must be wise,

Let him no trifler from his school,

Nor like his still a

Be but a man! unminister'd, alone,

And free at once the Senate and the Throne; 90

Esteem the public love his best supply,

A ^l ☉'s true glory his integrity;

Rich *with* his *in* his . . . strong,

Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong.

Whatever

NOTES.

son and successor of Sir William Wyndham. To be a friend to your country, is to be what he was eminently; it is to be what he would have recommended you to be, even with his dying breath, if the nature of his distemper had permitted such an effort. He thought this country on the brink of ruin, and that monarchical but free constitution of government, wherein the glory and the happiness of our nation consisted, at the point of being dissolved, and sacrificed to the support of a weak and wicked administration; but he thought that the greater the distress was, the more incumbent and the more pressing the duty of struggling to prevent, or to alleviate, it became. One of the last things he said to me the day before he left this place was, that he did not expect to live to see Britain restored to a flourishing and secure state, but that he would die in labouring to procure that happiness to those he should leave behind him.———” M. S. from the Egremont Papers; communicated by Mr. Coxe.

^h Slaves.

ⁱ Senates.

^k Administration.

^l King's.

Whatever his religion or his blood, 95
 His public virtue makes his title good.
 Europe's just balance and our own may stand,
 And one man's honesty redeem the land.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Whatever his religion*] He probably means Frederick Prince of Wales, who took a decided part with the malecontents against Sir R. Walpole's administration. This was written the year before the general election, which decided the fate of Walpole. It is singular that Pope, in this Satire, turns his weapons against his own party, and attacks many of those whom he had lately panegyrised with the most extravagant praise, particularly Pulteney and Chesterfield, of whom he said in 1738:

“ How can I, Pulteney, Chesterfield forget,
 While Roman spirit charms and Attic wit.”

17. But the very name of the blood,
 the pale, the white, the red, the good,
 Europe's old language, and our own, the land,
 And the name's beauty, which the land

NOTES.

1. The name of the blood, the pale, the white, the red, the good,
 2. The name of the blood, the pale, the white, the red, the good,
 3. The name of the blood, the pale, the white, the red, the good,
 4. The name of the blood, the pale, the white, the red, the good,
 5. The name of the blood, the pale, the white, the red, the good,
 6. The name of the blood, the pale, the white, the red, the good,
 7. The name of the blood, the pale, the white, the red, the good,
 8. The name of the blood, the pale, the white, the red, the good,
 9. The name of the blood, the pale, the white, the red, the good,
 10. The name of the blood, the pale, the white, the red, the good,

THE
PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM,

TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BLANK VERSE,

AND INTITLED,

B R U T U S.

THE
PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM.

TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN 1782.

AND PRINTED

BY R. U. T.

THE
P L A N
OF AN
E P I C P O E M.

As ENEAS was famed for his piety, so his grandson's characteristic was benevolence; this first predominant principle of his character, prompted his endeavours to redeem the remains of his countrymen, the descendants from Troy, then captives in Greece, and to establish their freedom and felicity in a just form of government.

He goes to Epirus; from thence he travels all over Greece; collects all the scattered Trojans; and redeems them with the treasures he brought from Italy.

Having collected his scattered countrymen, he consults the oracle of Dodona, and is promised a settlement in an Island, which, from the description, appears to have been Britain. He then puts to sea, and enters the Atlantic Ocean.

The

The First Book was intended to open with the appearance of Brutus at the Straits of Calpe, in sight of the Pillars of Hercules (the *ne plus ultra*). He was to have been introduced debating in council with his captains, whether it was advisable to launch into the great Ocean, on an enterprize bold and hazardous as that of the great Columbus.

One reason, among others, assigned by Brutus, for attempting the great Ocean in search of a new country was, that he entertained no prospect of introducing pure manners in any part of the then known world; but that he might do it among a people uncorrupt in their manners, worthy to be made happy, and wanting only arts and laws to that purpose.

A debate ensues. Pisander, an old Trojan, is rather for settling in Betica, a rich country near the Straits, within the Mediterranean, of whose wealth they had heard great fame at Carthage.

Brutus apprehends that the softness of the climate, and the gold found there, would corrupt their manners; besides, that the Tyrians, who had established great commerce there, had introduced their superstitions among the natives, and made them unapt to receive the instructions he was desirous to give.

Cloanthus, one of his captains, out of avarice and effeminacy, nevertheless desires to settle in a rich and fertile country, rather than to tempt the dangers of the Ocean, out of a romantic notion of heroism.

This has such an effect, that the whole council being dismay'd, are unwilling to pass the Straits, and venture into the great Ocean; pleading the example of Hercules for not advancing farther, and urging the presumption of going beyond a God. To which Brutus, rising with emotion, answers, that Hercules was but a mortal like them; and that if their virtue was superior to his, they would have the same claim to divinity: for that the path of virtue was the only way which lay open to Heaven.

At length he resolves to go in a single ship, and to reject all such dastards, as dared not accompany him.

Upon this, Orontes takes fire, declares he will attend him through any dangers; that he wants no oracle, but his own courage and the love of glory; that it was for merchants like the Tyrians, not for heroes like them, to make trading settlements in a country for the sake of its wealth.

All the younger part of the council agree to the sentiments of Orontes; and, for the love they bear to Brutus, determine to be the companions of his enterprise; and it is resolved to set sail the next day. That night, Hercules appears to him in a vision, applauding and confirming the sentiments he had that day delivered in council, and encouraging him to persevere in the pursuit of the intended enterprise.

The

The Second Book opens with a picture of the Supreme God in all his majesty, sitting on his throne in the highest Heaven. The superintending Angel of the Trojans empire (the *Regnum Priami vetus*) falls down before the throne, and confesses his justice in having overturned that kingdom, for the sins of the princes, and of the people themselves. But adds, that after having chastised and humbled them, it would now be agreeable to his mercy and goodness, to raise up a new state from their ruins, and form a people who might serve him better; that, in Brutus, his providence had a fit instrument for such a gracious design.

This prostrate Angel is raised by the Almighty, and permitted to attend upon Brutus in his voyage to Britain, in order to assist him in the reduction of that Island.

The Guardian Angel, in pursuance of this commission, flies from Heaven to the high Mountain of Calpe; and from thence causes an east wind to blow, which carries the fleet out of the Straits westward to the Canary Islands, where he lands.

Here was to have been a description of Teneriff, and of the Volcanos, as likewise of a most delicious Island, which is described to be without inhabitants. A great part of his followers are disposed to settle here. What more, say they, can we wish for ourselves, than such a pleasing end of all our labours?

In

In an inhabited country we must, perhaps, be forced to fight and destroy the natives; here, without encroaching upon others, without the guilt of a conquest, we may have a land that will supply us with all the necessaries of life. Why then should we go farther? Let us thank the Gods, and rest here in peace. This affords room for a beautiful description of the land of Lazinefs.

Brutus, however, rejects the narrow and selfish proposition, as incompatible with his generous plan of extending benevolence, by instructing and polishing uncultivated minds. He despises the mean thought of providing for the happiness of themselves alone, and sets the great prospect of Heaven before them.

His persuasions, being seconded by good omens, prevail: nevertheless they leave behind them the old man and the woman, together with such as are timid and unfit for service, to enjoy their ease there, and to erect a city. Over this colony, consisting however of about three thousand persons, he proposes to make Pisander King, under such limitations as appear to him wisest and best.

To this proposal they all assent with great satisfaction; only Pisander absolutely refuses to be King, and begs, notwithstanding his age, that he may attend Brutus in his enterprize. He urges that his experience and counsels may be of use, though his

strength is gone; and that he shall die unhappy, if he does not die in the arms of his friend.

Brutus accepts his company, with great expressions of gratitude; and having left his colony a form of pure worship, and a short and simple body of laws, orders them to choose a government for themselves, and then sets sail with none but resolute and noble associates.

Here the Poet, by way of episode, meant to have introduced the passion of some friend, or the fondness of some female, who refused to stay behind, and determined to brave all hardships and perils, rather than quit the object of their affections.

Providence is now supposed to send his spirit to raise the wind, and direct it to the northward. The vessel at length touched at Lisbon or Ulyssipont, where he meets with the son of a Trojan, captive of Ulysses. This gives occasion for an episode; and, among other things, furnishes an account of Ulysses settling there, and building of Lisbon; with a detail of the wicked principles of policy and superstition he had established, and of his being at length driven away by the discontented people he had enslaved.

Brutus is afterwards driven by a storm, raised by an evil spirit, as far as Norway. He prays to the Supreme God. His Guardian Angel calms the seas, and conducts the fleet safe into port; but the evil spirit excites the barbarian people to attack them at their landing.

Brutus,

Brutus, however, repulses them, lands, and encamps on the sea-shore. In the night an *aurora borealis* astonishes his men, such a phenomenon having never been seen by them before.

He endeavours to keep up their spirits, by telling them that what they look upon as a prodigy, may be a phenomenon of nature usual in those countries, though unknown to them and him; but that if it be any thing supernatural, they ought to interpret it in their own favour, because Heaven never works miracles but for the good.

About midnight they are attacked again by the barbarians, and the light of the *aurora* is of great use to them for their defence.

Brutus kills their chief leader, and Orontes the three next in command. This discourages them, and they fly up into the country. He makes prisoners of some of the natives, who had been used to those seas, and inquires of them concerning a great island to the south-west of their country; they tell him they had been in such an island upon piratical voyages, and had carried some of the natives into captivity. He obtains some of those captives, whom he finds to be Britons; they describe their country to him, and undertake to pilot him.

In the next Book, Brutus touches at the Orcades, and a picture is given of the manner of the Savages. The North Britons he brought with him from Norway relate strange stories concerning one of the greatest

of their islands, supposed to be inhabited by dæmons, who forbid all access to it, by thunders, earthquakes, &c. Eudemon relates a tradition in Greece, that in one of the Northern Islands of the Ocean, some of the Titans were confined after their overthrow by Jupiter. Brutus, to confound their superstition, resolves to land in that island.

Brutus sails thither in a small vessel of six oars, attended only by Orontes, who insists on sharing with him in this adventure. When the boat approaches the shore, a violent hurricane rises, which dashes it against the rocks, and beats it to pieces. All the men are drowned but Brutus and Orontes, who swim to land. They find a thick forest, dark and impenetrable, out of which proceeds a dreadful noise.

All at once the sun was darkened, a thick night comes over them ; thundering noises and bellowings are heard in the air, and under ground. A terrible eruption of fire breaks out from the top of a mountain, the earth shakes beneath their feet. Orontes flies back into the wood, but Brutus remains undaunted, though in great danger of being swallowed up, or burnt by the fire. In this extremity he calls upon God ; the eruption ceases, and his Guardian Angel appears to Brutus, telling him God had permitted the evil spirit to work seeming miracles by natural means, in order to try his virtue, and to humble the pride of Orontes, who was too confident in his courage, and too little regardful of Providence. That

the hill before them was a volcano; that the effects of it, dreadful, though natural, had made the ignorant savages believe the Island to be an habitation of fiends. That the hurricane, which had wrecked his boat, was a usual symptom, preceding an eruption. That he might have perished in the eruption, if God had not sent him his good Angel to be his preserver.

He then directs him to seek the south-west part of Great Britain, because the northern parts were infested by men not yet disposed to receive religion, arts, and good government, the subduing and civilizing of whom was reserved by Providence for a son, that should be born of him after his conquest of England.

Brutus promises to obey; the Angel vanishes: Brutus finds Orontes in a cave of the wood; he is so ashamed of his fear, that he attempts to kill himself. Brutus comforts him, ascribes it to a supernatural terror, and tells him what he had heard from the Angel. They go down to the coast, where they find Hanno, with a ship to carry them off.

The ensuing Book describes the joy of Brutus, at sight of the white rocks of Albion. He lands at Torbay, and, in the western part of the Island, meets with a kind reception.

The climate is described to be equally free from the effeminacy and softness of the southern climes, and the ferocity and savageness of the northern. The natural genius of the natives being thus in the medium between these extremes, was well adapted to receive

the improvements in virtue, he meditated to introduce. They are represented worshippers of the Sun and Fire, but of good and gentle dispositions, having no bloody sacrifices among them. Here he meets the Druids, at an altar of turf, in an open place, offering fruits and flowers to Heaven.

Then follows a picture of the haven, which is succeeded by an account of the northern parts, supposed to be infested by tyrants, of whom the Britons tell strange stories, representing them as giants, whom he undertakes to assist them in conquering.

Among these islands, our Poet takes notice of the island Mona, groaning under the lash of superstition, being governed by priests.

Likewise of another, distracted by *dismal anarchy*, the neighbours eating their captives, and carrying away virgins; which affords room for a beautiful episode, describing the feelings of a passionate lover, who prevailed on Brutus to fly to the rescue of a favourite fair-one, whom, by his aid, he recovered from the arms of her brutal ravisher.

Our Poet also speaks of a third, under the dominion of Tyranny, which was stronger than the rest, and defended by giants living in castles, high rocks, &c. Some of these giants our Poet names, as *Corinæus*, *Gogmagog*, &c. Here he proposed to moralize the old fables concerning Brutus, Gogmagog, &c.

Brutus, however, is opposed in his attempt by the priests, conjurers, and magicians; and the priests are
supposed

supposed to have had secrets, which passed for supernatural, such as the use of gunpowder, &c. He meets with many difficulties likewise from his own people, which interrupt his designs; particularly from one of his kinsmen, who is fierce, young, and ambitious. He is earnest for conquering all by force, and treating the people who submitted to him as slaves.

But Brutus gives it as his opinion, not to conquer and destroy the natives of the new-discovered land, but to polish and refine them, by introducing true religion, void of superstition and all false notions of the Deity, which only leads to vice and misery, among people who are uncorrupted in their manners, and only want the introduction of useful arts, under the sanction of a good government, to establish and ensure their felicity.

This turbulent kinsman likewise endangers a revolt, by taking away a woman betrothed to a Briton.

Some of Brutus's followers take part with him, and raise a faction, which, by his wisdom and firmness, he suppresses, and brings the discontented back to their duty; who at length unite with him against the giants their common enemy. It must not be omitted, that the kinsman is represented as repenting of his secession, and much ashamed that Brutus, having left him a victim to female blandishments, went to the war without him.

Brutus, in the end, succeeded in his enterprize against the giants, and enchantment vanished before him ; having reduced the fortresses of superstition, anarchy, and tyranny, the whole Island submits to good government, and with this the Poem was intended to close.

Such was the outline of this Poem, which, if he had finished, it would not, perhaps, have added much to his reputation.

He had likewise planned two Odes, or Moral Poems, on the Mischiefs of Arbitrary Power, and the Folly of Ambition. The first was to open with a view and description of Mount *Ætna* or *Vesuvius*, after a long intermission from eruptions ; in which was given a picture of all rural felicity, in the most enchanting scenes of vine-yards and olive-yards in one place ; the products of *Ceres* in another ; and flowery pastures, overspread with flocks and herds, in a third ; while the shepherds were indulging themselves in their rural dances, songs, and music ; and the husbandmen in feats of activity. In the heat of these amusements, is heard the rumbling in the bowels of the mountain, the day is overcast, and after other dreadful symptoms of approaching desolation, a torrent of liquid fire breaks out from the mouth, and running down the declivity, carries away every thing in its passage ; and as *Milton* says—

“ All the flourishing works of Peace destroys.”

That

That on the Folly of Ambition and a Name, was to open with the view of a large champaign desert country; in the midst of which was a large heap of shapeless and deformed ruins, under the shadow of which was seen a shepherd's shed, who at his door was tending a few sheep and goats. The ruins attract the eye of a traveller passing by, who, curious to be informed of what he saw, addresses himself to the shepherd, to know to what superb structures these ruins belonged. The shepherd entertains him with an absurd and fabulous account of ancient times, in which there were such traces of true history, that the traveller at length discovers, by the aid of the fabulous narrator, joined to certain marks in the ruins themselves, that this was the famous Blenheim, built, at the public expence, by a warlike nation, for the Deliverer of Europe, &c.

I CANNOT but wish that Pope had pursued his attempt of an Epic; it would have decided clearly his real poetic fame, and his usage of blank verse would have proved, whether he was as capable of producing the solemn and harmonious flow of the Miltonic periods, as he was of compressing sense in rhyme, and giving precision and correctness to the couplet. The main point of the poetic character would also have been ascertained, fancy.

I rather think, however, that Pope's good sense prevented the attempt, and that he was afraid of losing the high ground he had already gained as a Poet.

P R E F A C E

TO

H O M E R ' S I L I A D.

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TO

H O M E R ' S I L I A D.

HOMER is universally allowed to have had the greatest *Invention* of any writer whatever. The praise of Judgment Virgil has justly contested with him, and others may have their pretensions as to particular excellencies; but his *Invention* remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greatest of poets, who most excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the *Invention* that, in different degrees, distinguishes all great Genius's: the utmost stretch of human study, learning, and industry, which master every thing besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itself can at best but *steal wisely*: for Art is only like a prudent steward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praises may be given to works of Judgment, there is not even a single

single beauty in them, to which the Invention must not contribute. As in the most regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and such a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reason why common Critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, because they find it easier for themselves to pursue their observations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vast and various extent of Nature.

Our Author's work is a wild paradise *, where if we cannot see all the beauties so distinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only because the number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious nursery which contains the seeds and first productions of every kind, out of which those who followed him have but selected some particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If
some

* These words seem to imply that the *Iliad* is deficient in point of *regularity* and *conduct* of the Fable. Whereas one of its most transcendent and unparalleled excellencies is the *coherence*, the *consistency*, the *simplicity*, and the *perspicuity* of its plan; all which qualities are the result of *judgment* as well as of *invention*; and all which the best critics, from *Aristotle* to *Clarke*, have joined in admiring and applauding. Let *Quintilian* speak for all the rest; *in dispositione totius operis nonne humani generis modum excessit?* And he excels *Virgil* as much in *judgment* as *invention*; and in exact *disposition*, *just thought*, *correct elocution*, and *polished numbers*, as in *poetical fire*. Mad *Dacier* was vehemently angry at Mr. *Pope* for this paragraph. In fact, we do see the beauties of this *well-ordered garden*; which is *not* a mere *nursery*; its plants are *not too luxuriant*, and are *arrived to perfection and maturity*. WARTON.

some things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richness of the soil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only because they are over-run and oppressed by those of a stronger nature.

It is to the strength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is so forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical spirit is master of himself while he reads him. What he writes, is of the most animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was said or done as from a third person; the reader is hurried out of himself by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a spectator. The course of his verses resembles that of the army he describes,

Οἱ δ' ἄρ' ἴσαν, ὥς τε περὶ χθονὶ πᾶσα νέμετο.

They pour along like a fire that sweeps the whole earth before it. 'Tis however remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fullest splendor: it grows in the progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact disposition, just thought, correct elocution, polished numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this poetical fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works
where

where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power criticism, and make us admire even while we disapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with absurdities, it brightens all the rubbish about it, till we see nothing but its own splendor. This *Fire* is discerned in Virgil, but discerned as through a glass, reflected from Homer, more shining than fierce, but every where equal and constant: in Lucan and Statius, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted flashes: in Milton * it glows like a furnace

* Of all passages in our Author's Works, I most wish he had never written this tasteless and unjust comparison. But indeed he never speaks of our divine Bard, *con amore*. This has lately been done by Mr. Hayley, in his curious and animated Life of Milton. I do not honour Sir John Denham so much for his writing Cooper's Hill, as I do for being the very first person that spoke highly of Paradise Lost; who coming one day into the House of Commons with a proof sheet of this Poem, wet from the press, and being asked what paper he held in his hand, replied, "It was part of the noblest poem that was ever written in any language, or in any age."

"Milton," says Warburton, with his usual love of bringing every thing into system, "found Homer possessed of the province of Morality; Virgil of Politics; and nothing left for him, but that of Religion. This he seized, as aspiring to share with them in the government of the poetic world; and by means of the superior dignity of his subject, hath gotten to the head of that triumvirate, which took so many ages in forming. These are the three species of the Epic Poem; for its largest sphere is human action, which can be considered but in a MORAL, POLITICAL, or RELIGIOUS View; and these the three makers; for each of their poems was struck at a heat, and came to perfection from its first essay. Here then the grand scene was closed, and all farther improvements of the Epic at an end." A cruel sentence indeed, and a very severe statute of

Limitation &

nace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakespeare, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly.

I shall here endeavour to show, how this vast *Invention* exerts itself in a manner superior to that of any poet, through all the main constituent parts * of his work,

Limitation! enough, if it had any foundation, to destroy every future attempt of any exalted genius that might arise. But, in truth, the assertion is totally groundless and chimerical. Each of the three poets might change the stations here assigned to them. Homer might assume to himself the province of politics; Virgil of morality; and Milton of both; who is also a strong proof that human action is not the largest sphere of Epic Poetry. But of all Dr. Warburton's forced and fanciful interpretations, next to his extraordinary interpretation of the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, is the supposition that Virgil, by the episode of Nisus and Euryalus, meant to recommend the Grecian institution of the Band of Lovers and Friends that fought at each other's sides: and, also, that by the behaviour and death of Amata, and her celebration of the Bacchic Rites in the Seventh Book, Virgil meant to proscribe and expose the abominable abuses that had crept into the *mysteries*. I lament that Mr. Gibbon, in his able confutation of the notion of Augustus's Initiation, has not touched on this topic.

WARTON.

* Convinced that this Translation is the most spirited and the best ever given of any ancient Poet, and most suited to modern times and readers; yet I have always been of opinion, that Pope would have made it still more excellent, and would have profited much, if he could have seen *Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*; a work, though written indeed with some affectation of style, that abounds in curious researches and observations, and places Homer in a new light; by endeavouring to shew *how it has happened* that no poet has ever equalled him for upwards of two thousand years; namely, by the *united influence* of the happiest *climate*; the most natural *manners* to paint; the boldest lan-

work, as it is the great and peculiar characteristic which distinguishes him from all other authors.

This strong and ruling faculty was like a powerful star, which, in the violence of its course, drew all things within its *vortex*. It seemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compass of nature, to supply his maxims and reflections; all the inward passions and affections of mankind, to furnish his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his descriptions: but wanting yet an ampler sphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of *Fable*. That which Aristotle calls the *Soul of Poetry*, was first breathed into it by Homer. I shall begin with considering him in this part, as it is naturally the first, and I speak of it both as it means the design of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of such actions as, though they did not happen, yet might, in the common course of nature: or of
such

guage to use; the most expressive *religion*; and the richest *subject* to work upon. *Nature*, after all, is the surest rule, and *real* characters the best ground of *fiction*. The passions of the human mind, if truly awaked, and kept up by objects fitted to them, dictate a language peculiar to themselves. *Homer* has copied it, and done justice to nature. We see her image in his draft; and this Work is the *great Drama of Life*, acted in our view. A most ingenious theory, if not solid, in every respect. WARTON,

such as though they did, become fables by the additional episodes and manner of telling them. Of this sort is the main story of an Epic Poem, *the return of Ulysses, the settlement of the Trojans in Italy*, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the *anger of Achilles*, the most short and single subject that was ever chosen by any Poet. Yet this he has supplied with a vaster variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, speeches, battles, and episodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in those poems whose schemes are of the utmost latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the most vehement spirit, and its whole duration employs not so much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of so warm a genius, aided himself by taking in a more extensive subject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the design of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have used the same practice, but generally carried it so far as to superinduce a multiplicity of fables, destroy the unity of action, and lose their readers in an unreasonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main design that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every episode and part of story. If he has given a regular *catalogue* of an *army*, they all draw up their forces in the same order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the same for Anchises, and Statius (rather than omit them) destroys the unity of his action for those of Archemorus.

If Ulysses visit the shades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are sent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypso, so is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be absent from the army on the score of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo must absent himself just as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a suit of celestial armour, Virgil and Tasso make the same present to theirs. Virgil has not only observed this close imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, supplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the story of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (says Macrobius) almost word for word from Pisander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from those of Medea and Jason in Apollonius, and several others in the same manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable*: If we reflect upon those innumerable knowledges, those secrets of nature and physical philosophy, which Homer is generally supposed to have wrapped up in his *allegories*, what a new and ample scene of wonder may this consideration afford us? How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and persons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they shadowed? This is a field in which no succeeding poets could dispute with Homer; and
I
whatever

whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and science was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reasonable in the more modern poets to lay it aside, as it was in Homer to make use of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumstance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of so great an invention, as might be capable of furnishing all those allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is supernatural, and especially the machines of the Gods. He seems * the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry, and such a one as makes its greatest importance and dignity. For we find those authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, constantly laying their accusation against Homer as the chief support of it. But whatever cause there might be to blame his *machines* in a philosophical or a religious view, they are so perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever since contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the sphere of poetry beyond the limits he has set:

* In the former editions this sentence stood thus: "If Homer was not the first who introduced the Deities into the religion of Greece, (as Herodotus imagines,) he seems the first who brought them into a system of machinery for poetry." WARTON.

set: every attempt of this nature has proved unsuccessful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the *characters* of his persons: And here we shall find no author has ever drawn so many, with so visible and surprizing a variety, or given us such lively and affecting impressions of them. Every one has something so singularly his own, that no painter could have distinguished them more by their features, than the Poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the distinctions he has observed in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The single quality of *courage* is wonderfully diversified in the several characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomedes forward, yet listening to advice and subject to command: that of Ajax is heavy and self-confiding; of Hector active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inspirited by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with softness and tenderness for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct soldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and astonishing diversity to be found only in the principal quality which constitutes the main of each character, but even in the underparts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulysses and Nestor consist in *wisdom*; and they

they are distinct in this, that the wisdom of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other *natural*, *open*, and *regular*. But they have, besides, characters of *courage*; and this quality also takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends still upon *caution*, the other upon *experience*. It would be endless to produce instances of these kinds. The characters of Virgil * are far from striking

* “ Virgil had been accustomed to the splendor of a court, the magnificence of a palace, and the grandeur of a royal equipage; accordingly his representations of that part of life are more august and stately than Homer’s. He has a greater regard to decency, and those polished manners which render men so much of a piece, and make them all resemble one another in their conduct and behaviour. His state designs and political managements are finely laid, and carried on much in the spirit of a courtier. The eternity of a government, the forms of magistrature, and plan of dominion, ideas to which Homer was a stranger, are familiar with the Roman poet. But the Grecian’s wiles are plain and natural; either stratagems of war, or such designs in peace, as depend not upon forming a party for their execution. He excels in the simple instructive parts of life; the play of the passions, the prowess of bodies, and those single virtues of persons and characters, that arise from untaught, undisguised nature. And afterwards, even the stately Agamemnon is not ashamed to own his passion for a captive maid before the whole army. He is, besides, now and then a little covetous, and tortured with fear to such a degree, that his teeth chatter and knees knock against each other; he groans and weeps and rends his hair, and is in such piteous plight, that, if we were not well assured of his personal bravery, we should take him for a downright coward. But Virgil durst make no condescension to nature, nor represent the human frailties in their genuine light.”

These fine and judicious remarks of Blackwell seem to have been borrowed from an Epistle of *Gravina* to *Maffei*, p. 248. In Napoli, 1716.

WARTON.

striking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undistinguished, and where they are marked most evidently affect us not in proportion to those of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus seems no way peculiar but as it is in a superior degree; and we see nothing that differences the courage of Mnestheus from that of Sergestus, Cloanthus, or the rest. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuosity runs through them all; the same horrid and savage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them seem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this tract of reflection, if he will pursue it through the *Epic* and *Tragic* writers, he will be convinced how infinitely superior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *speeches* are to be considered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or disagree with the manners of those who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners* (as Aristotle expresses it); that is, every thing is acted or spoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of such length, how small a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is less in proportion to the narrative; and the speeches often consist of general reflections

reflections or thoughts *, which might be equally just in any person's mouth upon the same occasion. As many of his persons have no apparent characters, so many of his speeches escape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himself when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that interests us less in the action described: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the *sentiments*, the same presiding faculty is eminent in the sublimity and spirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone sufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his sentiments in general, is, that they have so remarkable a parity with those of the Scripture: Duport, in his *Gnomologia Homerica*, has collected innumerable instances of this sort. And it is with justice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not so many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not so many that are sublime and noble; and that the Roman

author

* This censure is too general; many of the speeches are appropriated and adapted to the character that speaks; none more so, than one, not so frequently noticed as it ought to be, that of Æneas to the Ghost of Hector, in which the confusion and obscure ideas of a man in a dream are finely represented by the questions he asks. Lib. ii. v. 281.

WARTON.

author seldom rises into very astonishing sentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we observe his *descriptions, images, and similes*, we shall find the invention still predominant. To what else can we ascribe that vast comprehension of images of every sort, where we see each circumstance of art*, and individual of nature summoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, presented themselves in an instant, and had their impressions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full prospects of things, but several unexpected peculiarities and side views, unobserved by any Painter but Homer. Nothing is so surprising as the description of his battles, which take up no less than half the *Iliad*, and are supplied with so vast a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeness to another; such different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the same manner; and such a profusion of noble ideas, that every battle rises above the last in greatness, horror,

* “ Dans Homere,” says Winkelman, “ tout est image, tout est fait pour être peint; disons mieux, tout y est peint.”

Circumstantial description is, after all, the true test of a vivid imagination. It is not intended by this remark, nor by what is said before in these notes, to commend or justify *useless* or *trifling* circumstances in any description. What Demetrius Phalereus has said, from page 124 to page 130 of Gale's edition, περὶ ἐναργειᾶς, is well worth an attentive perusal, and shews the true use of circumstantial description.

WARTON.

ror, and confusion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and descriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has assisted himself with a great quantity out of him: and it is evident of Virgil especially, that he has scarce any comparisons which are not drawn from his master.

If we descend from hence to the *expression*, we see the bright imagination of Homer shining out in the most enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the first who taught that *language of the Gods* to men. His expression * is like the colouring of some great masters, which discovers itself to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the strongest and most glowing imaginable, and touched with the greatest spirit. Aristotle had reason to say, He was the only poet who had found out *living words*; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author

* Of all the excellencies of Homer's style, Clarke is of opinion that its *perspicuity* is the most peculiar and predominant; and says, no writer whatever, not of verse only but *prose*, in any language, is so uniformly *perspicuous*. This testimony of a philosopher and mathematician, remarkable for a *clear head* himself, is worth remembering and regarding. This matchless perspicuity, on which Pope has not sufficiently dwelt, is owing to the clearness of his images, and the truth of his sentiments; in short, to his copying nature exactly. It is mortifying to hear an eminent critic and scholar declare, that, "among the readers of Homer, the number is very small of those who find much in the Greek more than in the common Latin translation, except the music of his versification." Pope would have profited much if Clarke's admirable Notes had preceded his translation.

WARTON.

author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirsts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expression is never too big for the sense, but justly great in proportion to it. 'Tis the sentiment that swells and fills out the diction, which rises with it, and forms itself about it: and in the same degree that a thought is warmer, an expression will be brighter; as that is more strong, this will become more conspicuous: like glass in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude and refines to a greater clearness, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intense.

To throw his language more out of prose, Homer seems to have affected the *compound epithets*. This was a sort of composition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the *diction*, but as it assisted and filled the *numbers* with greater sound and pomp, and likewise conduced in some measure to thicken the *images*. On this last consideration I cannot but attribute these also to the fruitfulness of his invention, since (as he managed them) they are a sort of super-numerary pictures of the persons or things to which they are joined. We see the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet of Κορυθαίολος, the landscape of mount Neritus in that of Εἰνοσίφυλλος, and so of others, which particular images could not have been insisted upon so long as to express them in a description (though but of a single line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure.

figure. As a Metaphor is a short simile, one of these Epithets is a short description.

Lastly, if we consider his *versification*, we shall be sensible what a share of praise is due to his invention in that. He was not satisfied with his language as he found it settled in any one part of Greece, but searched through its different *dialects* * with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he considered these as they had a greater mixture of vowels or consonants, and accordingly employed them as the verse required either a greater smoothness or strength. What he most affected was the *ionic*, which has a peculiar sweetness from its never using contractions, and from its custom of resolving the diphthongs into two syllables; so as to make the words open themselves with a more spreading and sonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feeble *Æolic*, which often rejects its aspirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering some letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his measures, instead

* Clarke has given the true rational account of the *dialects* of Homer; a thing so frequently misunderstood, and as appears by our Author; “Homerus non dialectis omnibus promiscuè & ἀλόγως, sed eâ solum modo usus est, quæ inter suos erat, *Ionico-Poeticâ*; ex variis quidem illa dialectis existens, non communiter & universè, sed certâ quâdam & constanti ratione, poetis Ionicis (ut credere æquum est) usitatâ ” Lib. ii. ad ver. 43.

Homer did not use such a jargon as Fontenelle idly imagines; as if a French poet was to introduce in the same page, *Gascon*, *Norman*, *Breton*, &c. words. See *Monboddo*, vol. iii. and *Burges's* Edition of *Darwes*, Preface, p. 21.

WARTON.

stead of being fetters to his sense, were always in readiness to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further representation of his notions, in the correspondence of their sounds to what they signified. Out of all these he has derived that harmony, which makes us confess he had not only the richest head, but the finest ear in the world. This is so great a truth, that whoever will but consult the tune of his verses, even without understanding them, (with the same sort of diligence as we daily see practised in the case of Italian Operas,) will find more sweetness, variety, and majesty of sound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himself, though they are so just to ascribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek * has some advantages both from the natural *sound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *verse*, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very sensible of this, and used the utmost diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatsoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the sound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its sense. If the Grecian poet has not been so frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reason is, that fewer critics have understood one language than the other.

* Such is the sweetness of this language, that it admits of no word ending with these three harsh letters, Θ, Φ, Χ WARION.

other. Dionysius of Halicarnassus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatise of the *Composition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the course of my Notes. It suffices at present to observe of his numbers, that they flow with so much ease, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to transcribe as fast as the *Muses* dictated; and at the same time with so much force and inspirited vigour, that they awaken and raise us like the sound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verse, the most rapid, and yet the most smooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever side we contemplate Homer, what principally strikes us is his *invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extensive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *strongly marked*, his speeches more *affecting* and *transporting*, his sentiments more *warm* and *sublime*, his images and descriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expression more *raised* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope, in what has been said of Virgil, with regard to any of these heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more absurd or endless, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an opposition of particular passages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their

their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and distinguished excellence of each : it is in *that* we are to consider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty : and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment* *. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment,

* This is a commonly received opinion. It might, perhaps, however be proved, as has been hinted before, that the *judgment* of Homer was equal to his invention. But there is a set of notions and doctrines, concerning the characters of great writers, handed down from critic to critic, and implicitly adopted without due consideration. This is one of that kind. Another, relating also to Virgil, is, that his chief excellence lay in describing what is beautiful. But he appears to be equally excellent in painting the *terrible*. What images are exhibited in the following passages !

Armorum sonitum toto Germania cœlo
 Audiit ; insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.—
 — caligantem nigra formidine lucum——
 —terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernīs—
 —tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora—
 —ipsæ stupuere domus, atque intima leti
 Tartara——
 —stygiis emissæ Tenebris
 Pallida Tisiphone, Morbos agit ante Metumque
 Inque dies avidum surgens caput altius effert.—
 Noctem illam tecti sylvis immania monstra
 Perferimus : nec quæ sonitum det causa videmus.
 ——fessum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
 Murmure Trinacriam——
 Cernimus astantes nequicquam lumine torvo
 Ætnæos fratres, cœlo capita alta ferentes
 Concilium horrendum———
 ——terque ipsa solo, mirabile dictu
 Emicuit——

Pectora

judgment, because Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, because Homer possesseth a larger share of it: each of these great authors had more of both than perhaps any man besides, and are only said to have less in comparison with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and transports us with a commanding impetuosity;

Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
Sanguineæ exuperant undas——
——vastos a rupe Cyclopas
Prospicio, sonitumque pedum, vocemque tremisco.—
Hinc exaudiri voces & verba vocantis
Sæpe viri——
——Latices nigrescere sacros,
Fusaque in obscœnum se vertere vina cruorem,
Hoc visum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.
——Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat——
Tisiphoneque sedens pallâ succincta cruentâ
Vestibulum infomnis servat noctesque diesque——
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, & sæva sonare
Verbera, tum stridor ferri, tractæque Catenæ:
Constitit Æneas, strepitumque exteritus hausit.
Sævior intus habet sedem——
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx——
——quærentem dicere plura
Reppulit, & geminos erexit crinibus angues,
Verberaque insonuit——
——Turni se pestis ad ora,
Fertque refertque sonans, clypeumque everberat alis.

All these bold and masterly strokes, to which many may be added, are certainly more in the manner of MICHAEL ANGELO, than of RAPHAEL.

WARTON.

fity ; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty : Homer scatters with a generous profusion ; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence : Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundless overflow ; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and constant stream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two Poets resemble the Heroes they celebrate : Homer, boundless and irresistible as Achilles, bears all before him, and shines more and more as the tumult increases ; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undisturbed in the midst of the action ; disposes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the Heavens ; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on some imperfection ; and it is often hard to distinguish exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may sometimes sink to suspicion, so may a great judgment decline to coldness ; and as magnanimity may run up to profusion or extravagance, so may a great invention to redundancy or wildness. If we look upon Homer in this view, we shall perceive the chief *objections* against him to proceed from so noble a cause as the excess of this faculty.

Among

Among these we may reckon some of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which so much criticism has been spent, as surpassing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and superior souls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themselves with unusual strength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit something near extravagance, amidst a series of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his *speaking horses*, and Virgil his *myrtles distilling blood*, where the latter has not so much as contrived the easy intervention of a Deity to save the probability.

It is owing to the same vast invention, that his *Similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumstances. The force of this faculty is seen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itself to that single circumstance upon which the comparison is grounded: it runs out into embellishments of additional images, which however are so managed as not to overpower the main one. His similes are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is also set off with occasional ornaments and prospects. The same will account for his manner of heaping a number of comparisons together in one breath, when his fancy suggested to him at once so many various and

correspondent images. The reader will easily extend this observation to more objections of the same kind.

If there are others which seem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowness of genius, than an excess of it; those seeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his *grosser representations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *Heroes*, which will be treated of in the following *Essay*^a: But I must here speak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the censurers and defenders of Homer. It must be a strange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier^b, “that those times and manners* are
“ so

^a See the articles of Theology and Morality, in the third part of the Essay. WARBURTON.

^b Preface to her Homer. WARBURTON.

* In that *progression* of manners that happens in every age and every country, there is a *certain* period more *proper* for poetical description than another. The more any nation becomes polished, the more the genuine feelings of nature are disguised and suppressed, and their manners are consequently less adapted to bear a faithful representation. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by modern governments, are not suited to the dignity and simplicity of the *Epic* Muse. Our present modes must be forgotten, when we attempt any thing in the serious or sublime poetry; for heroism disdains the luxurious refinements, the false delicacy, the fictitious grandeur, and idle state of modern ages. What our Author replies here to Madame Dacier, relates to the circumstance of manners being *morally*, not *poetically* good: and he should have insisted more on the *latter* circumstance. The lovers of Homer cannot but read with great
pleasure

“ so much the more excellent, as they are more contrary to ours.” Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shewn but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest Princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the *servile offices* and mean employments in which we sometimes see the Heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and Princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves

pleasure the comparison Mr. Wood has made of the *Heroic, Patriarchal*, and *Bedouin manners*, dividing their similitudes, with much judgment and acuteness, into six general classes, and shewing their exact conformity to what he observed in his travels. *Essay on the Original Genius of Homer*, p. 158. WARTON.

selves with a clear and surprising vision of things nowhere else to be found, the only true mirror of that ancient world. By this means alone their greatest obstacles will vanish; and what usually creates their dislike, will become a satisfaction.

This consideration may further serve to answer for the constant use of the same *epithets* to his Gods and Heroes, such as the *far-darting* Phœbus, the *blue-eyed* Pallas, the *swift-footed* Achilles, etc. which some have censured as impertinent and tediously repeated. Those of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and solemn devotions in which they were used: they were a sort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to salute them on all occasions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Mons. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of *Surnames*, and repeated as such; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add some other distinction of each person; either naming his parents expressly, or his place of birth, profession, or the like; as, Alexander the son of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnassus, Diogenes the Cynic, etc. Homer therefore, complying with the custom of his country, used such distinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have something parallel to these in modern times, such as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironside,

side, Edward Long-shanks, Edward the Black Prince, etc. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I shall add a further conjecture. Hesiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *Heroes distinct from other men, a divine race, who fought at Thebes and Troy, are called demi-Gods, and live by the care of Jupiter in the islands of the blessed*^c. Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this also in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the solemnity of an epithet, and such as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raised against Homer, are such as hardly deserve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the course of the work. Many have been occasioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the same, as if one should think to raise the superstructure by undermining the foundation: One would imagine by the whole course of their parallels, that these critics never so much as heard of Homer's having written first; a consideration which whoever compares these two Poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuse him for the same things which they overlook or praise in the other; as when they prefer the fable
and

^c Hesiod, Op. et Dier. lib. i. ver. 155, etc.

WARBURTON.

and moral of the *Æneis* to those of the *Iliad*, for the same reasons which might set the *Odyfsey* above the *Æneis*: as that the Hero is a wiser man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or else they blame him for not doing what he never designed; as because Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as *Æneas*, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: It is thus that Rapin judges in his comparison of Homer and Virgil. Others select those particular passages of Homer which are not so laboured as some that Virgil drew out of them: This is the whole management of Scaliger in his *Poetice*. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expressions, sometimes through a false delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the awkwardness of their own translations: This is the conduct of Perault in his *Parallels*. Lastly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, distinguish between the personal merit of Homer, and that of his *work*; but when they come to assign the causes of the great reputation of the *Iliad*, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of those that followed: And in pursuance of this principle, they make those accidents (such as the contention of the cities, etc.) to be the causes of his fame, which were in reality the consequences of his merit. The same might as well be said of Virgil, or
any

any great author, whose general character will infallibly raise many casual additions to their reputation. This is the method of *Monf. de la Motte*; who yet confesses upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he must have been the greatest poet of his nation, and that he may be said in this sense to be the master even of those who surpassed him.

In all these objections we see nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *Invention*; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteristic of Poetry itself) remains unequalled by his followers, he still continues superior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of *one sort* of Critics; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudest and most universal applauses, which holds the heart* of a reader under the strongest enchantment. Homer not only appears the Inventor of Poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has swallowed up the honour of those who succeeded him. What he has done admitted no increase; it only left room for contraction or regulation. He shewed all the stretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in some of his flights, it was but because he attempted every thing.

A work

* In reading Homer, says *Dionysius*, ἐνθασίῳ τε, καὶ δέῃρο κακῆστε ἀγομαί.

A curious reader will be entertained by perusing the animated letter which *Petrarch* wrote to the *Byzantine Ambassador*, his friend, from whom he first received a copy of *Homer* in Greek.
Epist. Famil. 9.

WARTON.

A work of this kind seems like a mighty Tree which rises from the most vigorous seed, is improved with industry, flourishes, and produces the finest fruit ; nature and art conspire to raise it ; pleasure and profit join to make it valuable : and they who find the justest faults, have only said, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richness of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now spoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the translation *,
with

* That man must be void of all sensibility and feeling, who is not delighted with the *spirit, fire, and harmony* of this translation ; but at the same time, he must be void also of all taste and knowledge of the *majesty and simplicity* of the original, which are *disguised and diminished* by a profusion of *florid and figurative* epithets and expressions, and a *variety* of gawdy, glittering, and modern ornaments, with which our English Iliad so much abounds ; as to set at variance the *sentiment and imagery*, with the *diction and style*.

No composition of any kind should be equally laboured and ornamented in every part. “ Id non debet esse fufum æquabiliter per omnem orationem, sed ita distinctum, ut sint quasi in ornatu disposita quædam insignia & lumina. Genus igitur dicendi est eligendum, quod maximè teneat eos qui audiant, & quod non solum delectet, sed etiam sine satietate delectet. Quanto colorum pulchritudine & varietate floridiora sunt in picturis novis pleraque, quàm in veteribus ? quæ tamen etiam si primo aspectu nos ceperunt, diutius non delectant ; cum iidem nos in antiquis Tabulis illo ipso horido obsoletoque teneamur.” *De Oratore, l. 3.*

We should always carefully remember, “ that Homer’s poems were made to be *recited or sung* to a *company*, and not *read* in private, or perused in a *book* ; which few were then capable of doing.” Whoever reads not Homer in *this view*, loses a great part of the
delight

with the same view to the chief characteristic. As far as *that* is seen in the main parts of the Poem, such as the fable, manners, and sentiments, no translator can prejudice it but by wilful omissions or contractions. As it also breaks out in every particular image, description, and simile; whoever lessens or too much softens those, takes off from this chief character. It is the first grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the rest, the diction and versification only are his proper province; since these must be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It should then be considered what methods may afford some equivalent in our language for the graces of these in the Greek. It is certain no literal translation can be just to an excellent original in a superior language: but it is a great mistake to imagine (as many have done) that a rash paraphrase can make amends for this general defect; which is no less in danger to lose the spirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expression. If there be sometimes a darkness, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preserves than a version almost literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but those which are necessary for transfusing the spirit of
of

delight he might receive from the poet. A lover of ancient simplicity blamed our Translator by saying;

—Niveam Tyrio murice tingit ovem.

“If he had not done so, nobody would have worn it,”—replied a defender of Pope’s modern elegancies.

WARTON.

of the original, and supporting the poetical style of the translation: And I will venture to say, there have not been more men misled in former times by a servile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical insolent hope of raising and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a translator should principally regard, as it is most likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his safest way to be content with preserving this to his utmost in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. 'Tis a great secret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modestly in his footsteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raise ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the censure of a mere English Critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer seems to have been more commonly mistaken than the just pitch of his style: some of his translators having swelled into rustian in a proud confidence of the *sublime*; others sunk into flatness in a cold and timorous notion of *simplicity*. Methinks I see these different followers of Homer, some sweating and straining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain signs of false mettle), others slowly and servilely creeping in his train, while the Poet himself is all the time proceeding with an unaffected

unaffected and equal majesty before them. However, of the two extremes one could sooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for such commendations as he may gain by that character of style, which his friends must agree together to call *simplicity*, and the rest of the world will call *dulness*. There is a graceful and dignified simplicity, as well as a bald and fordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a flover: 'tis one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dressed at all. Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity.

This pure and noble simplicity is no where in such perfection as in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm, with all respect to the inspired writings, that the *divine Spirit* made use of no other words than what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author nearest to those, his style must of course bear a greater resemblance to the sacred books than that of any other writer. This consideration (together with what has been observed of the parity of some of his thoughts) may methinks induce a translator on the one hand, to give into several of those general phrases and manners of expression, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being used in the Old Testament; as on the other, to avoid those which have been appropriated to the
Divinity,

Divinity, and in a manner consigned to mystery and religion.

For a further preservation of this air of simplicity, a particular care should be taken to express with all plainness those *moral sentences* and *proverbial speeches* which are so numerous in this Poet. They have something venerable, and as I may say oracular, in that unadorned gravity and shortness with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly lost by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphrase.

Perhaps the mixture of some Grecisms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a version of this particular work, which most of any other seems to require a venerable antique cast. But certainly the use of modern terms of war and government, such as *platoon*, *campagne*, *junto*, or the like, (into which some of his translators have fallen,) cannot be allowable; those only excepted, without which it is impossible to treat the subjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a sort of *marks* or *moles* by which every common eye distinguishes him at first sight: those who are not his greatest admirers look upon them as defects; and those who are, seem pleased with them

as

as beauties. I speak of his *compound epithets*; and of his *repetitions**. Many of the former cannot be done literally into English without destroying the purity of our language. I believe such should be retained as slide easily of themselves into an English compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of composition; as well as those which have received a sanction from the authority of our best Poets, and are become familiar through their use of them; such as the *cloud-compelling* Jove, etc. As for the rest, whenever any can be as fully and significantly expressed in a single word as in a compounded one, the course to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be so turned as to preserve their full image by one or two words, may have justice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet εἰνοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous translated literally *leaf-shaking*, but affords a majestic idea in the *periphrasis*: *The lofty mountain shakes his waving woods*. Others that admit of differing significations, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation, according to the occasions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἰκηβόλος, or *far-shooting*, is capable of two explanations; one literal in respect of the darts and bow, the ensign of that God; the other allegorical with regard

* Of which there is a judicious defence in the *Epistolæ Homericæ* of Klotzius, p. 145, and in a *Dissertation* of Schulzius.

regard to the rays of the sun: therefore in such places where Apollo is represented as a God in person, I would use the former interpretation; and where the effects of the sun are described, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be necessary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the same epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already shewn) to the ear of those times, is by no means so to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occasions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a translator may at once shew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's *Repetitions**, we may divide them into three sorts: of whole narrations and speeches, of single sentences, and of one verse or hemistich. I hope it is not impossible to have such a regard to these, as neither to lose so known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in those speeches where the dignity of the speaker renders

* Which are absurdly censured by *Rapin*; to whom *Clarke* answers; "at verò erant hæc omnino *simplicissimè* & sine ornatu dicenda, ut raptim; ac velut in transitu, legendi, percurrentur." I recollect only one note in *Clarke* but what contains sense and judgment; and that is a note in the taste of those of Warburton, which we have ventured so often to censure. It is on the 49th line of Book 1, on the sound of Apollo's Bow-string. "Pestis scilicet ingruentis, primus rumor terribilis." WARTON.

renders it a sort of insolence to alter his words; as in the messages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of state, or where the ceremonial of religion seems to require it, in the solemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other cases, I believe the best rule is to be guided by the nearness, or distance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too close, one may vary the expression, but it is a question whether a professed translator be authoris'd to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to answer for it.

It only remains to speak of the *Versification*. Homer (as has been said) is perpetually applying the sound to the sense, and varying it on every new subject. This is indeed one of the most exquisite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am sensible it is what may sometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully possessed of his image: however, it may be reasonably believed they designed this, in whose verse it so manifestly appears in a superior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but those who have, will see I have endeavour'd at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I must confess myself utterly incapable of doing justice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope, but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire translation in verse has yet

done. We have only those of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken * the advantage of an immeasurable length of verse, notwithstanding which, there is scarce any paraphrase more loose and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or six lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth Book of the *Odyfley*, verse 312. where he has spun twenty verses out of two. He is often mistaken in so bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpose, if he did not in other places of his notes insist so much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a strong affectation of extracting
new

* In the History of English Poetry, vol. 3. p. 441, an account is given of *Chapman's* Homer; from which our Author condescended to borrow, and to read with attention, as appears from my copy of this Work, which once belonged to *Pope*, and in which he has noted many of *Chapman's* improper interpolations, extending sometimes to ten and twelve lines. But there was a Translation of Homer, little known, by an *Arthur Hall*, 1581, which *Hall* copied from a French Translation of *Hugue's Sald*, Abbé of St. Cheron, 1555. This *Sald* had eventually the power of misleading *Pope*. For in Book 3. v. 386, it is said,

Γρηΐ δὲ μὴν εἰκύνει,

which *Sald* translates,

C'est de *Grea* la bonne chambrien,

mistaking *Grea* for a proper name; which *Hall* follows, p. 57.

In *Grea's* forme, the good handmaid;—

followed again by *Chapman*,

She tooke on her the shape

Of beldam *Grea*;—

after whom comes *Pope* in his first Edition, 1715, v. 476.

In *Græa's* form——

Grea her favourite maid.

STEEPHENS.

new meanings out of his Author, infomuch as to promise in his rhyming preface, a poem of the mysteries he has revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to restrain the obvious sense to this end. His expression is involved in fustian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Buffy d'Amboise, etc. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been one of an arrogant turn, and an enthusiast in poetry. His own boast of having finished half the Iliad in less than fifteen weeks, shews with what negligence his version was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery spirit that animates his translation, which is something like what one might imagine Homer himself would have writ before he arrived at years of discretion.

Hobbes has given us * a correct explanation of the sense in general, but for particulars and circumstances he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful.

* Though this translation of *Hobbes*, made in the eighty-seventh year of his age, be so contemptible and tedious, yet his *prose*, for *precision*, *terseness*, and *elegance*, is some of the best in our language. And when we read his fine *critical* Letter to *Davenant*, on his *Gondibert*, we are surpris'd at his bad verses. With his principles, *religious* or *political*, I have nothing to do at present. A very curious Letter of *Waller* to *Hobbes*, highly commending the *Leviathan*,

beautiful. As for its being esteemed a close translation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the shortness of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above-mentioned. He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.

It is a great loss to the poetical world, that Mr. Dryden did not live to translate the Iliad. He has left us only the first book, and a small part of the sixth; in which if he has in some places not truly interpreted the sense, or preserved the antiquities, it ought to be excused on account of the haste he was obliged to write in. He seems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whose words he sometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in passages where he wanders from the original. However, had he translated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his Version of whom (notwithstanding some human errors) is the most noble and spirited translation I know in any language.

than, is published in the entertaining *Anecdotes of Distinguished Persons*, vol. ii. p. 94. We know how highly he was celebrated by Ralph Bathurst and Cowley; and even by Lord Clarendon, in his answer to the Leviathan.

WARTON.

language. But the fate of great geniuses is like that of great ministers, though they are confessedly the first in the commonwealth of letters, they must be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who translates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that spirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the sense can bear any doubt, to follow the strongest and most poetical, as most agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his style, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preserve in the more active or descriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more sedate or narrative, a plainness and solemnity; in the speeches, a fullness and perspicuity; in the sentences, a shortness and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor sometimes the very cast of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or customs of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a shorter compass than has hitherto been done by any translator, who has tolerably preserved either the sense or poetry. What I would further recommend to him, is to study his Author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned soever, or whatever figure they may make in the estimation of the world; to consider him attentively in comparison with Virgil above all the ancients, and with

Milton above all the moderns. Next these, the Archbishop of Cambray's *Telemachus* * may give him the truest idea of the spirit and turn of our Author, and Bossu's admirable treatise of the Epic Poem the justest notion of his design and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and study a man may proceed, or with whatever happiness he may perform such a work, he must hope to please but a few; those only who have at once a taste of poetry, and competent learning. For to satisfy such as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; since a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is submitted to the public, from whose opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges so little as our best poets, who are most sensible of the weight of this task. As for the worst, whatever they shall please to say, they may give me some concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this translation by judgments very different from theirs, and by persons for whom they can have no kindness, if an old observation be true, that the strongest antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addison was the first whose advice determined

* The chief fault of which is, the mixture of ancient and modern manners; and an introduction of sentiments too pure and refined for old heroes to utter or think of.

determined me to undertake this task *, who was pleased to write to me upon that occasion in such terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my interest with that warmth with which he always serves his friend. The humanity and frankness of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occasion. I must also acknowledge with infinite pleasure, the many friendly offices, as well as sincere criticisms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in translating some parts of Homer †. I must add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I shall take a further opportunity of doing justice to the last, whose good-nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no less extensive than his learning. The favour of these gentlemen is not entirely

* This is a curious circumstance, which the reader will bear in mind, when he considers the severe charge made against Addison, on account of the transaction respecting another translation.

† In former editions it followed, "*as I wish for the sake of the world, he had prevented me in the rest;*" also in page 420, in former editions, speaking of Lord Lansdown, it was said, "*that so excellent an Imitator of Homer as the Author,*"—which words are now omitted. Several other expressions are altered, up and down, as in page 376, "*must not contribute,*" instead of "*owing to the insertion;*" and "*common critics,*" for "*most;*" page 380, "*to furnish,*" instead of "*supply;*" page 384, "*that of Ajax,*" instead of "*we see in Ajax.*" These alterations, it is presumed, were made by Dr. Warburton, who tells us, Pope desired him to *correct* this Preface; such was the partiality of Pope to his friend!

tirely undeserved by one who bears them so true an affection. But what can I say of the honour so many of the *Great* have done me, while the *first names* of the age appear as my subscribers, and the most distinguished patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among these it is a particular pleasure to me to find that my highest obligations are to such who have done most honour to the name of Poet: that his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not displeased I should undertake the Author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Essay*) so complete a praise * :

Read *Homer once*, and you can read no more ;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem Prose : but still persist to read,
And *Homer* will be all the Books you need.

That

* In the former editions it was, “ *the finest praise he ever received ;*” and the two last lines here quoted from Buckingham stood thus :

Verse will seem Prose : but still persist to read,
And *Homer* will be all the Books you need.

But Buckingham was for ever altering and revising his *Essay*. It concluded with these lines :

Must above Milton's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where great Torquato, and where greater Spenser fail ;
which he thus at last corrected :

Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and e'en Milton fail.

Boileau's praise of *Homer* is surely far more *complete* than these *prosaic* lines of Buckingham, so much extolled by our Author ;

“ On diroit que pour plaire, instruit par la nature,
Homere ait à *Venus* dérobé sa ceinture,

Son

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the first to favour me, of whom it is hard to say whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generosity or his example *. That such a Genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more distinguished in the great scenes of business, than in all the useful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refused to be the critic of these sheets, and the patron of their writer. And that the noble author of the Tragedy of *Heroic Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Pastorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myself the pride of confessing, that I have had the advantage, not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of several particulars of this translation.

I could

Son livre est d'agrémens une fertile thrésor,
 Tout ce qu'il a touché se convertit en or,
 Tout recoit dans ses mains une nouvelle grace,
 Par tout il divertit, & jamais il ne laisse ;
 Une heureuse chaleur anime ses discours.
 Il ne s'égare point en de trop longs detours,
 Sans garder dans ses vers un ordre methodique
 Son sujet de soi-meme & s'arrange & s'explique,
 Tout, sans faire d'apprests, s'y prepare aisément,
 Chaque vers, chaque mot, court à l'évènement,
 Aimez donc ses écrits, mais d'un amour sincère,
 C'est avoir profité que de sçavoir s'y plaire."

No nation in Europe can boast of having such excellent translations of the more eminent Greek Poets, as the Homer of Pope, the Pindar of West, the Sophocles of Franklin, the Eschylus and Euripides of Potter.

WARTON.

* Yet this is the nobleman whom Pope has satirized under the name of Bufu.

I could say a great deal of the pleasure of being distinguished by the Earl of Carnarvon, but it is almost absurd to particularize any one generous action in a person whose whole life is a continued series of them. Mr. Stanhope, the present Secretary of State, will pardon my desire of having it known that he was pleased to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the son of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a share of his friendship. I must attribute to the same motive that of several others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unnecessary by the privileges of a familiar correspondence: and I am satisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my silence.

In short, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himself happy to have met the same favour at Athens that has been shewd me by its learned rival, the University of Oxford*. And I can hardly envy him those pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of so many agreeable obligations, and easy friendships, which make the satisfaction of

* It is remarkable that in the long list of his Subscribers prefixed to the first quarto Edition, ten Colleges in Oxford subscribed for their respective Libraries, and not a single College in Cambridge. WARTON.

And equally remarkable, that when Cowper translated the same, the case was exactly reversed. Many Colleges in Cambridge subscribed, and not one, I believe, in Oxford.

of life. This distinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is shewn to one whose pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the success may prove, I shall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendship of so many persons of merit; and in which I hope to pass some of those years of youth that are generally lost in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuseful to others, nor disagreeable to myself.

of life. The object of the poem is to show the nature of the human mind, and the power of the soul, and the influence of the gods. The poem is a masterpiece of the art of poetry, and it is one of the most beautiful and most interesting of the works of the ancient Greeks. The poem is a masterpiece of the art of poetry, and it is one of the most beautiful and most interesting of the works of the ancient Greeks.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

It was thought improper to omit this Postscript to the *Odyſſey*, as it is apparently one of our Author's moſt elegant and finiſhed compositions in proſe. It were to be wiſhed he had enlarged on the ſubject; for a Critical Treatiſe on the Nature and Conduct of the *Odyſſey*, is as yet wanting in our language; the Diſcourſe prefixed to Pope's Tranſlation, by Broome, being but a meagre and defective Extract from Boſſu. More than forty years ago, three Eſſays were printed in the third volume of the *Adventurer*, on the excellence of the *Odyſſey*. They were deſigned to ſhew this excellence in the manner of conducting the fable, which is of the *complex* kind; in the extenſive utility of its *moral*; in the vaſt and entertaining variety of ſcenes, objects, and events, which it contains; in the ſtrokes of nature, and pathos; in the true and accurate delineation of ancient manners, cuſtoms, and habits; and the lively pictures of civil and domeſtic life, more calculated to keep our attention alive and active, than the *martial uniformity* of the *Iliad*; and in its exhibiting the moſt perfect pattern of a legitimate *Epopée*. But the Author of theſe Eſſays confined himſelf to too ſhort a compaſs for a ſubject of ſuch utility and importance; and may perhaps, in ſome future day, lengthen them into a more formal Treatiſe. WARTON.

Theſe Eſſays were written by the late Editor of this work. Perhaps in formal treatiſes the work he mentions, would have been leſs pleaſing, than it is in the Eſſays. But the ſubject is deſerving critical inveſtigation, and the cauſes of the poetical excellence of the *Odyſſey* are accurately enumerated by Dr. Warton.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

I CANNOT dismiss this Work without a few observations on the true Character and Style of it. Whoever reads the *Odyssey* with an eye to the *Iliad*, expecting to find it of the same character, or of the same sort of spirit, will be grievously deceived, and err against the first principle of Criticism, which is to consider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its Author. The *Odyssey* is a moral and political work, instructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples and precepts, of civil and domestic life. *Homer* is here a person

Qui didicit, *patriæ* quid debeat, et quid *amicis*,
 Quo sit amore *parens*, quo *frater* amandus, & *hospes* :
 Qui quid sit *pulcrum*, quid *turpe*, quid *utile*, quid *non*,
 Plenius & melius *Chrysippo* & *Crantore* dicit.

The *Odyssey* is the reverse of the *Iliad*, in *Moral*, *Subject*, *Manner*, and *Style* ; to which it has no sort of relation, but as the story happens to follow in
 order

order of time, and as some of the same persons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connection many have been misled to regard it as a continuation or second part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconsistent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader should fall into this mistake, when so great a Critic as *Longinus* seems not wholly free from it. Although what he has said has been generally understood to import a severer censure of the *Odyfsey* than it really does, if we consider the occasion on which it is introduced, and the circumstances to which it is confined.

“ The *Odyfsey* (says he) is an instance, how natural it is to a great Genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itself in *Narrations* and *Fables*. For, that *Homer* composed the *Odyfsey* after the *Iliad*, many proofs may be given, &c. From hence in my judgment it proceeds, that as the *Iliad* was written while his *Spirit* was in its greatest vigour, the whole structure of that work is dramatic and full of action; whereas the greater part of the *Odyfsey* is employed in *Narration*, which is the taste of *Old Age*: so that in this latter piece we may compare him to the setting sun, which has still the same greatness but not the same ardor or force. He speaks not in the same strain; we see no more that *Sublime* of the *Iliad* which marches on with a constant pace, without ever being stopped, or retarded: there appears no

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“ more

“ more that hurry and that strong tide of motions and
 “ passions, pouring one after another ; there is no
 “ more the same fury, or the same volubility of dic-
 “ tion, so suitable to action, and all along drawing
 “ in such innumerable images of nature. But *Ho-*
 “ *mer*, like the Ocean, is always great, even when
 “ he ebbs and retires ; even when he is lowest and
 “ loses himself most in Narrations and incredible
 “ Fictions : as instances of this, we cannot forget the
 “ descriptions of tempests, the adventures of *Ulysses*
 “ with the *Cyclops*, and many others. But though
 “ all this be *Age*, it is the *Age of Homer*——And it
 “ may be said for the credit of these fictions, that
 “ they are *beautiful Dreams*, or if you will, the *Dreams*
 “ of Jupiter *himself*. I spoke of the *Odyssey* only to
 “ show, that the greatest Poets when their genius
 “ wants strength and warmth for the *Pathetic*, for
 “ the most part employ themselves in painting the
 “ *Manners*. This *Homer* has done in characterising
 “ the Suitors, and describing their way of life ;
 “ which is properly a branch of Comedy, whose
 “ peculiar business it is to represent the manners of
 “ men.”

We must first observe *, it is the *Sublime* of which
Longinus is writing : that, and not the nature of *Ho-*
mer's Poem, is his subject. After having highly ex-
 tolled the sublimity and fire of the *Iliad*, he justly ob-
 serves

* These observations are very just and excellent.

serves the *Odyſſey* to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and to turn more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine, whether the *elevated ſpirit* of the one, or the *juſt moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itſelf.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is ſpeaking, cannot well be meant of the general ſpirit and inſpiration which is to run through a whole Epic Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuofity neceſſary in ſome parts, to image or repreſent actions or paſſions, of haſte, tumult, and violence. It is on occaſion of citing ſome ſuch particular paſſages in *Homer*, that *Longinus* breaks into this reflection; which ſeems to determine his meaning chiefly to that ſenſe.

Upon the whole, he affirms the *Odyſſey* to have leſs ſublimity and fire than the *Iliad*, but he does not ſay it wants the ſublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that thoſe fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that thoſe manners are ill painted. If *Homer* has fully in theſe points accompliſhed his own deſign, and done all that the nature of his Poem demanded or allowed, it ſtill remains perfect in its kind, and as much a maſter-piece as the *Iliad*.

The amount of the paſſage is this; that in his own particular taſte, and with reſpect to the *Sublime*, *Lon-*

ginus preferred the *Iliad*: and because the *Odyfsey* was less active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of *Homer*.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that *Homer*'s age might determine him in the choice of his subject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong instance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the strength of his judgment. For had he (as *Madam Dacier* observes) composed the *Odyfsey* in his youth, and the *Iliad* in his age, both must in reason have been exactly the same as they now stand. To blame *Homer* for his choice of such a subject, as did not admit the same incidents and the same pomp of style as his former; is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he must ever after only copy himself.

The *Battle of Constantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of *Raphael*: shall we censure the *School of Athens* as faulty, because it has not the fury and fire of the other? or shall we say, that *Raphael* was grown grave and old, because he chose to represent the manners of old men and philosophers? There is all the silence, tranquillity, and composure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the subject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who designs and performs in this manner, it proves

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him

him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was master not only of his art, but of his discretion.

Aristotle makes no such distinction between the two Poems: he constantly cites them with equal praise, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the *Odyfsey* that *Horace* gives the preference, in the Epistle to *Lollius*, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how opposite his opinion is to that of *Longinus*; and that the particulars he chooses to extol, are those very *fiction*s and *pictures of the manners* which the other seems least to approve. Those fables and manners are the very essence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themselves have both more invention and more instruction, and the manners more moral and example, than those of the *Iliad*.

In some points (and those the most essential to the Epic Poem) the *Odyfsey* is confessed to excel the *Iliad*; and principally in the great end of it, the *moral*. The conduct, turn and disposition of the *fable* is also what the critics allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the cast of this Poem than of the other in the *Æneid*, and (what next to that is perhaps the greatest example) in the *Telemachus*. In the *manners*, it is no way inferior: *Longinus* is so far from finding any defect in these, that he rather taxes *Ho-*
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mer with painting them too minutely. As to the *narrations*, although they are more numerous as the occasions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumstantial, than the conversations and dialogues of the *Iliad*. Not to mention the length of those of *Phœnix* in the ninth book, and of *Nestor* in the eleventh, (which may be thought in compliance to their characters,) those of *Glaucus* in the sixth, of *Æneas* in the twentieth, and some others, must be allowed to exceed any in the whole *Odyssey*. And that the propriety of style, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of *Homer* had suffered any decay; we must consider, in both his Poems, such parts as are of a similar nature, and will bear comparison. And it is certain we shall find in each, the same vivacity and fecundity of invention, the same life and strength of imaging and colouring, the particular descriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The *Odyssey* is a perpetual source of Poetry: the stream is not the less full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we speak only with regard to the *sublime*) that a river foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more strikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the same body of

water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable scenes of pasturage.

The *Odyfley* (as I have before faid) ought to be confidered according to its own nature and defign, not with an eye to the *Iliad*. To censure *Homer* becaufe it is unlike what it was never meant to refemble, is, as if a gardener who had purpofely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a fpecimen of his fkill in the feveral kinds, fhould be blamed for not bringing them into *pairs*; when in root, ftem, leaf, and flower, each was fo entirely different, that one muft have been fpoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who faw this Poem was “*partly of the nature of Comedy*,” ought not for that very reafon to have confidered it with a view to the *Iliad*. How little any fuch refemblance was the intention of *Homer*, may appear from hence, that although the character of *Ulyffes* there was already drawn, yet here he purpofely turns to another fide of it, and fhows him not in that full light of glory but in the fhade of common life, with a mixture of fuch qualities as are requifite to all the loweft accidents of it, ftruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meanef of mankind. As for the other perfons, none of them are above what we call the higher Comedy; *Calypfo*, though a Goddeff, is a character of intrigue; the fuitors yet more approaching to it; the *Phæacians* are of the fame caft; the *Cyclops*, *Malanthius*, and
Irus

Irus, descend even to droll characters; and the scenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, sports, loves, and the pursuit of a woman.

From the nature of the Poem, we shall form an idea of the *style*. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the *Odyſſey* is not always cloathed in the majesty of verse proper to tragedy, but sometimes descends into the plainer narrative, and sometimes even to that familiar dialogue essential to comedy. However, where it cannot support a sublimity, it always preserves a dignity, or at least a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an easy, pure, perspicuous description even of a *low action*. There are numerous instances of this both in *Homer* and *Virgil*; and perhaps those natural passages are not the least pleasing of their works. It is often the same in history, where the representations of common, or even domestic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the liveliest impression on the reader.

The question is, how far a Poet, in pursuing the description or image of an action, can attach himself to *little circumstances*, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter

painting is to be consulted, and the whole regard had to those circumstances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confused, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vast service to this effect, and the right use of these is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to distinguish when to speak simply, and when figuratively : but whenever the Poet is obliged by the nature of his subject to descend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated style would be affected, and therefore ridiculous ; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowness, the more the image would be broken, and consequently obscure.

One may add, that the use of the grand style on little subjects, is not only ludicrous, but a sort of transgression against the rules of proportion and mechanics : 'tis using a vast force to lift a *feather*.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a just observation, that the *low actions of life* cannot be put into a figurative style without being ridiculous, but *things natural* can. Metaphors raise the latter into dignity, as we see in the *Georgics* ; but throw the former into ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for ; laughter implies censure ; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of censure ; therefore these may be elevated as much as you please, and no ridicule follows : but
when

when rational beings are represented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, because it is vicious in morality. The *Bees* in *Virgil*, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners represented on a level with creatures so superior as men; since it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The use of pompous expression for low actions or thoughts is the *true sublime* of *Don Quixote*. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the Mock Epic. It is so far from being the sublime of *Tragedy*, that it is the cause of all *bombast*; when Poets, instead of being (as they imagine) constantly lofty, only preserve throughout a painful equality of fustian: that continued swell of language (which runs indiscriminately even through their lowest characters, and rattles like some mightiness of meaning in the most indifferent subjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not *speaking*, but *vociferating*.

There is still more reason for a variation of style in *Epic Poetry* than in *Tragic*, to distinguish between that *language of the Gods* proper to the *musè* who sings, and is inspired; and that of *men* who are introduced speaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of style observed in the speeches of human persons, and those of deities; and again, in those which may be called set harangues
or

or orations, and those which are only conversation or dialogue. *Homer* has more of the latter than any other Poet: what *Virgil* does by two or three words of narration, *Homer* still performs by speeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almost unknown to *Virgil*. This renders his Poems more animated, but less grave and majestic; and consequently necessitates the frequent use of a lower style. The writers of Tragedy lie under the same necessity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction, which they perpetually use, would be improper even in orations designed to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*; and *Virgil* in those of *Drances* and *Turnus* gives an eminent example, how far removed the style of them ought to be from such an excess of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that *language of the Gods* we have been speaking of, or that of a *muse* under inspiration.

To read through a whole work in this strain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half so agreeable as sometimes gradually to rise, and sometimes gently to descend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reason that so few Poets have imitated *Homer* in these lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preserving that mixture of ease and dignity essential to them. For it is as hard for

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an Epic Poem to stoop to the narrative with success, as for a prince to descend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatness.

The *sublime* style is more easily counterfeited than the *natural* * ; something that passes for it, or sounds like it, is common in all false writers : but nature, purity, perspicuity, and simplicity, never walk in the clouds ; they are obvious to all capacities ; and where they are not evident, they do not exist.

The most plain narration not only admits of these, and of harmony, (which are all the qualities of style,) but it requires every one of them to render it pleasing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a share of the sublime, may pass notwithstanding any defects in the rest, nay sometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer in his lowest narrations or speeches is ever easy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He shews not less *invention*, in assembling the humbler, than

* Nothing can be more just, and happily expressed, than are these remarks on the “*false sublime*,” and the “*natural*” style : these sentiments are most nobly illustrated by Shakespear. It is indeed much easier to *describe passion*, as is done by Rowe, Addison, &c. than it is to exhibit the genuine feelings and exact workings of nature.

See a most striking instance of this kind in Othello :

Iago.—I see this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

Othello.—*Not a jot ! not a jot !*

Iago.—Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope you will consider what is spoke

Comes from my love—but I do see you're mov'd.

Othello.—No—not much mov'd, &c.

than the greater, thoughts and images ; nor less *judgment*, in proportioning the style and the versification to these than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the same genius that soared the highest, and from whom the greatest models of the *sublime* are derived, was also he who stooped the lowest, and gave to the simple *narrative* its utmost perfection. Which of these was the harder task to *Homer* himself, I cannot pretend to determine ; but to his Translator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations must be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the same pomp of verse, and the same ornaments of diction, as in the *Iliad* ; he will, and he ought to be disappointed. Were the original otherwise, it had been an offence against nature ; and were the translation so, it were an offence against *Homer*, which is the same thing.

It must be allowed that there is a majesty and harmony in the *Greek* language, which greatly contribute to elevate and support the narration. But I must also observe that this is an advantage grown upon the language since *Homer's* time ; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of use : and if the words we could find in any present language were equally sonorous or musical in themselves, they would still appear less poetical and uncommon than those of a dead one, from this only circumstance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another disadvantage to a translator, from a different cause :

Homer

Homer seems to have taken upon him the character of an historian, antiquary, divine, and professor of arts and sciences ; as well as a poet. In one or other of these characters he descends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All these ought to be preserved by a faithful translator, who in some measure takes the place of *Homer* ; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the subject will bear. Many arts therefore are requisite to supply these disadvantages, in order to dignify and solemnize these plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some use has been made to this end, of the style of *Milton*. A just and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old Abbey stones into a building, which I have sometimes seen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not destroy the neatness, elegance, and equality requisite to a new work ; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the present purity of writing, or from that ease and smoothness which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a style judiciously antiquated, one finds a pleasure not unlike that of travelling on an old *Roman* way : but then the road must be as good, as the way is ancient ; the style must be such in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to short stops by sudden abruptnesses, or puzzled by frequent turnings and transpositions. No
man

man delights in furrows and stumbling-blocks : and let our love to antiquity be ever so great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbish another. The imitators of *Milton*, like most other imitators, are not *copies*, but *caricaturas* of their original ; they are a hundred times more obsolete and cramp than he, and equally so in all places ; whereas it should have been observed of *Milton*, that he is not lavish of his exotic words and phrases every where alike, but employs them much more where the subject is marvellous, vast and strange, as in the scenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradise, the loves of our first parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unusual style better serves to awaken our ideas in the descriptions and in the imaging and picturesque parts, than it agrees with the lower sort of narrations, the character of which is simplicity and purity. *Milton* has several of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for some hundred lines together ; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of *Michael* in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other Epic Poets) to imitate *Homer's* lownesses in the *narrative*, should not also have copied his plainness and perspicuity in the *dramatic* parts ; since in his speeches (where clearness above all is necessary) there
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is frequently such transposition and forced construction, that the very sense is not to be discovered without a second or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preserve the true character of *Homer's* style in the present translation, great pains has been taken to be easy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plausible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleased all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of those gentlemen who joined with me shown as much of the severity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a strict animadversion and correction. What assistance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original proposals for this work, and the particulars are specified at the conclusion of it; to which I must add (to be punctually just) some part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and consequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have bestowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were consistent with the indispensable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched state of health which God has been pleased to make my portion. At the least, it is a pleasure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greatest and most ancient of Poets, with
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some dignity ; and I hope, with as little disadvantage as the *Iliad*. And if, after the unmerited success of that translation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the *Odyssy* ; I think it sufficient to say, that *Homer* himself did the same, or the world would never have seen it.

I designed to have ended this Postscript here ; but since I am now taking my leave of *Homer*, and of all controversy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make use of this last opportunity, to say a very few words about some reflections which the late *Madam Dacier* bestowed on the first part of my Preface to the *Iliad*, and which she published at the end of her translation of that Poem^a.

To write gravely an answer to them would be too much for the reflections ; and to say nothing concerning them, would be too little for the Author. It is owing to the industry of that learned Lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of *Homer's* beauties, which were hidden from them before in *Greek* and in *Eustathius*. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great Poet, and I hope that I shall be thought, as I mean, to pay some part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had these reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I should not have apprehended their effect,

^a *Seconde Edition, à Paris, 1719.*

effect, and should therefore have been silent concerning them: but since they are Madam *Dacier's*, I imagine that they must be of weight; and in a case where I think her reasoning very bad, I respect her authority.

I have fought under Madam *Dacier's* banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine *Homer* against all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam *Dacier* who accuses me, and who accuses me of nothing less than betraying our common cause. She affirms that the most declared enemies of this Author have never said any thing against him more injurious or more unjust than I. What must the world think of me, after such a judgment passed by so great a critic; the world, who decides so often, and who examines so seldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almost always the slave of authority? Who will suspect that so much learning should mistake, that so much accuracy should be misled, or that so much candour should be biased?

All this however has happened, and Madam *Dacier's* Criticisms on my Preface flow from the very same error, from which so many false criticisms of her countrymen upon *Homer* have flowed, and which she has so justly and so severely reproved; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unskilful translations.

An indifferent translation may be of some use, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no translation ought to be the ground of *criticism*, because no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could *Homer* have had the honour of explaining his, before that august tribunal where Monsieur *de la Motte* presides, I make no doubt but he had escaped many of those severe animadversions with which some *French* authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam *Dacier*'s translation of the *Iliad* could not preserve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our *Island tongue* was as necessary to Madam *Dacier* in my case, as the knowledge of *Greek* was to Monsieur *de la Motte* in that of our great Author; or to any of those whom she styles *blind censurers*, and blames for condemning what they did not understand.

I may say with modesty, that she knew less of my true sense from that faulty translation of part of my Preface, than those blind censurers might have known of *Homer*'s even from the translation of *La Valterie*, which preceded her own.

It pleased me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any essentials of my Preface, but only at a few particular expressions. She proposed little more than (to use her own phrase) to *combate two or three similes*; and I

hope that to combate a simile is no more than to fight with a shadow, since a simile is no better than the shadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more scrupulosity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

These unlucky similes taken by themselves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant translator; or there may have fallen from my pen some expressions, which, taken by themselves likewise, may to the same person have the same effect. But if the translator had been master of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the passages objected to, would have sufficiently determined him as to the precise meaning of them: and if Madam *Dacier* had taken up her pen a little more leisurely, or had employed it with more temper, she would not have answered paraphrases of her own, which even the translation will not justify, and which say more than once the very contrary to what I have said in the passages themselves.

If any person has curiosity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, on some mangled parts of which these reflections are made, he will easily discern that I am as orthodox as Madam *Dacier* herself, in those very articles on which she treats me like an heretic: he will easily see that all the difference

between us consists in this, that I offer *opinions*, and she delivers *doctrines*; that my imagination represents *Homer* as the greatest of human Poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending *Homer* against me, who (if I mistake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried without giving a *real* occasion of writing in his defence.

After answering my harmless similes, she proceeds to a matter which does not regard so much the honour of *Homer*, as that of the times he lived in; and here I must confess she does not wholly mistake my meaning, but I think she mistakes the state of the question. She had said, the manners of those times were so much the better the less they were like ours: I thought this required a little qualification, I confess that in my own opinion the world was mended in some points, such as the custom of putting whole nations to the sword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual slavery, and a few others. Madam *Dacier* judges otherwise in this; but as to the rest, particularly in preferring the simplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, she owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am so unfortunate that this too is taken amiss, and called adopting or (if you will) stealing *her* sentiment. The truth is, she might have said

said *her words*; for I used them on purpose, being then professedly citing from her: though I might have done the same without intending that compliment, for they are also to be found in *Eustathius*, and the sentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to say to this whole remark, only that in the first part of it Madam *Dacier* is displeased that I don't agree with her, and in the last that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man should overlook in a Lady.

To punish my ingratitude, she resolves to expose my blunders, and selects two which I suppose are the most flagrant, out of the many for which she could have chastised me. It happens that the first of these is in part the translator's, and in part her own, without any share of mine: she quotes the end of a sentence, and he puts in *French* what I never wrote in *English*. “*Homer* (I said) opened a new and boundless walk for his imagination, and created a world for himself in the invention of fable;” which he translates, *Homere crea pour son usage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable*.

Madam *Dacier* justly wonders at this nonsense in me; and I, in the translator. As to what I meant by *Homer's* invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly distinguished from that extensive sense in which she took it, by these words: “If *Homer* was not the first who introduced the Deities (as

“ *Herodotus* imagines) into the religion of *Greece*, he
“ seems the first who brought them into a *system* of
“ *machinery* for poetry.”

The other blunder she accuses me of is, the mistaking a passage in *Aristotle*, and she is pleased to send me back to this Philosopher's Treatise of Poetry, and to her Preface on the *Odyssley*, for my better instruction. Now though I am faulty enough to think that one may sometimes differ from *Aristotle* without blundering, and though I am sure one may sometimes fall into an error by following him servilely; yet I own that to quote any Author for what he never said, is a blunder (but by the way, to correct an Author for what he never said, is somewhat worse than a blunder). My words were these: “ As there is a greater variety of characters
“ in the *Iliad* than in any other Poem, so there is
“ of speeches. Every thing in it has manners, as
“ *Aristotle* expresses it; that is, every thing is
“ acted or spoken: very little passes in narration.” She justly says, that “ Every thing which is acted
“ or spoken, has not necessarily manners merely
“ because it is acted or spoken.” Agreed: but I would ask the question, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor spoken? if not, then the whole *Iliad* being almost spent in speech and action, almost every thing in it has manners: since *Homer* has been proved before in a long paragraph of
the

the Preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole Poem is one continued occasion of shewing this bright part of his talent.

To speak fairly, it is impossible she could read even the translation, and take my sense so wrong as she represents it; but I was first translated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expression indeed was not quite exact; it should have been, "Every thing has manners, as *Aristotle* calls them." But such a fault, methinks, might have been spared, since if one was to look with that disposition she discovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find some mistakes which no context can redress; as where she makes *Eustathius* call *Cratisthenes* the *Phliasian*, *Callisthenes* the *Physician*^b. What a triumph might some slips of this sort have afforded, to *Homer's*, her's, and my enemies, from which she was only screened by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when she insulted *Monsieur de la Motte* for omitting a material passage in the speech^c of *Helen* to *Hector*, Il. 6. if some champion for the moderns had by chance understood so much *Greek*, as to whisper him, that there was no such passage in *Homer*!

Our concern, zeal, and even jealousy, for our great Author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to

^b Dacier Remarques sur le 4^{me} livre de l'Odyss. pag. 467.

^c De la Corruption du Goût.

WARTON.

to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as she could in mine. It was one of the many reasons I had to wish the longer life of this Lady, that I must certainly have regained her good opinion, in spite of all misrepresenting translators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as passionate, an admirer of *Homer* as herself. For that was the first condition of her favour and friendship; otherwise not one's taste alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been unsuspected, who did not implicitly believe in an Author whose doctrine is so conformable to holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expressing their belief, some purely by public and general acts of worship, others by a reverend sort of reasoning and inquiry about the grounds of it; it is the same in admiration, some prove it by exclamations, others by respect. I have observed that the loudest huzza's given to a great man in triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the same with the rabble of critics, a desire to be distinguished from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a Poet, I would not be an enthusiast; and though I am an Englishman, I would not be furiously of a party. I am far from thinking myself that genius, upon whom, at the end of these remarks,

marks, Madam *Dacier* congratulates my country: One capable of “correcting *Homer*, and consequently of reforming mankind, and amending “this constitution.” It was not to *Great Britain* this ought to have been applied, since our nation has one happiness for which she might have preferred it to her own; that as much as we abound in other miserable misguided sects, we have, at least, none of the blasphemers of *Homer*. We steadfastly and unanimously believe both this Poem and our Constitution to be the best that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we despise any *French* or *Englishman* whatever, who shall presume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the least alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam *Dacier* mistook me, my whole desire is but to preserve the humble character of a faithful translator, and a quiet subject^d.

^d This composition has great beauty and force. The criticisms are in general as just and discriminating, as the language is elegant. To the manly sentiments in the conclusion, every Englishman must assent with cordiality. It were only to be wished, that the writer had never given us reason to doubt his own sincerity.

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APPENDIX.

POPE says, in the Epilogue to the Satires, in this volume, line 99, that he never

“*Din’d with the Man of Rofs.*”

A few more particulars, which I have accidentally met with, concerning this extraordinary man, and his mode of living, to which Pope probably alludes, may be here admitted, though too long and unimportant for a *Note* on the place. These were sent to an Editor of a newspaper, 1787, but they bear the evident marks of authenticity.

“*To the PRINTER.*”

“Sir, I send you a few anecdotes relative to Mr. John Kirle, the Man of Rofs, which I picked up the other day in that town. He kept a public table on the Thursday of every week, and had always *twelve persons to dine with him* on that day. The dinner consisted of a *furloin* of beef, a loin of veal, a leg of mutton, (all bought at Rofs market,) and a plain pudding. What remained of this was given away in the afternoon. His hour of dinner was at two o’clock. Cyder, perry, and ale, were the only liquors drank at his table. His Sunday dinner consisted of a rump of beef; the remains of which were given away to the poor. His household establishment consisted of two maids, a boy, and an upper servant. He was skilled in architecture; and once, on a visit to see some building near Benson in Oxfordshire, was taken up as an highwayman, and carried before a justice, to whom he said he was the Man of Rofs. This, however, did not avail him completely; for three persons of consequence in the neighbourhood went in their coaches and six to bail him. He raised the spire of Rofs upwards of one hundred feet. He made a causeway on the Monmouth road, for the use of foot passengers. He inclosed within a stone-wall, ornamented with two elegant entrances, a space of ground of near half an acre, in the center of which he sunk a *basin*, as a reservoir for water for the use of the inhabitants of Rofs.

Rofs. Over one of the door cases of the entrance, there are still remaining his coat of arms cut out in stone. He used to send many old and infirm poor persons of Rofs into the woods and fields, to pick up self-sown oaks, ashes, &c. to embellish the hedge-rows of his walks and estate. He had an elder brother, I believe, who was not reckoned very wise, and from whom he inherited. After his death (which happened at the age of 90), in 1724, his body lay in state in his best parlour for six weeks. The estate is now divided into parcels, belonging to several persons; one of them, however, belongs to a female collateral descendant. She is at present unmarried, and I hope when she changes her situation, and becomes a mother, she will give the name of Kyrll to be prefixed to the surname of her first son or daughter. Mr. Ball, the owner of the King's Arms at Rofs, the house Mr. Kyrll lived in, has got an original painting of him; it represents him as a man of 60 years, fair in complexion, and grave in aspect. Permission, I fancy, can be obtained to have an engraving made from it, which would be a great acquisition to our collections of English portraits; and there is the more reason for desiring this to be done speedily, as one of our young military men, some years ago, in a fit of anger at his hair-dresser, took the curling irons in his hand, and made two holes with them in the picture. There is now living at Rofs, a female descendant of his, who, from a proper regard to the memory of her illustrious ancestor, is now repairing and embellishing a favourite seat of his, known by the name of "*Kyrll's seat.*"

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

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